SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVII FEBRUARY, 1925 NO. 2

Strong Men of the Wild West

REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS ON THE LAW AND TWO FLAGS

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

ABUNDANCE of gold and cattle and superabundance of "bad men" were not the only colorful lures of the old days of our West, from '49 on down into the '80s. Those fruitful times brought forth epic marshals and sheriffs, and that hearty type of heroic good women whose lives are an imperishable pattern in the fading tapestry of frontiers.

Northward across the border, Mr. Kipling's Sergeant Precisely and his fellows of the Canadian Mounted wrought their lonely *sagas* of the snows. But the era of certified courts and organized police was slow and late in reaching our own Far West, and in the interim the decenter citizenry were forced to form vigilance committees again and again, and to use the immediate noose.

But when, here and there and finally everywhere, communities did become legally organized, many of the "killers" of yesterday were employed as the peace officers of the new day. Inevitably some of them did not put off their "badness" in putting on their badge, but that condition far from prevailed. Most of the gunmen chosen to ride herd on these mixed and turbulent populaces bore the name of having, theretofore, shot their man only when forced to. No weak characters, no inexperienced or vacillating persons could have run those mining-camps and cow towns a day. It is very unlikely that they could have kept their office a week. And despite the fact that the tenure of office of such officials as sheriffs in many parts of the West was very short, as many fell victims of desperate bandits, the offices were coveted by many aspirants for the dead sheriffs' shoes.

The American is, and ever has been, the individual fighter *par excellence*. These "Wild West" settlements were made up for the most part of individual fighters, the good, the not-so-bad, and the "bad." And they inhaled an exhilarant outdoor life. Only strong men can handle strong men, anyway, no matter what the surroundings. Too often, at that, the handling left dead men in the street, and from some of them badges had to be unpinned. Sidney Smith puts it rather well: "With a number of little, independent hordes, civilization is impossible. They must have a common interest before there can be peace; and be directed by one will before there can be order."

There was "Wild Bill" Hickok.

As scout and spy on the Union side in the Civil War he had made a record few men have equalled. As a sharpshooter it is doubtful whether he ever was excelled. Like thousands of others, the war over, he went seeking his fortune in the West. He never accumulated anything to mention. Quiet, unoffending, he was repeatedly forced to take life, by the law of that day that each man's life and belongings were his to have and to hold *if he could*, and as a killer his name stands above those of all the other gunmen the West developed. At the age of thirty-

Copyrighted in 1925 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nine he was assassinated from behind his chair where he was playing cards in a saloon.

He had always fought alone, single-handed—double-handed, to be exact, for he was a two-gun fighter, and terrible with the knife. His total tally of men slain, including some score of Indians, was eighty-five; and there were no Hessian notches on his guns.

For a time Wild Bill was United States marshal at Hays City, Kan., then one of the toughest towns on the frontier. There he had to kill two malefactors while covered by their pistols. He was elected town marshal of Abilene, at the Kansas head of the old Santa Fe cattle-trail, a wild, wild town. Enemies down-trail among the cattlemen made up a purse of five thousand dollars, and sent eight gunmen on a train to Abilene to finish Bill off. Hickok got wind of their coming, met the train, and ran seven of them out of town. The eighth was killed leaping from the car.

An unusual picture of General Custer with whom "Wild Bill" Hickok was associated in the Army.

Tiring of a life of unending trouble with his fellow men, Bill gave up official life and moved to Deadwood, S. D., and married. Emerson Hough says, "it was as bad a place as could be found in the mining regions. There, August 2, 1876, he was shot in the back of the head and killed. The undertaker found that his body was a mass of old bullet and knife wounds. Once while guarding some horses not his own he was attacked in a dugout by ten men whom he had refused to join in stealing the animals. Single-handed he shot and cut and clubbed to death nine of them; the tenth ran away." Yet, says Hough, so big was the heart of Wild Bill that "for years he supported out of his meagre funds the widow of the leader of this gang, one McCandless, as he did the widows of several other men he had been forced to kill. And he never failed to provide at his personal expense decent funerals for the white men he had 'finished.'"

General Custer said of him: "He was a plainsman in every sense of the word, yet unlike any other of his class. His manner was free from all bluster and bravado. He never spoke of himself unless requested to do so. His influence among the frontiersmen was unbounded; his word as an officer was law." General Miles has personally confirmed to me General Custer's estimate of Wild Bill as a man.

This brief sketch of the old West's premier gunman is worthy a place in these pages, I believe, for one reason: to correct an impression that prevails among some millions of well-meaning but uninformed Americans, in the cities and elsewhere, that the "killer" of our old mining and cattle days was just a bloody-minded wretch undeserving a marker on his grave. There *were* many such, and—there were many who were not such. I have entertained with a sense of being honored a number of men of the Hickok type. I would not permit the cheap, sneaking, city "killer" of to-day to sleep on my gravel. In the parlance of the Wild West, I wouldn't "give him hell-room."

Lack of law enforcement is a far worse thing than lack of laws. Our metropolitan towns of to-day and our Western wildernesses of yesterday combine their annals in recording conclusively this truth. Metropolitan crime statistics and the history of vigilance committees prove it. In the cities feeble enforcement encourages, protects, and multiplies our modern criminal population. In the unsettled West, self-appointed courts at least dealt punishment swiftly and without impediment of politics.

The most famous of these "unsanc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

"Wild Bill" Hickok being sworn in as a deputy sheriff, as impersonated by William S. Hart in the moving picture by that title. The scene selected gives something of the character and atmosphere of those early days in the West.

tioned" courts were created by the Vigilance Committees of California in the days following the gold rush of 1849. These courts have won for themselves a special, and I believe more or less permanent, place in history as the most determined expression of the best elements of society in society's natural inclination to protect itself against predatory lawlessness when constituted law was absent or was failing to function.

It is the indisputable right of a community to defend itself against physical attack, as it is the constitutional right of the individual to defend himself similarly. No other brief need ever be written for the vigilance committees of our frontier days than this: *We had to have justice, there was no means of getting it from the outside, so we administered justice.* That spirit is the signature of their acts.

California had three distinct *vigilante* movements, those of 1849, 1851, and 1856. Let me picture very briefly the last of these three law-and-order uprisals, without going into the stern conditions preceding it.

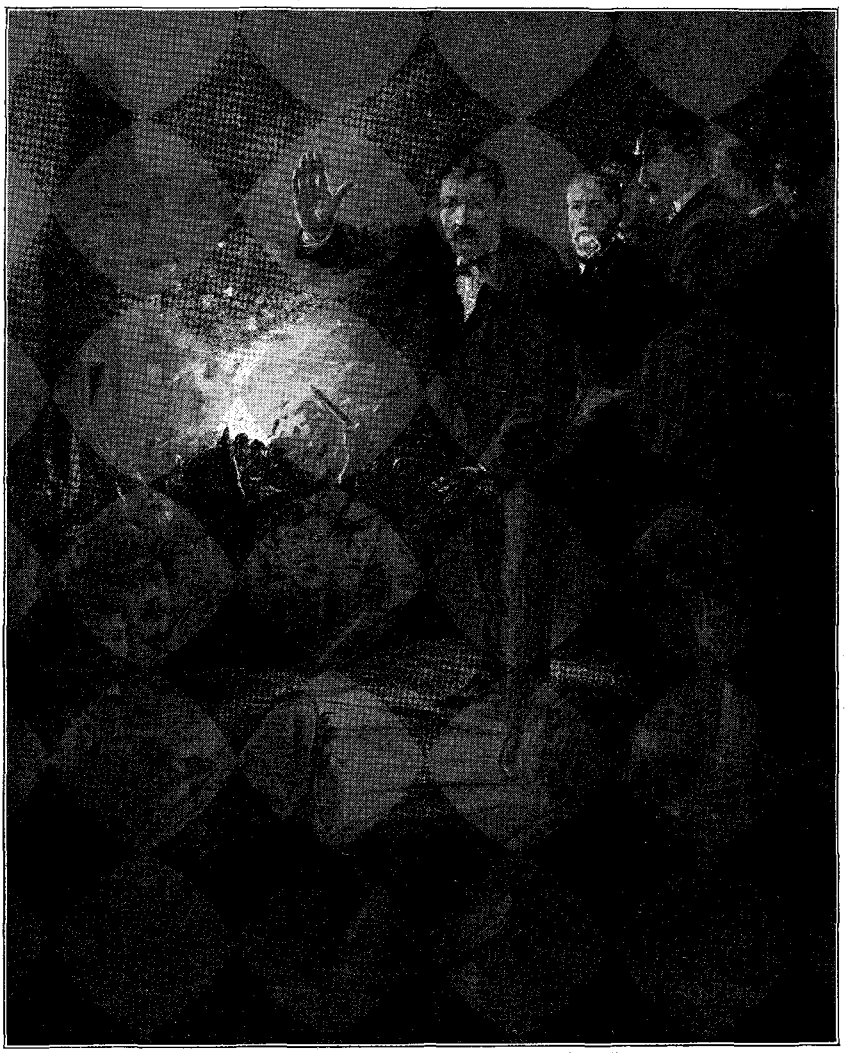
California in 1856 had a certified government. At the head of it were a legislature, a governor, and a Supreme Court. This government was completely incapacitated by corrupt politics and did not function for the protection of communities. The people of San Francisco had grown weary of court sessions that ground out no justice; murder after murder went unpunished, crime after crime against property was being committed in high places and low. This evil situation had given to the law-cherishing element of the city—merchants, bankers, business and professional men—a disgust for the very name "law."

They decided to defy the rank decisions of the Supreme Court and the gross orders of the governor. Here and there, they gathered suddenly, and hanged out of hand some notorious criminal whom the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authorities were protecting. Being brave and earnest men, they naturally wore none of the masks. They were willing to be known and to be responsible for their acts.

My friend and client, William T. Coleman, the leading merchant of the city and one of the finest characters of his day, together with men of similar community



From a drawing by G. W. Peters made for Andrews's "History of the United States."

"The Sand Lot Orator" Dennis Kearney, addressing a gathering of workingmen on Nob Hill, San Francisco, in the Seventies.

The outgrowth of this revolt of decency against criminality was the great Vigilance Committee of 1856. The instant impulse back of its formation was the murder of a San Francisco editor.

There appeared in the streets of San Francisco twenty-four companies of armed men, about fifty to the company. standing, headed this command for order. They opened enlistment books, and no man could sign who was not a reputable and determined citizen. They took none of the rabble. The committee planted six cannon in front of a building they had rented as headquarters. They placed swivel-guns atop the structure, and equip-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ped the place as a barracks with abundant bedding, supplies, and ammunition. On the roof they anchored a big triangle to be struck as an alarm for immediate assembling at headquarters. They halted before no responsibility. They seized in the harbor coastwise schooners loaded with arms which, they had reason to believe, had been sent against them by the governor. They ran down and captured known criminals, tried them in orderly fashion, and, if convicted, publicly hanged them from a beam protruding from a headquarters window in the presence of their own military and curious crowds. They swept San Francisco as clean of crime as a city in such frontier circumstances ever has been made.

The committee's membership included the city's best and most influential citizens without regard to politics. It had at its disposal unlimited means subscribed by the members. "Its quarters were open day and night, always ready for swift action." It had its departmental subcommittees and boards, and none of its drastic actions was taken without formal consideration. Its executive committee had thirty-three members, and its two-thirds vote was required for the death sentence. This committee had a prosecuting attorney, and no prisoner was tried without benefit of counsel assigned to him for defense. The organization put upon the streets a police force accurately detailed, and had its own sheriff with deputies.

When the day arrived that San Francisco was cleansed of crimes and freed of criminals (many of whom, of course, had slipped away under cover to safer places), the committee with its hundreds of members formally marched in column through the town, its artillery accompanying; and as the procession broke ranks and mingled with the crowds the word was passed from lip to lip that the committee of vigilance was "fully prepared to reassemble and resume duty whenever necessary."

Though this year, 1856, recorded in California the last appearance of a vigilance committee operating as such, it by no means witnessed the dissolution of the vigilante spirit. Not only did its memory continue to reside as a restraining force over the evil impulses of our "farthest West" communities, but the substantial citizens who had led it into a just revolt against constituted law continued to operate individually, as a protective influence.

In 1879 and 1880 San Francisco was terrified by the followers of Dennis Kearney, known as "the Sand Lot Orator." At that time my father had been appointed by the governor to be chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners of the city. His associates on the board were William Alvord, president of the Bank of California, and Richard Tobin, president of the Hibernia Bank. The office was no sinecure. My father was a West Point officer who had served with distinction in the Mexican War, and he was a speaker of the first California Assembly and the first collector of customs at San Francisco. He with Mr. Alvord and Mr. Tobin now took a determined stand for preservation of law and order in San Francisco. Toughs and thugs were threatening to break loose again.

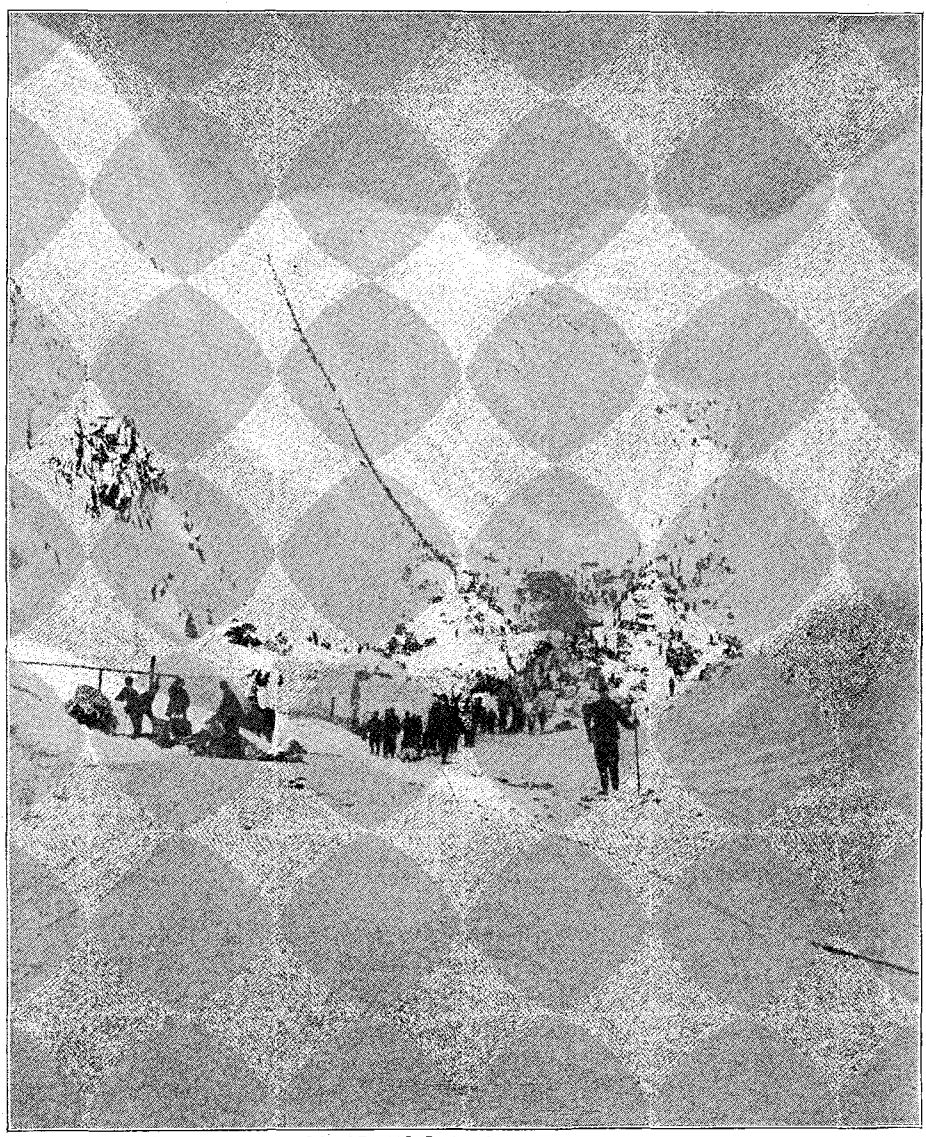
One day Mr. William T. Coleman invited Kearney to meet him in the Grand Hotel in Market Street. This is the story of the meeting as Mr. Coleman told it to me:

"I said to him, 'Kearney, you know that I am a man of my word. It is a good thing for you to know, if you don't know it, that I was the head of one of the vigilance committees of the early days and took a hand in hanging a lot of damned scoundrels. Now, I wish to warn you: If you undertake to carry out the threat that you and your gang have made to do away with the lives and homes of some of the city's capitalists on Nob Hill, at the first outbreak I shall seize your person and hang you on the lamp-post you see outside this window.' "

Mr. Coleman was never the sort of man who depends entirely upon enforcement of the law through *legal* processes, though California never had a stancher friend of enforcement of honest law in honest hands. What he told Dennis Kearney in the Grand Hotel had its immediate effect. There were no capitalists murdered and no Nob Hill homes blown up.

The historic stampedes to the Yukon and the Klondike reached full tide in the winter of 1897–98. Literally every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph taken by Lieutenant-Colonel David L. Brainard.

Chilkoot Pass during the Klondike gold rush, in 1897–8.

Note the thin line of packers on the trail going over the pass. Groups of gold seekers resting to right and left are seen dotted against the snow.

class of person, from the gold-fevered dry-goods clerk to the experienced investor in new mines, and including of course the male and female scum from California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and far points, "went in." To control this heterogeneous mass of fortune-hungerers there was a mere handful of Northwest Mounted Police. They were stationed along the passes and among the scattered camps. Yet there was comparatively little lawless disorder on the British Columbia side. It was British soil, and the scarlet coat of one of the "Mounted" meant, and was intended and known to mean, that in him was present that intangible, traditional, unhesitant, fair but unfoolable force, *British law*. It came to be characteristic of Skagway on the American side, where the long journey

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the gold country really commenced, that after leaving that town one packed one's revolver away; there was little likelihood that it would be wanted on the road.

The duties of the Mounted Police at this period were varied and very heavy. They had to keep order and enforce the law among many nationalities and more temperaments. They were the customs officers in the snowy passes. They handled the incoming and outgoing mail, and ran a dog-team mail service between the Yukon and the wilderness interior. They were the mining recorders and the arbitrators of claims. They played the rôle of guide, philosopher, and friend to every struggling packer and bewildered *cheechako* (tenderfoot) demanding or imploring help in a time and place where every other fellow needed a friend. Atop this little pack of endless jobs was the equally endless business of turning back at the border or arresting and jailing an army of illicit whiskey-runners, any one of whom would have given an eye to get in.

Down-trail at Skagway, American side, the notorious bloviator and gun-toter, "Soapy" Smith, with his gang held the town in a carnival of terror. It lasted until "Soapy" was shot to death in the street by a member of the Skagway Reform Committee, which differed scarcely at all from the vigilance committees of earlier days.

But not all of the crimes of pillage and of blood were staged on the American side; a number went onto the police books of the "Mounted" from Canadian camps isolated beyond the physical powers of their small force to patrol in that wide, wild jungle of storm and snow. An officer of that force tells the fate of two men caught robbing a *cache*, or emergency store of supplies, on the trail between icy, deadly Chilkoot Summit and Sheep Camp, American side.

"Into Sheep Camp I descended," he reports, "in the usual manner, shooting straight down to the bottom on a snow-slide. My heavy furs protected me from injury. When I thus 'arrived' it was to find a miners' meeting being held to dispose of the *cache* thieves. The sentiment was strong for lynching. I endeavored to remonstrate; but I was only one police officer, and, moreover, it was not British territory. The miners brushed my protests aside and started with their victims up the trail to a point where a big spruce-tree stood outlined on an overhang of cliff. While my back was turned I heard a loud report. One of the prisoners had drawn a pistol, overlooked in searching him, and fired at his executioners-elect. He was instantly shot to death, his body riddled. The crowd seemed to feel something of the horror of the tragedy, and wavered. I ventured another remonstrance against going on with the lynching.

"We all went back down the trail and another meeting was held. The verdict reached and carried out was this: The prisoner should have his hands securely bound behind him. Around his neck should be hung a board inscribed 'This is a Thief—Pass him along!' and thus he should be turned adrift to stumble back through the snows to the coast, or perish. What became of the poor devil I never learned."

From time to time after 1897 the handful of the "Mounted" covering the entire wilderness of the Yukon, including the Klondike, was increased, until by November 30, 1902, their total was *two hundred and ninety officers and men.* But the N. W. M. P. in issuing those Lilliputian statistics failed to note down the most important figure: Added to those two hundred and ninety were all the armies and unlimited resources of Great Britain and her colonies—viz., *the British uniform*, which made of each of them an army in himself.

Is it necessary for me to explain, here, that I am not an Anglomaniac? I scarcely think so. But I will say to my fellow Americans that unless we get together and *work* together to establish in our country a reign of respect for law approximating that which exists everywhere under the British flag, we not only shall become merely respectable instead of forceful in the family of nations, but we shall invite into our fabric that social disintegration preceding anarchy.

The most interesting, resourceful, and courageous detective I ever dealt with was Charles A. Siringo of the Pinkertons. And here I am reminded of what a Wash-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ington correspondent, an old-time Western newspaper man, once told me a Western police chief told him. This chief has a record that if put into pages would make a book worth having. My newspaper friend said: "He is the quietest man I ever knew—shy to talk about himself. One day, years ago, lounging in his office, I put an abrupt question to him; it was in my mind when I went on duty that day because the night before he had crawled under a building and without drawing his gun brought out two desperate criminals hiding there, stood them up at the sidewalk edge and disarmed them, and walked them to police headquarters a block and a half away without calling for wagon or assistance.

"I put it to him: 'Chief,' I said, 'that was a damned brave thing you did last night. Were you afraid at all?'

"'Afraid?' He swung his swivel chair and got his legs disentangled (he is six feet four) and faced off sideways toward a window. 'No, I wasn't afraid.' He spoke in his low, gentle voice; but I thought I caught a chord of bitterness in it. 'You say it was brave. Mebbe so. But that's no good. I never—I—well, it's just this way: I never did a *courageous* thing in my life! I never felt fear. I *can't* feel fear. It's the fellow that's scared stiff and makes himself go ahead and do it—well, that's courage. I'm just brave.' The chief's face, that was always pale, was white as a sheet in the half-light of the window."

But about Siringo.

He worked for me as detective throughout the desperate and bloody Cœur d'Alene mining strike in Idaho, 1891–92, which the country remembers with horror. Siringo in his youth had been a cowboy in Texas, Kansas, Indian Territory, and New Mexico. When he came into my employ, sent by his agency, he was a slender, wiry man, dark-eyed, dark-mustached, modest. Lately recovered of smallpox, he was noticeably pitted. This would be an undisguisable identification in a tight place, but he did not seem to mind.

The Miners Union at Gem, near where our group of mines was being operated, had made on us and the other mining companies in the district unjust and wholly impossible demands, and we formed a Mine Owners Protective Association. In this association our mines, the Bunker Hill & Sullivan (to-day the largest lead-silver producing property in the world), had joined with mines at Burk, Wallace, and Wardner, near-by camps. We well knew that very serious trouble was brewing. The class of union miners at work in the Cœur d'Alene district was utterly unworthy to be affiliated with any decent element in unionism. Our own miners objected to joining such an organization, and that started our trouble with the union.

Let me here set down briefly from Siringo's notes and the association's records some of the services Siringo performed and some of the personal hazards he coolly met during this strike; they will paint the picture of those inhuman days in a Nevada mining gulch. (In a later union strike, 1899, our Bunker Hill & Sullivan property was dynamited with severe loss of life.)

He got a job in a mine at Gem, worked there four weeks; joined the union at the end of his second week, and two months later was elected its recording secretary. He secretly wrote frequent reports of union plottings and walked four miles to Wallace to mail them to us *via* St. Paul to avoid observation at Gem, where the postmaster was a rabid union man of the anarchistic type.

He got himself discharged from the mine on a genuine charge of dereliction of duty—so as to give all of his time to mingling with the union miners while retaining his position of recording secretary.

He reported on one occasion by relayed letter to the Mine Owners Association: "I find leaders of the Cœur d'Alene unions to be, as a rule, a vicious, heartless gang of anarchists. Many of them were rocked in the cradle of anarchy at Butte City, Montana, while others are escaped outlaws and toughs from other States." (Siringo had been a union sympathizer before coming in contact with this cutthroat crew.)

The unions of the district declared war on the mine owners in the spring of 1892, and we closed the mines down. Siringo steadily reported plans for beating up and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

killing "scab" miners when they should be brought in from other points for resumption of operations.

A train-load of strike-breakers ("scabs") brought by myself from San Francisco was followed by other train-loads. Siringo reported plans for a "bloody revolution" in July. On the Fourth of July the American flag was riddled with bullets and trampled and spat upon.

The unions became suspicious of a spy in their councils, and a friend warned Siringo to flee. He refused. He was told he "had been making too many trips to Wallace to mail letters."

At a big union meeting, held at night, Siringo was accused of having cut from the minutes-book a page recording the union's decision to creep up in the night on two of the mines and flood them by "pulling" the pumps, and to "do away with" Clement, manager of the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine, and myself, the president of the company. The book was exhibited with its mutilation. Pandemonium. Siringo was glad of his .45 in a scabbard under his left arm, but did not think it possible to escape from the hall with his life. He got the floor, and asserted he had been ordered by the president of the union to cut out the incriminating page and burn it, for safety. He declared he had done this. (The truth was he had mailed it to us from Wallace *via* St. Paul, and we had it in our possession, and later used it as convicting evidence in the federal court.) Siringo finally got away with the deadly situation by his amazing nerve, and the meeting broke up.

He bought a small building on the town's one street and established a store and rooming-house; put a widow with child in charge; established his own lodgings there and witnessed repeated and all but mortal beatings of our miners who had strayed from our fortified properties into the town for pleasure after work. Siringo was again warned to flee.

Knowing it was futile and would be fatal to him to attend further meetings of the union, he remained away from the next one, where, as secretary, he was due at 8 P. M. At 8.30 a union committee came to his room to ask why he was late. He told them to go back and he would be there in ten minutes. They went away, muttering. Siringo at once wrote a letter resigning his secretaryship and his membership in the union, explaining he had been "tipped off" that the union had foolishly come to the conclusion he was a detective spy and meant to knife him to death at this meeting. He sent the letter to the hall.

The union meeting adjourned and a dance followed. Siringo scouted around outside union headquarters and learned from miners who had not yet heard of his "downfall" that a bloody uprising against mine owners and strike-breakers was scheduled to occur within a few days. He acted on another "tip" that two "scabs" were in Dutch Jake's saloon and that when they got drunk enough their throats were to be cut and their bodies submerged in the river, mutilated so they would never rise.

Siringo hastened to the saloon and found union miners patting their two victims on the back and plying them with liquor. He sat down and waited for opportunity to warn them. A crowd gathered in front of the building, and one of their number entered and advised Siringo to "duck out of town—quick." He replied he would go when he was ready.

Siringo walked out to the crowd and they tried to surround him. Cocked pistol in hand, he leaped into the street and backed away until he reached his lodging, the crowd following and cursing him for a traitor. Men with rifles surrounded his rooming-house.

Winchester in hand and pockets full of ammunition, he crept down a ladder from his window to an alley and crawled on hands and knees into a swamp, the night covering him. He ran thence to Gem Mine and reported the situation to Superintendent Monihan. A constable arrived with information that two "scabs" had been "slugged" in Dutch Jake's and that one of them (a boisterous, foolishly fearless giant of a man) was "about dead." Monihan and two mine guards went down the hill and into the town and got the one "about dead" and carried him to the mine. He was scarcely recognizable as a human being.

Siringo and another detective volun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teered to walk four miles, past union-armed guards in the shadows, to fetch a doctor for the dying man. Siringo then reported to Secretary John A. Finch of the Mine Owners Association and warned him of what was to come in two or three days. Finch begged Siringo to get out of the country while he could and save his life. Siringo replied he had "enlisted for the war." He stood guard all night with a rifle, then returned to his room.

All day captains drilled union miners in their hall. By dark the town was jammed with miners from other camps. Siringo again crept down his window ladder and "listened in" on hands and knees to union pickets conversing. He learned that the attack on the mines was to begin before daylight, and made his way circuitously to Superintendent Monihan and reported. Monihan armed one hundred and twenty strike-breakers with rifles.

Returning to his rooms at daybreak, Siringo passed through a guard of men armed with rifles in front of his house. Presently shooting began in the streets and at Frisco Mill. A number were killed. Siringo, peeping from behind a window-blind, saw that his house was surrounded. He sawed a hole in the floor of his bedroom (the building stood on stilts) and climbed through. His landlady-storekeeper-partner bolted the doors and drew carpet over the hole and placed a trunk on it.

Miners soon broke into the building and went clamoring from room to room for Siringo. From his concealment he heard their shouts that they would find him and burn him alive at the stake. He got away from his cramped refuge by crawling on his belly a block along the street, beneath a wooden sidewalk and the feet of miners who were excitedly discussing details for his cremation and for storming the mine properties. Creeping from place to place under the sidewalk, Siringo identified a number of the miners by their voices and by glimpses upward through the wide cracks of the board-walk. Watch in hand to note the exact time, he jotted down this evidence in his note-book, and later used it in the federal court to convict leaders of the strike.

An explosion shook the earth. Frisco Mill had been blown up. Many were killed and maimed. Siringo escaped from under the sidewalk by crawling through space beneath a raised building. He ran to a culvert, bullets whistling after him, and by a supreme effort dragged himself through the swift current of water to an embankment. Thence he ran two hundred yards across an open space and gained the fortifications of Gem Mill. He reported to Monihan.

Union miners under a white flag approached Gem Mill and told Monihan if he did not surrender with his "scabs" the mill would be dynamited. Monihan refused. The strikers set about the dynamite job, but cut the fuse too short. There was a premature explosion. Monihan then received orders from his employers to surrender in order to save himself and his men. He obeyed.

Siringo escaped up the mountainside with one companion, who also had declined to be captured. They eluded the armed union guards until night gave its protection.

United States troops arrived on the scene, having been delayed by the blowing up of train bridges by strikers. The celebrated "bull pen" was built and arrests begun. Siringo discovered the cellar where most of the strike leaders were hiding and informed General Carlin. They were captured. The bull pen was crowded with many days' arrests. Siringo, aiding the soldiers, entered the pen and had to draw his pistol to save himself from the prisoners, who attempted to "rush" him.

Siringo testified in the federal court at Cœur d'Alene City against the strike leaders, after many threats against his life to intimidate him from the witness-stand. They were convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

His job finished, Siringo concluded his final report thus: "Such damnable outrages as have gone on here could not happen *in any country but my own.*"

It was I who brought that first train-load of picked miners from San Francisco to add to the force which we were increasing at the Bunker Hill & Sullivan, where we were going to start up extensive operations. In order to throw the Miners Union off the track, I had sent fake telegrams to Clement, manager of our prop-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erty. In these telegrams I said that our train would not arrive in *Wardner Wednesday afternoon*, but that instead I would take my train-load on to Spokane, spend the night there, and reach *Wardner about noon the following day*.

The object of this bogus telegram was that Clement should let it leak out and thus my train could be saved from interception by the blowing up of bridges, just as later they were blown up in front of federal troop trains. Agents of the union unwittingly double-crossed themselves by tapping the wires.

When we arrived at Tekoa, the junction near the Washington-Idaho border of the branch line to Wardner, I assumed charge of the train in accordance with an understanding I had with the railroad officials; and I switched our cars onto the branch line.

My wife insisted upon riding in the engine cab with me. We had about fifty more miles to go. The engineer said:

"Mr. Hammond, I suppose you want me to pull her wide open?"

I said, "Yes; go as fast as you can without jumping the track."

We made record time over that half-hundred miles of tortuous road. Instead of ending our journey (and perhaps our lives) at Wardner, I stopped the train at the Bunker Hill & Sullivan Mill, a mile short of Wardner—where a strikers' "reception committee" I knew would be waiting for us. It probably would have been a massacre, for I had been prevented by State laws from arming my train-load of one hundred; they hadn't even pistols.

It was with great difficulty that we disengaged my wife's hands from the death-grip hold she had on the engine-cab rails; but presently we lifted her down, and she was taken care of by the wife of the mine manager, who was there to meet her. The manager and I hurriedly took our train-load of men up the hill and into the barricade, where arms had been provided against attack by the strikers.

Siringo, brave man, is in his grave, and the Cœur d'Alene strike belongs to the troubled past; but does its lesson?

That lesson, as I read it, is that no organization, be it of labor or of capital, industrial or social, economic or spiritual, can either succeed or long exist that is not founded upon a fair intent to its fellow men and conducted in the main by honest leaders. This truth applies as unalterably to a nation as to a trades-union, a bank, or a church. And in so far as a government fails to honestly and speedily enforce laws made to protect the individual and the corporate bodies against lawless attacks on life and property, it invites upon itself a disaster that must involve all.

I am a friend of fair labor. I have often said that were I an employee I would join some organization. But my indictment is against such savage unionism as held red sway for a time in the tragic days of the Cœur d'Alene.

[A second article by Mr. Hammond will appear in the March number.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Realm of King Log

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

Author of "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend," "Mesocracy in France," etc.

"A HEAD of the state whose sole virtue is impotence, and who becomes criminal as soon as he is suspected to act or even to think. . . ." Thus did Abbé Lantaigne arraign the Third Republic, Professor Bergeret nodding approval. A quarter of a century has gone by since that memorable converse "under the elm of the Mall"; but, as recent events have shown, Abbé Lantaigne's indictment has lost none of its cogency. President Millerand was dismissed because he wanted "to act, and even to think."

We, of course, follow a different principle altogether. We want strong men, and, through the infallible methods of Western Democracy, we get the men we want. At any rate, a cynic would say, we get the men we deserve. So we are well pleased with ourselves, and a little contemptuous toward our Sister Republic, and her figureheads that are not even ornamental. Has it ever crossed our minds that the French policy might be the fruit of experience, and not of unmitigated imbecility? Like the Frogs of ancient fable—are not the Frogs their symbol in Anglo-Saxon minds?—the French have tried, repeatedly, King Stork after King Log. King Stork they found by far the more exciting and picturesque; King Log immeasurably the more comfortable. So here is to King Log, twelfth President of the Third French Republic!

When the Revolution broke out, there was at first no feeling against the monarchy, or even against a strong executive. Indeed, there lurked in the French mind, masses and *bourgeoisie* alike, a craving for the enlightened tyrant, the beneficent despot, so dear to the philosophers of the age. Had the King assumed the leadership of the reform movement, his power might have emerged from the crisis actually stronger, truly national, purged from any trace of feudalism, no longer hampered by the innumerable privileges of orders, corporations, or provinces. But the King, kind of heart, heavy of wit as of paunch, and above all uxorious, was unable to understand such a course. He drifted uneasily on the revolutionary stream, shooting the rapids with closed eyes, and opposing resistance at the very moments when resistance had become futile and even suicidal. So all parties lost confidence in him—his own family first of all; and his power was clipped so close that, for the last two years of his reign, he was a prisoner on the throne. It was the last three Louis who killed the veneration for authority, rooted so deep in the heart of ancient France: the Grand Monarch with his pride and extravagance, the Well-Beloved with his cynical indifference and corruption, Louis XVI with his feeble shiftiness.

Yet so great was the desire for a strong government that, after seven troublous years, France gave herself another master—and what a master!—Bonaparte by name, King Stork with a vengeance. In less than fifteen years he had led millions of men to slaughter, lost the Rhine, squandered the spiritual heritage of the Revolution without recovering that of the Ancient Régime. He fell undefended, unpitied, amid the universal sigh of relief that he had prophesied.

Now was the chance for King Log—Louis XVIII, old, obese, cold-hearted, cool-headed, amiably sceptical about all issues except his personal comfort. He had his reward, and alone of all French sovereigns from Louis XVI to Napoleon III, he died quietly in the trappings of his kingly office. But as soon as it was suspected that his successor, Charles X, was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

planning "to act, and even to think," the "three glorious days" of July, 1830, sent him into exile. And the best of Republics was found in the person of Louis-Philippe, the citizen-king, whom posterity remembers as wielding an umbrella in lieu of a sceptre, and who was sharply reminded that a King should "reign but not govern."

Thereupon the Frogs clamored to Jupiter that King Log was insufferably dull. Peace at any price abroad, immobility at home: he could do nothing but "stand pat," after the manner of all Logs. "France is bored!" said Lamartine, the most musical of all Frogs in the romantic pond. And in February, 1848, King Log, under the appropriate name of Mr. Smith, booked his passage for England.

What *did* the Frogs want: Log or Stork? Then it was that Monsieur Thiers was inspired with a wonderful idea: why not pick out a Log who happened to be called a Stork? So he and his astute friends supported the candidacy of Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, to all appearances the most loggish of logs, dull-eyed, awkward of gesture and of speech, a safe ruler with a dazzling name. Two years later, the Log was evincing considerable activity, and M. Thiers cried out in dismay: "The Empire is made!" A prophecy strictly in accordance with Chesterton's dictum: political prophets foretell only what happened a few years before. By December, 1851, the transformation was complete, and, in 1852 the world had to bow to Napoleon III, a Stork of singular vigor.

Louis-Napoleon was the first and last French President of the American type. He was duly elected—against official pressure—after a "solemn referendum," and repeatedly confirmed by plebiscites. Even as Emperor, he could claim that his power came "from the grace of God and the will of the people." He had a philosophy of history at the service of his cause. It was, according to him, the very nature of Democracy to become incarnated in one man—a "providential man," to be modest—who served the whole people and not certain privileged classes. This democratic Cæsarism has found many apologists in South America, such as Lanz, and many more disciples, from Francia to Leguia. It is not radically different from the ultimate development of Wilsonism. It is well to remember that, in one of its important aspects, Bonapartism was identified with "the appeal to the people." This inspired ever after in the democrats a wholesome dread that Demos be too freely consulted.

But the Bonaparte Stork was aging, long before his time. In 1870, there was little more life left in him than in a good average Log, and the constitution of the Empire was altered accordingly. It was the mob, the press, Parliament, the Cabinet, that, with a light heart, stampeded the French into Bismarck's trap. The Emperor followed, like a log. And the tide of battle, which he neither directed nor even understood, left him stranded at Sedan.

Thereupon he was vilified as a Log and a Stork, and a Scapegoat to boot. Once again, the Batrachian throne was vacant, and the Frogs had their choice.

It was little Monsieur Thiers who first hopped onto the ill-fated seat. He was selected because he was a defeatist—for patriotism has many strange avatars, and a Thiers may be lauded to the sky for the very policy that sent Caillaux to jail. His powers were ill-defined, for the new régime had no constitution as yet, and hardly a name. But they were extensive, and his septuagenarian vim made them very real. He had been chosen by the Conservatives on the strict understanding that, in home politics, he would do nothing at all. But he was growing fond of the pitiful young Republic intrusted to his care; he was showing dispositions to act and even to think in matters political. So, in spite of his services, he was set aside, and Marshal de Mac-Mahon stepped in.

The Marshal was an honest soldier, whose personal bravery had won him laurels in the Crimea and in Italy. In 1870, he had, at any rate, escaped heavy responsibilities. If he had drifted with his army into Sedan, he had redeemed his fame by recapturing Paris from the Communards, and butchering a few thousands of them after the fighting was over. He was famous for words which he may have said, after taking the Malakoff Tower, near Sebastopol: "Here I am, here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I stay." The chroniclers of the day ascribed to him innumerable other dicta, in keeping with his character as a blunt and naïve old campaigner. When floods were devastating Southern France, the Marshal rushed to the stricken region, and comforted the population with these words: *"Que d'eau! Que d'eau!"*—"What a lot of water!" Whilst inspecting a military school, he stopped before the one negro student, a promising lad, and asked him: "It is you who are the negro?"—"Yes, Marshal"—"Well . . . keep it up." Mac-Mahon's negro is still "keeping it up" in the folk-lore of France.

Mac-Mahon was supposed to be a stopgap, a Statthalter, until the claimants to the throne had composed their differences, or rather until the legitimate Pretender, Henry V, Count of Chambord, had either learned sense or departed this life. By learning sense was meant that he should give up any intention of acting by himself or thinking for himself. For, like his grandfather, Charles X, Henry V was afflicted with principles, and with velleities to see them carried out. So the Assembly gave Providence seven years to enlighten Henry V or to remove him. Seventy times seven would hardly have sufficed to teach a Bourbon a new idea.

Meanwhile a Constitution was framed: obviously a monarchical one, although the label "Republic" was pasted on it by a plurality of a single vote. It was a constitution of the Louis-Philippe type, in which the head of the state is expected to reign, not to govern; and it has kept working smoothly enough—more smoothly at any rate than either the British or the American Constitutions—to the present day.

The Republicans were at last asserting themselves in that nominal Republic in search of a King. They won a majority of the seats in the newly created Chamber of Deputies. The Conservatives were appalled. They urged Mac-Mahon to make full use of his constitutional powers, and, if need be, to strain them a little. Mac-Mahon did as he was told. The Chamber was dismissed, a conservative ministry appointed, and a crusade launched to restore and preserve "moral order"—a phrase that our Fighting Quaker ought to have made his own, in the Palmery days of 1919. But "moral order" did not triumph after all. The Republicans returned in full array. The President bowed to the popular verdict. At the first opportunity, he resigned. He had loyally served many régimes: his own was the only one whose fall caused him no regret. Not a great soldier, and no politician at all, he was a brave and an honest man. He lived quietly for many years, amid universal respect.

This abortive effort of Mac-Mahon (known as "the 16th of May") was a great victory for the Loggists against the Storkists. The President had not gone beyond the letter of the Constitution: yet his attempt was called a *coup d'état* and almost a crime. Had the President exerted his full powers for the first time in accord with public opinion instead of against it, the whole conception of his office might have been changed. As it was, the Republicans sought safety in insignificance. They picked out Grévy, an old lawyer and an excellent one, whose chief claim to distinction was that, in 1848, he had proposed to abolish the Presidency altogether.

Grévy managed to spend in lack-lustre peace the full seven years of his term. He spent little else, for he was exceedingly thrifty, in the cheese-paring fashion of the French bourgeois. He was so obviously the neutral ideal of a French President that, in spite of his advanced age, he was re-elected. It was through no direct fault of his that he did not die at the Elysée. He was afflicted with a son-in-law, bearing the ominous name of Wilson. Wilson was apt to boast about his influence; and misguided applicants for the Legion of Honor paid good money to shady go-betweens. The old man himself was innocent of any immoral trafficking. But, as Paris was singing, *"Ah! Quel malheur d'avoir un gendre!"* he had to pay the penalty. Not without effort—for he was obstinate—they wrenched him from his presidential chair.

The Log had failed. The Storkists were clamorous. Prince Napoleon (Plon-plon) was still defending Cæsarian Democracy, the "Appeal to the People." General Boulanger adopted the same war-cry. His assets were a uniform, a black horse, and a blond beard—a formidable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

combination which nearly carried him to the Elysée. But French common sense rallied, aided by Clemenceau's most uncommon sense. The perfect President was found. Sadi Carnot, third of the Carnovingian line, grandson of the organizer of victory, an able man of dignified physique and blameless life, was the most respectable of Logs, yet confessedly a Log. He remained presidential timber after his election, and the only criticism that was voiced against him was caused by his too obvious woodiness. In public ceremonies, one was never quite sure that the President was not quietly fishing a hundred miles away, leaving an automaton to salute and shake hands for him. At any rate, it was real blood that flowed at Lyons under Caserio's stab, and the martyred President became the symbol of the social order imperilled by anarchy.

The shock was such as to jolt Parliament out of its usual caution. Casimir-Périer was elected on the strength of the energy which his grandfather had displayed, and which, if his own pugnacious countenance told a true story, had not degenerated in him. The honor had sought the man, and the man was too much of a gentleman to refuse a post of danger. But France soon realized that the anarchistic outrages were only the crimes of isolated madmen: there was no organized anarchism, and the social order was safe. Then the politicians began to regret their selection of a President who might act and think. The dangerous situation was soon remedied. Vilified by the press, unsupported by the Chambers, sent to Coventry by his own Cabinet, Casimir-Périer soon found his position intolerable. He stepped down, so that both he and France might breathe freely again.

There was little danger that Felix Faure would act, and none whatever that he would think. He was a self-made man, a wealthy ship-owner of Hâvre, and one of his assets was a photograph representing him as a youth in the garb of a tanner. Felix Faure took ingenuous delight in the semi-regal appurtenances of his rank. Etiquette became punctilious at the Elysée. The carriage "à la Daumont" of Felix I, the livery of his outriders were to him and to a few congenial courtiers matters of deep moment. The shooting-parties at Rambouillet copied faintly the bygone splendors of imperial Compiègne. For it is the President's duty to shoot in state at Rambouillet, even when he is gun-shy. Legend will have it that a notable General, peppered *a posteriori* by an erratic Chief Executive, won promotion on the field of Rambouillet. Felix Faure, however, was acknowledged to be a good sportsman and also a good sport. He died suddenly: of course Parisian gossip added "mysteriously." But there was no suspicion of political foul play, for no one feared, hated, or even disliked the man.

Two amiable bourgeois were induced to compete for the vacant throne: Méline and M. Loubet. They belonged so completely to the same class and the same party that they bowed to each other with the usual French courtesy: "*Après vous, mon cher Jules—Après vous, mon cher Emile.*" There was little to choose between them: the Anti-Dreyfusists—for the Affair was raging—made the mistake of choosing. They attacked the harmless M. Loubet with unprecedented venom. His election increased their bitterness beyond the limits of sanity; a few weeks later, at the race-course, a crazy aristocrat walked up to the President, and smashed his hat with a stick. Now a frontier marker may be just timber or concrete, a flag may be just silk or bunting: but woe to him who insults them! The indignity so stupidly offered to an old man, and the head of the state, was hotly resented by Republican France. Loubet became genuinely popular, and the people discovered with delight that he deserved to be. His sanity, his modesty, his kindly smile, endeared him to all. Paris and London saw him quietly holding his own by the side of King Edward, the first gentleman in Europe. His presidential life was untroubled, and he left the memory of a good and faithful servant.

So successful had been M. Loubet that exactly the same method was followed in the selection of his successor. The President of the Senate, M. Fallières, was automatically promoted from the second to the first position in the state. There was another candidate, M. Doumer, who fancied himself in the rôle of a French Roosevelt. Not without cause: he had put

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indo-China on the map, and he had addressed to his sons a book of golden advice, whose strenuous platitudes could have been signed by the Colonel himself. For all his lack of subtlety, M. Doumer was really a strong man. In normal times, this was an insuperable disqualification.

President Fallières's term ran out smoothly enough. He was, however, suspected of having opinions of his own, although he never vented them in public. This exposed him to the shafts of satire—oh! nothing very bitter. It was only whispered that he had brought back to the Elysée the bourgeois virtue of thrift, for which Grévy had been so famous, and the following dialogue amused Paris for a few moments: some great catastrophe had occurred, and the President headed the relief subscription with a thousand francs. "What!" said Mrs. President, "a thousand! Is not that rather extravagant for bourgeois like ourselves?" "Wait a moment, my dear," answered the successor of Louis XIV; "look at the next column in the paper: 'On account of the —— disaster, the reception at the Elysée has been cancelled.' So I am still a good bit ahead—*J'y gagne encore!*" Parisian journalists might laugh; but such a legend served rather than injured the President with a thrifty population—"*Il y gagnait encore!*"

1913! The rumbling of the European conflagration was already audible underground. The impending crisis, once again, created a popular demand for a more vigorous executive. Parliament did not dare to ignore such a demand. They set aside the excellent M. Pams, Clemenceau's choice, and elected M. Poincaré, a strong man, by his own admission—if you doubt it, look at his frown! Hardly had they done the deed but they repented, as in the case of Casimir-Périer. They did not go to such lengths as with Carnot's unfortunate successor. But they overthrew the Cabinet which was known to be in sympathy with the new President, and showed him at once his proper place. M. Poincaré did not accept the situation; neither did he engage an immediate battle. He started touring the country, scrupulously within the limits of his constitutional rôle, with the purpose of enhancing his personal prestige. At the proper time he hoped to challenge the parliamentarians who were holding him in check.

Nothing came out of this preliminary campaign. The general elections were not favorable to Poincaré's friends, and the War broke out. And for the rest of his term M. Poincaré, patriotic and energetic as he undoubtedly was, had to remain in the background. His name was almost forgotten on this side. Clemenceau's week-ends in the trenches made him the idol of France; Poincaré also visited the front, and no one took notice. It is true that Clemenceau wore an ample coat and a soft felt hat which were picturesque, whilst M. Poincaré appeared in a uniform which he fondly believed was semi-military, and which in fact was exactly a chauffeur's livery. It must have been hard for a Captain of Blue Devils—for M. Poincaré held that rank in the reserve—to sit in the Elysée like a log. No doubt he used his influence—probably not in the direction America would have chosen; but he had to do so surreptitiously. His high office was a handicap. As soon as he was set free he became a headliner again.

The next election was a curious episode. Of all men, George Clemenceau was the least fitted for the part of King Log. He had said in crude medical terms—for he had started life as a doctor: "There are two things in this world for which I have never seen any use: the prostatic gland and the Presidency of the Republic." But France was still in the glow of victory, and Clemenceau had become "Old Father Victory." The Pantheon was waiting for him; why not the Elysée as an antechamber? He finally consented—needing rest after two strenuous years—but on the express condition that the election would not be contested.

But, if Clemenceau had become a national hero, there was one point in which he remained an old-fashioned radical. He wanted to keep the Church out of politics. And as the Church—in France—would not be kept out, he was an anti-clerical. Now the majority in the new Chamber, elected through Clemenceau's prestige, was favorably inclined toward Rome. Strong elements in it desired that official relations with the Vatican be resumed. Had Cle-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

menceau been President, rather than approve of such a step, he would have dissolved the Chamber. There is little doubt that the support of the Senate, which he needed in such a case, would not have been lacking. To fight a new election on the clerical issue, and with the Tiger as an enemy, was no pleasant prospect. So ultramontane diplomatists were seen flitting through the parliamentary world. As a result, Paul Deschanel announced his candidacy, and beat Clemenceau in the preliminary caucus. The old man shrugged his shoulders and went his way: the Élysée would have been too narrow a cage for such an octogenarian.

Paul Deschanel was born in 1856 at Brussels, where his father had been exiled on account of his republican opinions. This was the first and most astute move in a presidential campaign which was to last sixty-four years. The "child of exile," the innocent victim of Tiberius Badinguet (alias Napoleon III), became the Benjamin of the Third Republic. His administrative and political career was dazzlingly rapid. From the very first his goal was fixed. As a candidate for the Presidency, he resolutely refrained from expressing any opinion that was not safe and "national." He refused the responsibilities of office. He was a finished orator, a member of the Academy, a perfect host, handsome, and so well groomed that he had won the nickname of *Ripolin*. In 1898 he accepted to stand for the Presidency of the Chamber against the veteran republican Brisson—an adumbration of what happened in 1920. In 1899, 1906, 1913, he was passed over for the Presidency of the Republic; perhaps he had made his single ambition a little too obvious. His chance came at last, and his last chance, for he was already sixty-four. So he snatched at it, although he had to slap in the face the man who had saved the country.

He would have been the most highly polished of logs; but Destiny is at times frankly melodramatic. Within a few months the man who had sacrificed everything for the Presidency was found trudging along a railroad track in his pajamas. He was sent to Rambouillet to recuperate—and walked straight into a pond. Thus fate took away from him, after a few weeks of torment, the reward of forty years; and death was kind enough soon to remove what was left of the former President. It is unpleasant to speak so bluntly of a man so faultless, and whose grave is still so fresh. But Ripolinism is one of the deadly sins, and whoever belongs to History, even as a super, cannot claim death as an excuse.

Once more the Storkists had their fling. M. Millerand is a heavy man, and his eyes look sleepy at times behind his glasses; but no one would long mistake him for a log. There is no sluggishness in his massive frame. There is nothing "stay-comb" about his manly mane. He is a man who never shirked responsibilities. As a socialist, he had formulated, with moderation and clearness, the minimum programme of the party. He was as definite in severing himself from the party, when he thought the party was wrong. As Prime Minister, he had just saved Poland from the consequences of Pilsudski's imperialistic folly. He did it, although it compelled him to let loose upon Russia the devastating hordes of Wrangel, and to break faith with England; but it was hard at the time to tell where official England stood. A believer in authority, he frankly announced that he would ask for an increase of the President's power. He did not hesitate in recalling Briand from Cannes, and he backed Poincaré unreservedly before the electorate.

But Poincaré was defeated at the polls. Millerand was too much of a man to crawl back to his safe position as a constitutional figurehead. Neither did he resign at the first news of defeat. The solemn referendum, as is invariably the case, was not free from ambiguity. And Millerand wanted to fight for his political life to the last ditch. How far he would go was, for a few hours, very uncertain. His threats had been cryptic. He was indorsed by the bulk of the reputable press. Money and the upper ranks of the army were with him. A breath of *coup d'état* stirred Paris. These fears were vain: Millerand and Poincaré have not only legal but law-abiding minds. The case was finally fought before both Chambers. In both, the Cabinet which Millerand had appointed just for the test was refused a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vote of confidence, and the President resigned.

Parliament went back to the safe method: that is, to select, not a fighting Premier, but the President of one of the Assemblies, like Grévy, Loubet, Fallières, Deschanel. Between the President of the Chamber, M. Painlevé, and the President of the Senate, M. Doumergue, the latter was preferred. Painlevé, a recent transfuge from pure science to politics, in power at a critical moment of the war, was felt to be not quite so safe. President Doumergue signed a definite promise that he would never have a thought of his own. France is thankful to him for this smiling sacrifice; how much he had to sacrifice we do not profess to know. President Doumergue is genuinely democratic in his manners, and sincerely attached to republican institutions. He has an unassuming but winning personality; he will bring back to the Elysée the fortunate days of Emile Loubet.

No doubt the mode of election of the French President influences the result. The Senate and Chamber in joint session will be slow to elect a man who might challenge their supremacy. But, if the plebiscitary method could now be introduced without a *coup d'état* or a revolution, we sincerely believe that men of the Grévy type would soon come to be preferred. Most American elections have brought to the White House safe rather than brilliant men. "Safety First" is an ignoble motto in the spiritual life; but "Live Dangerously" will not work in railroad schedules or practical politics.

The unexpected does happen; it is singularly rash to intrust dictatorial powers for life, for ten years, for seven, for even four—nay, for any definite term of months or weeks—to a man who may have to face an unforeseen situation, or who may, in office, experience a sudden change of heart. Had we realized such a danger, we might have been spared the scandal of a man elected by the safe and sane G. O. P. throwing such bombs as his denunciation of "predatory wealth" or his advocacy of the recall of judicial decisions; we might have missed the paradox of a President "too proud to fight" and re-elected on the slogan "He kept us out of war!" urging the use of force without stint. The Franco-British system is more sensible: the irresponsible head of the state is powerless; the actual ruler, the Prime Minister, holds office only so long as he enjoys the confidence of the country.

You may ask: what then is the use of a figurehead? When a country is blessed with a historic King and his Prince of Wales, well and good. But Monsieur Jules Grévy! What purpose did he serve? Was he not merely a survival, an "appendix," the last attenuated shadow of Louis XIV? We feel the force of the objection. But there is much to be said for the Presidency, in spite of Clemenceau's savage remark. For one thing, is it not one of the joys of Democracy that we are able to look down upon the man at the top?

Our own solution of the difficulty would be, not to remove the figurehead of the French Republic, but to add two more, so that she would be like Cerberus of old. Why not have at the same time a President (preferably a Carnot), an Emperor, and a King? If all three were loyal to the policy of doing absolutely nothing, they would not interfere with each other, or with the real business of the state. All parties would be satisfied, and Parisian life would gain immensely in varied picturesqueness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Little Gall

BY THOMAS BOYD
Author of "Rintintin," "Unadorned," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

IT was late November. But whether the hour was morning, noon, or nearly night could not have been told without a watch. This, for the vicinity of the port of Saint Nazaire, was not unusual. In the absence of a discouraged sun the shorn trees were sweating coldly on the hillside. The rain was seeping through the gray, heavy sky; and in a long, curving line a company of soldiers, too chilled to remove their mustard-colored tunics, bent their backs over the soggy earth. There was the subdued scrape of the shovel, the dull sound of the pick striking a stone as the men, with stiff, hampered movements, grubbed up the damp sod, making a wide, deepening path of frosty earth on which their greased cowhide shoes moved as slowly as the tedious hours.

Corporal Lewis, whose industry had taken him a little in advance of the bowed line, once more raised his pick and brought it heavily down into the moist, clammy earth. He was tired, but not with a physical fatigue; it was because his efforts had brought him nothing. Nausea was there too, and a nostalgia for either of two poles: home (which was northern Illinois), where the bands were blaring stirring music for the men who were beginning to be drafted and where young women laid their bodies on the altar of patriotism and prospective life insurance; and the front, where the goaded snort of the enemy guns, yet unheard by him, was the daily diet. But this existence in continuous dampness, of chain-gang labor—the antithesis of heroism—was difficult for him to accept. Without raising his pick he gazed toward the lank, freckled lieutenant in charge of the working party, and saw that officer attempting to warm his feet and yet to appear stoical besides. As if, in addition to the other desirable perquisites of junior office, second lieutenants never got cold! The reflection was irritating, forming a base for a pyramid of minor troubles. . . . He hadn't enlisted to dig ditches. He had *left* a damn sight better job than this to come over here and fight. And as he leaned his sturdy shoulders above the wooden handle and stared at the freckled lieutenant he grew rebellious. Hell! there was no use standing there and shivering to death. He straightened, turned, and walked away.

Saint Nazaire was a few miles distant, but half-way on the road which led to it (a road which winds slowly among pale houses and is scantily covered by frayed trees as it twists downward to the sea)—half-way to Saint Nazaire is a buvette, and many soldiers, upon seeing it, decide to go no farther. Corporal Lewis was one of the many in that he found the buvette a pleasant place to stop. It had benches with roughly made tables before them along the walls; the walls themselves were unassuming except for the one to the left of the entrance, where a few sticks of wood blazing in the fireplace drew one's attention. And then there were the shelves of bottles on the walls: four-star Boulestin, Saint James rum, Amer Picon, vermouth, Benedictine, cherry rocher, cointreau, and a great many others which Yvonne, whose large hands, broiled to pinkness, did not reach for as often as she reached for the cognac. As Corporal Lewis opened the door and stood for a moment on the sill he would have had to search long to find another interior so companionable.

"Ullo corps!" A voice from the shaded part of the room informed Corporal Lewis that he was not the only soldier who had left the working party for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yvonne's buvette. Nor was he pleased with the knowledge, for the absence of too many men would be observed by the freckled lieutenant. Then, too, some one was always fool enough to get drunk and cause trouble. "Only thing I ever found that'd take this cold outa your bones," said the voice, pointing a grubby finger at an emptied cognac glass which stood before him on the table. "Corps, have a little drink." The voice was timid, anxious.

"Yeh, have a shot on me, corpril."

"Lord!" said Corporal Lewis, sliding his body between the bench and table, "it wouldn't take many more for the whole company to be down here."

"Yvonne!" called the first voice, straightening, "aincha got 'ny respect for a corporal? Give the man a drink."

Yvonne in her bedroom slippers, which she wore six days out of the week, trotted into the room from the kitchen, tying the strings of her apron around her concave waist. She smiled.

"Caporal, beaucoup coniac," explained the second voice, subsiding.

It was just what he needed, Corporal Lewis knew after the first glass. But as the drinks were small the liquor seemed to lose much of its warming quality before it reached the proper place in his anatomy. Lewis could feel the untouched spot, just above the webbed belt that tightly girded his solid middle, cold and grasping. This gnawing sensation quickened him to remark, "The next round's on me; fill 'em up again, Yvonne." He translated his English by describing a circle with his long index finger, a circle on the inside of which were the three empty glasses.

After a while Yvonne set the bottle of Boulestin in the middle of the table and departed with the purchase-price in her pocket.

"Now," said the first voice, "if the corps don't mind we'll settle down to a little steady drinking."

"I know what you fellows thought. You thought I came in here to run you into the brig." Corporal Lewis traced a spiral course with the stem of his glass on the wet top of the table.

"You're a corporal, aren't you?" the first voice significantly inquired.

Lewis leaned forward, resting both forearms on the table. He had never wanted to be a corporal, but he could not avoid the warrant. He was too self-reliant, too physically fine to be permitted to remain a private. "They wished the job on me; I didn't want to take it," he said without the note of apology which usually accompanies such talk.

"I guess I was wrong," admitted the first voice; "I thought old Bran Face had sent ya down after us."

"You know," said the second voice, suddenly grown warlike, "I'd like to see that big stiff"—the big stiff was Bran Face and Bran Face was the freckled-faced lieutenant in charge of the working party —"come down here and try to run me in. I'd knock him for the longest row you ever seen."

"'nd so would I," Corporal Lewis assented grimly, lowering the neck of the bottle to the brim of his glass. Saffron from a black mouth dribbling in a water-white glass. It was the cognac that was grim.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," the first soldier grinned wisely.

"Why the hell wouldn't I?" Corporal Lewis spoke so fiercely that the eyes of the first soldier were covered with a film. Nevertheless he answered:

"You got those two stripes on your arm, that's the reason."

"Let 'im live, corpril, let 'im live. He don't know what he's saying," put in the second soldier with high contemptuousness.

"You think so, do you?" asked Lewis, speaking thickly and leaning across the table toward the first soldier. "You think these stripes would make any difference in what I said if that shavetail came in here? Listen!" his voice rose, "I'd jist as soon take a poke at him as take another drink."

"You cert'n'y would," declared the first soldier in admiration. "Here, 'y God, I'll buy another drink."

Half an hour later the buvette door opened and the three men, their arms about one another's necks in friendly fashion, tried to reach the road at the same time. And as they precariously, but happily, made their way in the light that was neither of morning, noon, nor night toward the grounds where the company still worked they sang, to the tune

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He hadn't enlisted to dig ditches.—Page 133.

of "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" the following lines:

"When this bloody war is over
No more soldiering for me;
No more dress parades on Sunday;
No more taps or reveille.

"#$%-&'()**)('&-%$#"???#$%
)('&-%$#"@½?"#$%'-)&('
I'll be damned if I can soldier
With a shovel, pick and hoe."

Nearer the place where they should have been working, where their rifles were senselessly stacked in four short rows, their approach was more sober. But pretense was useless now, for they had been observed. And as they came nearer a half-covert whisper fluttered along the line of working soldiers. One straightened and frankly stared, another furiously flayed the ground with his pick, as if he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself feared punishment for the deviltry of the three intransigeants, and still another muttered ominously that "They'd get theirs," but the lieutenant had not moved; even when he summoned a duty sergeant his words were scarcely heard.

For no reason at all, unless the lieutenant's folded arms could be called a reason, Corporal Lewis found himself walking over the moist ground past the gaping men toward the waiting officer. So the duty sergeant who had come to fetch him drew back uncertainly as he marched unsteadily by. Arm's length from the lieutenant Lewis stopped and saluted, an exaggerated, slashing movement of his right arm.

"Corporal, you are under arrest." The officer drummed with his fingers on his upper arm. "You two other men go back to work, but you, Lewis—why for two cents I'd knock——"

Suddenly Lewis stopped swaying. "Hell," he said, and tried to spit contemptuously. "Why, I'd give a dollar jist to take one good poke at you."

The lieutenant's eyelids flashed upward, like unexpectedly released window-shades. From set lips he said, "Sergeant, march this man into the guard-house."

All the way back to camp, over the dreary roads, scarred by the wheels of the camions, Corporal Lewis walked beside his armed escort. A grin widened his mouth and his broad nose turned up more than ever. Altogether he appeared so blissful that one of the guards completely forgot the importance of his duty and smiled with friendliness. Momentarily, Lewis chuckled; the smiling guard grew apprehensive, and the expression on his face was that of a nice mouse who, miraculously enough, was guiding the steps of a lion. The stocky shoulders of Corporal Lewis were impressive.

They came into sight of the long, low-lying buildings of the camp, and the guards straightened their rifles on their shoulders. But the prisoner continued to grin, and once, as they marched up the gravel road to the guard-house, he said in defense of his integrity, "I gave him as good as he sent, and anybody that says I didn't is a dam', dirty liar."

No one denied his claim. Not even the sergeant of the guard, who took his cartridge belt from him and went through the formality of searching his pockets. Doubtless, he would not have heard if they had, for his head was going round in a buzzing haze and his spirit was amicable. What had he done? Nothing. All of this searching of pockets seemed as much by-play as a kangaroo court. It was only after the barred door of his cell in the guard-house had been closed and locked that he began to remember. Then slowly, as he looked out over the dirt floor where the second relief was sleeping on soiled mattresses and saw the sergeant of the guard making out the evening report, the scene came back to him. But what had he said? Distinctly enough he saw himself standing before the lieutenant, but the rest of the picture was a blot. What of it? What difference did it make? He laughed to prove that it made none, then because his befuddled mind perceived the sound to be mirthless he laughed again. One of the guards walked uneasily to the cell door to quiet the disturbance, but Lewis had stretched out on his mattress and at once had fallen asleep.

Inmates of the guard-house were spared the before breakfast exercises in the cold morning air. As Lewis awoke in his cell he could hear alongside the building the Seventy-fourth Company's drill sergeant calling out "Hands on hips, place!" and fancied the men in unison bending their knees, thrusting out their arms and thumping their chests in the routine manner of working the stiffness from their bodies. He looked out into the darkened room and seeing the first relief of the camp guard sleeping, waiting for breakfast, he thought, with gloomy pleasure, "Thank God, I'm spared that, anyway." He had in mind both the guard duty and the setting up exercises. After a while breakfast was brought, and Lewis's cell door was opened by a taciturn guard who set a canteen cup of coffee and a mess kit of mush on the floor. Metalically, the door slammed, leaving Lewis to his silent meal. Life in a cell, Lewis considered, had not been so depressing when he had been a member of the guard. He had talked to the prisoners. But these fellows, why, they treated you like you were a criminal!

At ten o'clock a scared sentry in front of the building bawled, "Turn out the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guard, officer of the day." But he permitted the officer to approach him too closely for the first and third reliefs to put on their belts, button their overcoats, and rush out the door before the officer came into the guard-house. "'Ten-shun," angrily commanded the sergeant of the guard, suspecting a reprimand and eager to pass it on before he had received it. "Carry on, carry on," sourly ordered the officer of the day, glaring at the ensemble. Lewis could sympathize with him. When he had been acting sergeant of the guard he had always got his men out on time for inspection by the O. D., the commanding officer or any one else whose rank required the courtesy of the guard.

"Nothing new turned up?" the O. D. asked the sergeant. "Got a new man in the lockup, lieutenant." "Drunk or A. W. O. L.?" "No charges yet, sir." Lewis looked up startled. That he had not yet been charged with a particular misdemeanor increased the uncertainty of the nature of his punishment. He tried to placate his mood by telling himself that at most he would be fined a month's pay. The lieutenant was speaking again.

"What's the man's name?"

"Corporal Lewis, sir."

The lieutenant seemed surprised. "Lewis, what's he in here for?" he asked the question of himself and Lewis saw him walking toward his cell. The lieu-

. . . the lank, freckled lieutenant in charge of the working party.—Page 133.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tenant had small hands and a small nervous face. His step, his gestures, every movement was hurriedly made, not as if he were important with many missions to perform, but as if he were impatient to finish his duties. "What are you here for, Lewis?" he asked sharply. "I don't know," answered Lewis, grinning. The lieutenant frowned in a preoccupied manner. "You better hurry up and get out. I want you in the intelligence section." He walked abruptly away. And after he had gone Lewis called:

"Sarge, can you come over here a minute?"

The sergeant walked to the cell door, into the iron lattice work of which he twined his gnarled fingers. "What is it, Lewis? I can't let you smoke if that's what you want."

"No, I don't want to smoke now. But sarge, I tell you: If you want to git your guard out pronto next time, just have your corporal in front of the guard-house kick his heel against the door as soon as he catches sight of the O. D. Then by the time the sentry sings out, the men'll be ready to fall in out in front."

"By gosh, that is a good stunt. . . . I never thought of that. . . . Say, Lewis, if you want to smoke, go ahead."

Lewis looked hurt. "I told you I didn't want to smoke."

On the third morning of his stay in the guard-house Corporal Lewis was given a suit of dungarees, pale blue and sloppy. And with them covering his uniform and a sentry behind him with fixed bayonet, he was marched into the company street, past the men who were forming for drill. The men stared as he passed and he wrenched a grin into his face as he went by his own company. But later, as he was digging up ground for a new latrine, his hands and dungarees caked with reddish clay, and the sentry was standing over him, when his platoon marched past he looked steadily down at the earth, and the veins, from mortification, stood out on his solid neck.

It was only the beginning. That, Corporal Lewis discovered a week afterward at Divisional Headquarters standing with his counsel, before the solemn, important court-martial officers. For, unable to make up their minds as to what action to take, these officers sent him back to the guard-house, finding him guilty but withholding sentence. He had learned that he was charged with offering violence to an officer and he began to worry about the approaching Christmas. For, obviously, with neither money nor freedom, he would be unable to send any presents back to the States. A special court-martial meant that he would lose at least the month's pay. He could, of course, write home, but it would be difficult to explain, the folks would not understand; they always believed conditions worse than they actually were. Grimly, he went through the dreary days. One evening, less than a week before Christmas, he sat in his cell until long past midnight, his hands feverishly grasped and his eyes staring sightlessly through the iron lattice work of the door.

On the morning of the third day before Christmas the officer of the day (he was second in command of the Ninety-fifth Company and the embodiment of everything that was swashbuckling) stormed into the guard-house with a heavy frown. "Dammit," Lewis heard him say to the sergeant, "bang goes Christmas. Just as I had a party all fixed up at Saint Nazaire we get orders to break camp." He pulled vexedly at his black mustache, which was like two turned-up sabres. "Hell," said the sergeant, "we're outa luck, too; jist had a table put up in our bunk-house and ordered two cases of champagne." After a while the sergeant inquired, "Where we goin'?" "Oh," the officer carelessly replied, "somewhere up near the front. Better sharpen up your teeth. We may have to eat cannon-balls for our Christmas dinner." Move, thought Corporal Lewis. The battalion was going to move, and his heart behaved much as if he had been pitched from a ten-story window. What would happen to him? Would he be left here, separated from the men whom he had enlisted with? Violently, he shook the door of the cell.

The sergeant of the guard noticed him sufficiently to command, "Stop that racket and sit down."

But Lewis had to find out. "Sergeant, may I speak to the officer of the day?" he called so loudly that the officer walked over to his cell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Lieutenant, are they goin' to leave me here or what?" the question choked him.

"Oh," said the officer of the day tolerantly, "they'll take you along all right. You needn't worry about that."

After riding in box cars for several hundred miles, from the southwestern part of Brittany to a town a few miles from Verdun, the battalion stiffly got out of the train and tried to walk on legs which had been sat on, lain on, twisted and crushed for so long a time they had got entirely out of their owners' control. In this part of the country the trees grew more erect, more militant. It was easy to fancy that soldiers' bodies, feeding the roots, had severely fashioned the trunks after ramrods. In this country were hills, pastoral hills half covered with snow, and the battalion wound among them on its way through Souilly to Somme Dieu. At the lagging tail of the battalion was Corporal Lewis, the only man without a gun. But on either side of him a guard was equipped not only with a rifle, but with a pistol as well. The slow pace irritated him, for he was less tired than the rest of the men. He had ridden in a caboose of which the only other passengers had been his guards, while the rest of the men had been herded in groups of forty into the absurdly small box cars. But his restlessness passed when the moving troops came abreast of a French hospital and some inspired young officer, though he had never before seen or heard of the place, pointed it out as the subject of the Germans' latest bombing atrocity. "The dirty dogs," thought Corporal Lewis, as he surveyed the long, white, wooden building. "Any

. . . he could only sit and stare at his strong hands with which he had once done so many things.—Page 140.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one could see the big red crosses on the roof of the building." There was no excuse for it, the Germans had deliberately bombed a hospital! "That was a lousy trick, wasn't it?" he appealed to the guard on his left. But it was no use; the guard refused to talk to him.

Toward noon they crossed a slender river, clear as a mirror, and plodded up a slope to the battered, uninhabited town of Somme Dieu. There was a long, cobblestone street which bent sharply in the middle. On either side was a row of those soft stone houses which take their color from the weather. As the sky was a sheet of slate, the houses were ashen. From the roofs of some of the houses it was plain that Somme Dieu was familiar with the brunt of the enemy guns.

The battalion stopped, then moved forward jerkily, and Corporal Lewis discovered that the men were being billeted in the houses. As he stood there waiting, the advance officer marched down the line, slushing through the street drain with an air of looking for some one. "Oh, there you are," he said to Lewis's escort, "follow me and I'll show you the guard-house."

Sentries had already been established (one was standing before the door) and as Lewis walked inside followed by the two guards he saw that even a cell had been prepared for him. It was a larger cell than the one at the camp at Saint Nazaire. It had stone walls and a stone floor like the house of which it was a part. But the door was of wood, secured by a large padlock. Corporal Lewis went inside. As the door closed after him the lock snapped fast.

Sometimes, in those long days that followed, Lewis had the strangling fear that he would never be released. And terrifying suggestions of madness would come to his mind. The guards never took him out any more. Apparently there were no more latrines to be dug. How he wished there were! If only he could feel the touch of friendly earth. But now through the days he could only sit and stare at his strong hands with which he once had done so many things but which had become good for nothing.

Everything imaginable seemed to be happening outside the guard-house. In his mind the dreary street was like a stage set and reset for a musical comedy. He fancied girls and soldiers strolling together, men drinking in plush cafés where the orchestra played under swaying palms. But once he looked outside the door of the guard-house and saw the forlorn street he feared the battalion had moved to another town. Or probably to the front! But this last he could not bear to believe. They could not go there without him. Once he pretended sickness. It got him a dose of calomel. A few mornings later he heard the officer of the day speak his name to the sergeant of the guard and saw the latter pick up the key to the cell door. Fascinated, he watched the key in the sergeant's hand. As the key slipped into the padlock, Lewis stepped forward, ready to leave with the outward swing of the door. The lock snapped and the officer of the day stepped into the room.

"What is it, another trial, sir?" he asked the officer of the day.

"Not that I know of. I got orders for you to be turned loose and to see that you report back to your company."

Lewis laughed foolishly. "Gosh! are you sure? I mean— Well, what d'ya know about that! Report back? I guess I will." He ran back into the cell and came out with his blanket, his mess equipment, and his other belongings which he was allowed to keep with him. "Yes, sir!" he said emphatically, "I'll find the top sergeant right away."

That night there was much laughter in the house where Lewis had been billeted. All of the men were of his own platoon, and though he had no money himself Jack Pugh had plenty and some of it was used to buy wine, biscuits, and canned preserves from the French canteen. Pugh made a show of reluctance at parting with the money, but finally said, "Heeah, spend iss hunnerd francs and lemme alone. But done ask me to tote nuthin." They sat about the bright fireplace and drank and slapped Lewis on the back and one of the men said, "Why, man, it was a blessing for you to be in the lock-up. Nothing to do and just think, you must have about four months' pay coming." They did not go to bed until the sentry threatened to call the corporal of the guard.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They sat about the bright fireplace and drank and slapped Lewis on the back. . . .—Page 140.

Four months' pay coming! Nearly one hundred and fifty bucks. Lewis could not sleep for thinking of it. At the lowest rate of exchange that was six hundred francs and with that amount he could buy almost anything he chose. Green jade beads, wrist watches, bottles of champagne, women's legs, all ran helter-skelter through his brain. In this muddle of things he had not dared dream of for week after week, and somewhat dizzy from too much wine in a warm room, he fell asleep.

But in the morning his eyes were bright when reveille was blown; he was the first man dressed and out on the company street for setting-up exercises. After

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

breakfast and morning inspection it was very pleasant as the battalion was given "Squads right" and the men swung from the cobblestone street to the fields for drill. Lewis liked the feel of the muscles as his legs stretched out; it was like getting off a boat which one had been on for several weeks.

"Hup, two, three, four; hup, two, three, four," Sergeant Ryan called in his low contralto. Then "Squads left . . . company, halt." And they were out on the drill grounds, making ready for practice with hand grenades.

The drill grounds were in a wide valley, spacious enough for a battalion to march and countermarch. At the farther end, where the valley stopped and a hill began over which could be heard the boom of guns, was the bombing pit with white targets rising out of a wide, deep trench. The company was split up into platoons and the platoons into sections. Then the day's training began, with Lewis's section the third to practise.

"You go through it by counts: first pull out the pin, then draw your arm back, shift your weight to your right foot and let it go with your arm kinda stiff," Sergeant Ryan counselled him. "Remember, with your arm stiff. If you try to throw it like a baseball you'll break your elbow."

Lewis's turn came and he grasped the heavy, corrugated grenade in his right hand. Now he was good for something, he exultantly thought. At the count of two he withdrew the pin, dropped his right foot back, and held the grenade far behind him. Three, the count sounded, and sighting, with his left arm outstretched, he threw. The grenade struck the target fairly, followed by a drumfire explosion as the grenade went off.

"Good work, corporal," said the instructor to Lewis. "Now let's try it from the fifty-yard range.

But Lewis was equally successful there. His grenade struck the target from every range. His blood was singing and he felt that he could have hurled one of the grenades over the top of the hill.

On the way back to camp Lieutenant Bedford, his platoon commander, told him in a low voice, "Lewis, that was pretty good. I think I'll put you in charge of the bombing section. It'll mean a sergeantcy."

One morning a few days later as the battalion was closing ranks after inspection, ready to march off down the Rue de Dieu to the drill-grounds, an officer arrived from headquarters in an automobile which stopped at the near end of the line of men. The officer, with his glistening Sam Browne belt and polished, spurred boots, got out and walked toward the major, holding up a warning hand. The two men met, saluted, and after talking a moment the major called:

"Corporal Lewis . . . front and centre."

From the first sight of the officer Lewis had been suspicious. Hearing his name was none the less such a shock that his rifle slipped from his cold fingers and banged against the cobblestones. Without picking it up he stepped backward and, going in rear of the second company, walked toward the major and visiting officer. Halting, he saluted.

"Attention to orders," began the officer in a loud voice, loud enough for all to hear. ". . . Corporal Lewis did, on or about the 20th day of November, strike or attempt to strike . . . officer . . . found guilty . . . that he be sentenced to five years in Federal prison. . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrait of Edwin Booth

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE COLLECTION OF ROBERT GOULD SHAW, WIDENER LIBRARY, HARVARD

THE most real of all human figures are the creations of the imagination. The nearest approach to earthly immortality, to an existence that is not shattered or imperiled by failure or decay, belongs to spirits that have never lived in the flesh, but have been embodied by great artists in dream shapes that have taken an enduring hold upon the fancy and the memory of humanity. Helen, Hector, and Achilles, Dido and Æneas, Hamlet, Lear, Rosalind, and Portia live, and will live when millions who have known and loved them have been buried and forgotten. To have attached your name to such a figure, as creator, or even as impersonator, is to attach something of its permanence to the fragile nonentity of a trivial creature of clay.

Naturally the actor's name does not live like the author's. Yet a great actor is long identified with the parts he most loved to represent, and few actors have been so completely identified with their stage counterparts as Edwin Booth with Hamlet. Those who remember Booth will always think of him as the Prince of Denmark, and the two names will long be linked together in the history of the American stage. Indeed, Booth's life was essentially that of the actor and the artist. Born on a lonely Maryland farm in 1833, he was educated partly by solitude and partly by the erratic genius of his father, who was in some respects a greater actor than he. He began early to act himself, led for a number of years the vagrant, Bohemian life which seems appropriate to the profession, married first one actress, then another, interpreted Shakespeare to America and Germany, and appeared for the last time as Hamlet in 1891, two years before his death.

But, though an actor, Booth was eminently and thoroughly a man and not a stage puppet. He was full of human sensibility, passion, and thought, and was as interesting and lovable in private life as upon the stage. He did not indeed have much concern with the current movement of the world outside of his art. His most acute connection with politics was through his younger brother's mad assassination of Lincoln, which for a time threatened to blight Edwin's future altogether. But, though no politician, he himself was a loyal American, a lover of the Union, and above all a democrat in theory and practice.

To be sure, he did not mix easily with his fellow men at large. He had no gift of light, gay cordiality with strangers; on the contrary, when he came into the company of such, he shrank into himself and would neither make advances nor receive them. This is emphasized by those who knew him best. "He had stage fright everywhere but on the stage," says Mr. Royle. . . . "He was abnormally shy, detested social gatherings, positively suffered under scrutiny, and the few who casually met him got the impression that he was uncommonly inept. This impression he never took the slightest pains to correct." "In the world he had a way of shrinking into himself that gave him a reputation for shyness and reserve," says Sullivan. And Winter speaks of "Edwin Booth, who became like a marble statue upon the advent of a stranger."

Booth's own testimony as to this shyness and social shrinking is even more interesting. How vivid in its careless revelation is his account of a meeting with a former acquaintance: "He spoke to me the first day out; has his wife with him—pleasant sort of body. Says he has lived all these years in England. Asked after you, and there our conversation dropped—my fault, I suppose." Whosever the fault, the social failure was there, haunting, insistent, wearisome. Booth himself attributed it partly to his bringing up. His father liked solitude and sought it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hence, his wife and children became isolated, and were ill at ease in the presence of other than their own immediate relatives." General society was always a bore, often a source of distinct distress. "I remember him," says Ellsworth, "standing with folded arms in a corner, talking little. He told me such a party was agony to him, for his hearing was so painfully acute that he could hear even a whisper across the room." And he said to Mr. Royle, "I love those best who let me alone."

Yet this dislike of the world at large did not preclude the most delicate sympathy and understanding. The small change of social conversation is apt to consist of censorious gossip, and Booth made it a rule to avoid criticism of others that, when conveyed to their ears, might wound and alienate. Moreover, he had a profound sense of suffering and sorrow, and he was unsparing in his efforts to relieve them. Money he was lavish of. "To my certain knowledge he gave away in charity more than most men would consider a fortune," says Bispham. But the giving was so quiet and unostentatious that few were aware of it. "I have seen him blush like a girl at the receipt of a letter of thanks, and run away like a coward from the gratitude of those he had helped." And the kindness went further than money. He put himself in others' places, appreciated their needs and cravings, and supplied them. An actor whom he had long known revolted at the thought of retirement into an institution, so Booth "made a place for the old fellow at his own theatre as long as he lived." He went further and taught his daughter that humility and gentleness are the true principle of elevation: "Self-respect, politeness, and gentleness in all things, and to all persons, will give you sufficient dignity."

Edwin Booth at the age of seventeen years.

This tender consideration, which is so charming in Booth, showed in his treatment of animals as well as of men and women. I find no mention of his fishing or hunting; but that is perhaps part of the curious absence of all active sport even from his boyhood. Horses he loved, loved to drive them and to drive good ones, and he seems to have understood them thoroughly. For other animals, both wild and domestic, he had a peculiar sympathy and especially a desire to avoid giving them pain. In his youth his father brought him up to abstain from animal food, and though this did not persist, the habit of tenderness did. Winter has a curious story of his having poisoned some flies and having been at first amused at the singular effect on them. "'But suddenly I realized that as death was not instantaneous, they must be suffering, and I have been grieved about it ever since.' There was no affectation in this. His remorse was genuine and it was painful to see."

Though Booth had so great an aversion to strangers, he had many intimate friends, many who knew him long and well, and loved him better the more they knew him. The testimony of all these establishes his tenderness, his devotion, his loyalty. The long attachment of Aldrich, in particular, would do honor to any man. How charming is his brief account of the presence of his friend, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its suggestion of the link between them: "Booth has been with us six weeks, acting wonderfully. We shall miss him sadly. He is a *great* actor. We love the boy. I like to mix his gloom with my sunshine."

In these familiar relations Booth dropped the reserve, the strange shyness that haunted him in larger gatherings. To be sure, even here he was not demonstrative, did not extend or seek gestures of affection with those he loved most. "I never knew a man who had such an aversion to being caressed as he had," says Bispham. "He shrunk instinctively from any physical manifestation of personal affection, and while his friendships were strong, they were almost always unaccompanied by any outward demonstration save the grasp of the hand, and the hearty welcome shining through his glorious eyes." But there was an even, kindly, sympathetic response, no temper, no petulance, no fretfulness. Those who knew him best found him always willing to give and take confidences. He loved a midnight talk by the latter end of a sea-coal fire, and his complete naturalness gave such talk a singular, intimate charm. "There was something so magical, so mysterious in his conversation that I gladly listened as long as he was willing to talk," writes Bispham. And again, "We would talk so late that when we were ready to go to bed (we were never ready to stop talking) it was too late for me to go to my lodgings, and he would insist on my turning in with him."

Edwin Booth at the age of twenty-four years with his daughter.

In the even closer family circle Booth's affection is still more marked. He was devoted to his father in life and idolized his memory. His relation with his mother, who long survived her husband, was intimate and tender. He cared most faithfully and affectionately for his one daughter, the child of his first wife, and the daughter repaid him by a charming tribute after his death. The depth of their regard for each other is indicated by her with delicate and vivid tact: "His nature was childlike, trustful, and dependent, yet he was always my wise and loving counsellor." And the father's testimony as to what his infant was to him is equally touching: "She kept me happy while I was in Philadelphia, and is the light of my darkened life. All my hopes and aspirations now are clustering like a halo about my baby's head; to rear a monument to the mother in her child is my life-study now. I never had an aim or a hope before, and now my life is full of both."

To crown the analysis of Booth's personal ties, one should consider the beauty and intensity of his brief first love. His second marriage connection, which lasted much longer, had some of the ups and downs and difficulties that are apt to attend human relations in this complicated world. The first was ideal and exquisite. The story of it should be read

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEVENTH SEASON **BOSTON MUSEUM** No. 29.

Tremont St., between Court & School Sts.

Museum open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. Exhibition Room open at 6 1-2 o'clk. Performance commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission to Museum and Entertainment, 25 Cents; Children under 12 years of age, 12 1-2 cents. A limited number of seats may be secured during the day, at 50 cents each.

Stage Manager..... W. H. Smith | Musical Director.....T. Comer

FANCY GLASS WORKING,

by Professor CARLING, who may be seen at all hours during the day and evening manufacturing Birds, Animals, Ships, etc., of variegated Glass. The specimens for sale.

LAST NIGHT BUT THREE OF

MR. BOOTH'S

ENGAGEMENT.

Shakspere's Tragedy,

RICHARD THIRD

Duke of Gloster ..... **Mr. BOOTH**

POSITIVELY LAST TIME THIS SEASON.

TRESSEL, (his first appearance on any stage,)... **EDWIN T. BOOTH**

The Popular Farce,

SLASHER AND CRASHER.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

A limited number of Family Slip Seats may be taken previous to the opening of the Exhibition Room, which will be retained one hour after the commencement of the Performances, at Fifty cents each seat. The Slips not so taken will remain in common with the rest of the seats.

Monday Evening, Sept. 10, 1849.

The performance will commence with the Overture, *ZAIRA*, arranged by T. Comer.

After, which will be acted (last time this season) the Tragedy,

RICHARD III

Or, The Battle of Bosworth Field.

(BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.)

DUKE OF GLOSTER, afterwards King.....Mr BOOTH
Tressel, (his first appearance on any stage).....Edwin T. Booth
King Henry 6th.....Mr Whitman
Duke of Buckingham.....J. A. Smith
Duke of Norfolk.....Dassett
Prince of Wales..... Miss A. Phillips
Duke of York.....Miss Arvila
Earl of Richmond.....Mr W. H. Smith
Lord Stanley.....Curtis
Earl of Oxford.....Toohey
Sir William Catesby.....Muzzy
Sir Richard Ratcliffe.....Aiken
Lieutenant of Tower.....Williams

Lord Mayor.....Warren
Sir Walter Blunt.....Howe
Tyrrell.....Deering
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., by Auxiliaries.
Queen Elizabeth.....Miss L. Gann
Lady Anne.....Mrs Thomau
Duchess of York.....Mrs Judah
Ladies... Miss Rees, Mrs H. Mestayer, Misses Simpson, Thompson, Vincent, Mason, Whiting, Christie, etc., etc.

Hiberian Pas de Deux.....Miss Arvila and Master Adrian

To conclude with [1st time this season] the excellent Farce,

Slasher and Crasher

Mr Sampson Slasher - - Mr Warren | John - - - - - - - - Howe
Mr Christopher Crasher - - Thomau
Mr Benjamin Blowhard - - Curtis | Miss Dinah Blowhard - - Mrs Judah
Lieut. Brown - - - - - J. A. Smith | Rosa - - - - - - Miss Phillips

TUESDAY—Shakspere's Tragedy,

OTHELLO

IAGO, (for that night only).....Mr BOOTH

Wednesday Afternoon—THREE POPULAR PIECES.

Omnibusses: Hobbs & Prescott's Washington street line of Omnibusses leave the Museum every evening at the close of the performance. Fare 12 1-2 cents. Also Coaches for Roxbury.

Morton's Press, Hasking' Building, corner Tremont and Howard Streets.

Programme of first appearance on stage, September 10, 1849.

in the charming pages of Mrs. Aldrich, who saw it as intimately as anyone. How great the wife's influence over her husband was, is appreciated when we realize that the mere memory was sufficient to overcome permanently the inherited passion for alcohol which had earlier threatened to ravage his life. And his own beautiful words best indicate the depth and terror of the sense of loss which afflicted him: "I call her, look for her, every time the door opens; in every car that passes our little cottage door, where we anticipated so much joy, I expect to see the loved form of her who was my *world*. God only can relieve me; nothing on earth can fill the place of her who was to me at once wife, mother, sister, child, guide, and savior. All is dark; I know not where to turn, how to direct the deserted vessel now."

II

It is not my business to discuss Booth's acting as such. I saw him only a few times, when I was too young to judge, and anyway my interest in the artist is only as he explains and illustrates the man. Of Booth's contemporaries most of those who were competent to speak rated his achievements highly. Now and then there is dissent, as in a moderate degree with Whitman, who was always at least an independent judge. Whitman admired Booth's character, spoke of him as "essentially a godlike man"; but on the stage he found him inferior to his father, complained that he "never made me forget everything else and follow him, as the greatest fellows, when they let themselves go, always do."

No one questions Booth's high, constant, and discerning personal devotion to his art. As to his influence upon its general history in America, there is more difference of opinion. For ten years, from 1863 to 1873, he was concerned with the management of theatres, and for four years he managed his own costly and superbly appointed house. His managerial skill and care are generally recognized. He engaged good actors, studied the details of production, and endeavored to make every point of the performance worthy of the greatest masterpieces of Shakespeare. One who watched him carefully and was competent to judge, says of his management: "No other 'star,' and I have seen many 'stars' in that position, possessed his equanimity or displayed one tithe of his wonderful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ability to direct." Winter insists, and justly, that Booth's object in this great undertaking was not financial profit. "He sought to exalt the standard of dramatic art—not because he was specifically interested in the public welfare, but because he was naturally prone to symmetry and loveliness of expression."

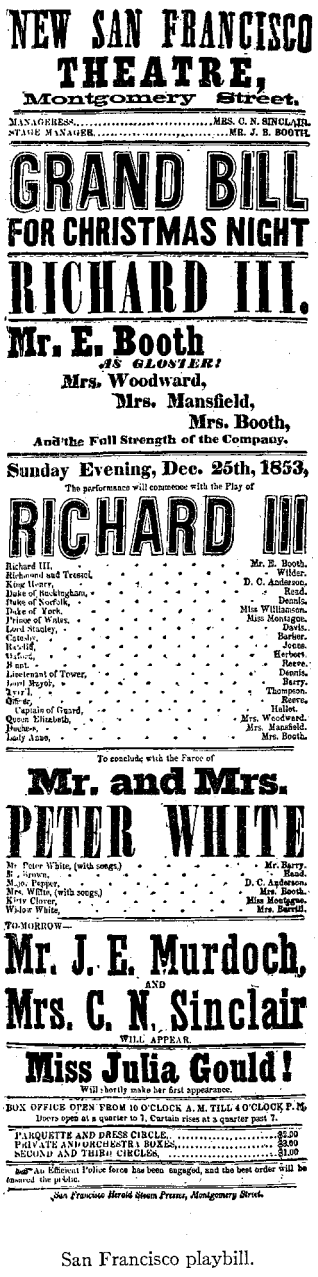
Edwin Booth as Richard III.

But the running of theatres is a business, and as a business man Booth was not a success. He had a simple trust in his fellows which was charming but fallacious. His theatre was built in partnership and the handling of the finances was indiscreet. The result was failure and bankruptcy, and Booth, after clearing himself honorably from the toils, never again attempted to be his own manager or to control his own surroundings. As a consequence, in later years he became apparently indifferent to where and with whom he acted. The companies that were engaged with him were too often mediocre, and the scenery and properties were haphazard and neglected. "He seems not even to have stipulated for decent competence in supporting players," says Mr. Copeland, one of his most discriminating admirers, "or decent taste and liberality in the 'production.'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winter's analysis of these vagaries is probably the correct one: "He was a dreamer; and in every part of his life, as it was known to me during an intimacy extending over a period of about thirty years, I saw the operation of Hamlet's propensity to view all things as transitory and immaterial, and to let everything drift. He was happier as an actor than as a manager."

But if Booth was sometimes careless as to what he felt to be outside his province, he was never slovenly or indifferent as regards his own personal art. He was, indeed, a creature of moods. Winter says that his performances even of his best parts were unequal. Sometimes the occasion, the circumstances, the audience roused him, and he burst out into transcendent brilliancy. At other times his work was careful, thoughtful, but uninspired. It is curious to have his own testimony that to feel the part too keenly himself was not always conducive to making others feel it. Once, when acting "The Fool's Revenge," he was moved to tears and thought that he had been unusually successful. His daughter said to him afterward: "What was the matter with you to-night, father? I never saw you give such a poor performance of the part."



NEW SAN FRANCISCO THEATRE,
Montgomery Street.

MANAGERESS.....MRS. C. N. SINCLAIR.
STAGE MANAGER.....MR. J. B. BOOTH.

GRAND BILL
FOR CHRISTMAS NIGHT
RICHARD III.

Mr. E. Booth
AS GLOSTER!
Mrs. Woodward,
Mrs. Mansfield,
Mrs. Booth,
And the Full Strength of the Company.

Sunday Evening, Dec. 25th, 1853,

The performance will commence with the Play of

RICHARD III

Richard III.	Mr. E. Booth.
Richmond and Tressel,	Wilder.
King Henry,	D. C. Anderson.
Duke of Buckingham,	Reed.
Duke of Norfolk,	Dennis.
Duke of York,	Miss Williamson.
Prince of Wales,	Miss Montague.
Lord Stanley,	Davis.
Catesby,	Barker.
Ratcliff,	Jones.
Oxford,	Herbert.
Page,	Reeve.
Lieutenant of Tower,	Dennis.
Lord Mayor,	Berry.
Earl of Richmond,	Thompson.
Officer,	Reeve.
Captain of Guard,	Hallet.
Queen Elizabeth,	Mrs. Woodward.
Duchess,	Mrs. Mansfield.
Lady Anne,	Mrs. Booth.

To conclude with the Farce of

Mr. and Mrs.
PETER WHITE

Mr. Peter White, (with songs,)	Mr. Berry.
Mr. Brown,	Reed.
Major Pepper,	D. C. Anderson.
Mrs. White, (with songs)	Mrs. Booth.
Miss Clover,	Miss Montague.
Widow White,	Mrs. Burrill.

TO-MORROW—

Mr. J. E. Murdoch,
AND
Mrs. C. N. Sinclair
WILL APPEAR.

Miss Julia Gould!
Will shortly make her first appearance.

BOX OFFICE OPEN FROM 10 O'CLOCK A. M. TILL 4 O'CLOCK P. M.
Doors open at a quarter to 7. Curtain rises at a quarter past 7.

PARQUETTE AND DRESS CIRCLE,	$2.50
PRIVATE AND ORCHESTRA BOXES,	$2.00
SECOND AND THIRD CIRCLES,	$1.00

☞ An Efficient Police force has been engaged, and the best order will be observed the public.

San Francisco Herald Steam Press, Montgomery Street.

San Francisco playbill.
Edwin Booth as Richard III.

But, whether inspiration came or not, he was always the conscientious, self-respecting artist, determined to give the very best that was in him and to interpret the work of great poets with every atom of his natural intelligence and power. He did not perhaps reflect abstractly and metaphysically on the nature of acting so much as some others, though there is most curious matter in his brief analysis of the acting of Kean. But his patience in minute study of his own parts and plays was unfailing, inexhaustible. "There was not a line in any of his Shakespearean plays," says Winter, "that he had not studiously and thoroughly considered; not a vexed point that he had not scanned; not a questionable reading that he had not, for his own purposes in acting, satisfactorily settled." So with stage business. He knew the methods of those who had preceded him, and employed them when he saw fit, and again he was inexhaustibly ingenious in inventing new and effective devices of his own. Nor was his study of the plays confined to his own part. His correspondence with Mr. Furness as to various Shakespearean puzzles and characters is as illuminating as it is modest and unpretentious.

And his art grew and developed to the end. As a young man he naturally copied to some extent the rougher, bolder style of his father, which in his father's hands had been so effective. But besides the desire to be original and independent, he soon came to feel that his temperament and artistic instincts were different from his father's. He dropped some of the more violent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parts, like Sir Giles Overreach, and into all he introduced more thoughtfulness, more sensibility, more of the high imaginative quality, the poetry, which made his Hamlet so peculiarly fascinating.

One misconception which sprang from Booth's so often appearing with inferior actors should be finally disposed of: the calumny that he shrank from comparison with his equals. It seems beyond dispute that he was singularly free from the professional jealousy which is supposed to be one of the evils of stage life. "I never knew an actor whose mind was more free than that of Booth from envy and bitterness," says Winter. "The prosperity of other actors gave him pleasure, and their adversity gave him pain." When he commented on the performance of others, it was manifestly in a vein of abstract criticism and always in the spirit which he commends so charmingly to his daughter: "Bear charity in your thoughts, love in your heart for all.

"'Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues,'

says Shakespeare, who says scarcely anything that is not true and good."

Edwin Booth in San Francisco in 1853.

Even more substantial evidence of Booth's large-mindedness is the fact that he acted at one time or another with nearly all the best actors of his generation, Irving, Salvini, Charlotte Cushman, Janauschek, Barrett, Modjeska. It seems unlikely that any other actor ever co-operated so extensively, and, what is most significant of all, Mr. Copeland records that two of these distinguished persons told him "that they found Booth's courtesy almost unexampled."

It is true that his sense of humor could not always resist the pretensions of those who thought themselves excellent, but were not. "Great actors," he writes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ironically, "are very queer cusses to handle; besides, there are so many of 'em. Nearly every company counts a dozen sich." It must not, however, be supposed from this that he was scornful of his humbler companions or tactless in dealing with them. On the contrary, nothing shows more the essential fineness of his nature than the considerate and gentle manner in which he treated even the lowest subordinates about the theatre. He was quiet and unobtrusive as to his own comfort and accommodations. "I have frequently seen him during a performance, while waiting for his cue, walk across his dressing-room, and bring out a chair for himself rather than ask any one else to do it," says Malone. If suggestion or correction were needed, he attended to it in private if possible or, if in public, with some touch of humor or sympathetic understanding that made reproof comfortable to receive and easy to profit by. Shy as he was in general society, his fellow actors who travelled with him found him companionable and helpful. When they were all on the road together, "after a time his timidity disappeared and he was like the father of a big family." He told charming stories of his past experience and made himself instructive and entertaining both, so that, while few were near to him, it is evident that many loved him. Yet with all his gentleness, his discipline and control during his brief period of management were such as to attract the highest praise from those best qualified to judge. Jefferson said: "Booth's theatre is conducted as a theatre should be—like a church behind the curtain and like a counting-house in front of it." And Boucicault's comment was: "I have been in every theatre I think in civilized Christendom, and Booth's is the only theatre that I have seen properly managed." Booth's own idea of the morals of the matter is well illustrated by his stern reply to a minister who wrote to ask if there was not some private door by which he could enter unobserved: "There is no door in my theatre through which God cannot see."

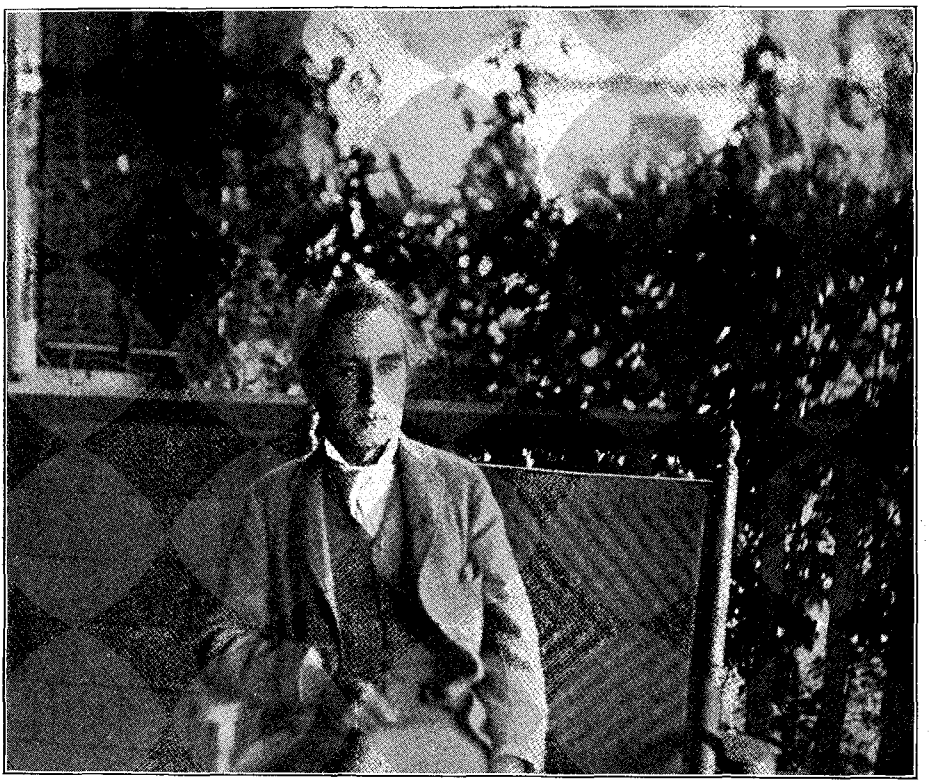
Though, on the whole, Booth's professional career was remarkably smooth and successful, he had his times of struggle, trial, and discouragement. The Bohemian wandering of his earlier days cannot have been especially attractive to his domestic, quiet temperament, even in youth. As he grew older, he resented it bitterly. He wanted a home, a calm abiding place, with books and friends and love about him, such a refuge as he at last established in a measure at the Players' Club. Instead, he was hustled from one town to another, from one world to another. Hotels were wretched, food was unpalatable, life in railroad trains was agitating and dirty and wearisome. He could not read, he could not think, he could not rest. "What a miserable existence is the actor's, especially if he is domestically inclined! Home is something denied to him."

The financial failure of his threatre would have been a serious blow to any man. But Booth took it with such courage and dignity as made it seem slighter than it was. Then there was criticism, which probably descends more brutally and more stupidly upon the actor than upon any one else. Booth sometimes made light of it and sometimes profited by it, but of course at times it hurt. In the main, however, he overlooked it and avoided it, especially when it took the gossipy and personal form. "I have long since ceased to read 'theatrical news,' and have succeeded in letting my 'dear friends' know that I avoid such rot, and that it is brutal to mention it to me. I repeat to them the remark Howells made to Aldrich when Aldrich asked him if he had heard of some abuse of his (Howells's) writings: 'Do you suppose I have no bosom friends?'"

Through all these petty annoyances and greater difficulties there was the firm determination to succeed, or at any rate to deserve success. Booth's quiet, unpretentious manner and reluctance to talk of his aims or his triumphs made him seem indifferent. He certainly cared less than some about cheap notoriety. The curious gaze of idle gapers is, he says, "unpleasant for me, who hate notoriety and publicity." And some have extended this into an inference that he lacked ambition and really cared little about his artistic career. But if you read his letters closely, you see that to accomplish what he had struggled for all his life meant something to him as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it does to others. Does not ambition speak right out in this striking passage, written in 1865? "The terrible success of 'Hamlet' seems to swallow up everything else theatrical, and the desire I have to follow it up with something still better done, if it can be, in the way of costumes and scenery, keeps me far off in fairyland, day and night, in my dreams and in my days (if I can't say waking hours), and time flies unheeded by me." An even more rapturous note is heard in 1883, after the magnificent reception in Germany: "I have just accomplished the one great object of my professional aspiration. . . . This is the realization of my twenty years' dream. . . . I cannot tell you of my triumph without a gush of egotism—and you know how difficult that is for me."



An unusual photograph of Edwin Booth.

It was difficult, and if we would learn of his triumphs, we have to do it usually from others. But it may be said in general that he won applause, commendation, and popularity from the beginning of his career and retained them and increased them until the end. Something in his very aspect, the grace of his movement, the thoughtful beauty of his countenance, the magic of his diction, seemed to charm men—and women—and dispose them to regard his every effort favorably. "When he walked in the streets of Boston in 1857," says Winter, "his shining face, his compact figure, and his elastic step drew every eye, and people would pause and turn in groups to look at him." It was so till the end. Few actors can boast more unanimity of affectionate admiration.

Yet all this flood of glory brought the recipient of it little pleasure. It was not that he was discontented, or yearned for greater triumphs or wider victory. But his temperament was such that he felt the emptiness of success, the hollowness

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the triumphs of the world. Hard as he toiled at his own profession, he did not esteem it among the highest. "Very great writers," he said, "may stand full length among the statesmen and warriors, but as a rule, they, with artists, especially actors, should be permitted only an occasional bust in some quiet corner." And it was not the actor's glory only, but renown and public enthusiasm of every kind that seemed to him in many aspects irksome and almost hateful. "Never was there an actor who had such an extravagant following of adulation—never one to whom, apparently, it was so indifferent," says Mrs. Aldrich. He himself spoke of the years following his visit to Germany as "tediously successful." And in his sympathetic and profound memoir of his father he says of him, in words that are equally appropriate to the son: "Indeed, he ever seemed to muse with Omar Khayyam thus:

"'The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.'"

III

For at the bottom of the man's heart, no matter what fame beguiled him or what outward activity might tempt him, there was a taint of brooding melancholy, a sense of the dreary unreality of life, which no glory or success, no amusement or distraction could wholly banish. "This is about all I know," he writes, "beyond the limit of my fancy world, where I dream my life away." And the dreams were mostly far from being rose-colored.

Not that he indulged in maudlin pessimism, or developed this tendency in himself in any morbid fashion. On the contrary, it is most interesting to watch the various devices he employed to escape from the demon that haunted him. Even the most seductive one to a weak nature, the resort to stimulants, for a time had an inherited hold on him. And the hints we get of his battle with it add to his charm. In a profoundly pathetic sentence, he writes to his daughter: "Much of my life's struggle has been with myself, and the pain I have endured in overcoming and correcting the evils of my untrained disposition has been very great."

We have already seen the relief Booth found from his tendency to brooding in laborious devotion to his art and in affectionate intercourse with those who loved him. As regards the latter, it should be insisted that he did not intrude his own sadness upon others, never went about with the affectation of a long face and a settled gloom. He objected particularly to being considered "Hamlet-y" in private life and he was not so. On the contrary, he had a quick sense of fun, could take a joke and make one. Sometimes, indeed, his practical jesting was of a rather grim order, as when he had the bullet, fired at him by an assassin, mounted in gold and inscribed "From Mark Gray *to* Edwin Booth." But he could pass a quick and gay retort, like that to Sothern, who once remarked: "The worst performance ever seen was my Armand Duval." To which Booth replied, "The worst? Did you ever see my Romeo?" He could tell a story admirably, with endless resources of effective mimicry. And the stories of others sometimes moved him to laughter so extreme that it caused real physical pain. Yet even in the laughter and merriment there was apt to be a suggestion of grief, which Mr. Greenslet has well characterized in speaking of Booth's letters to Aldrich, "with their undertone of tragic gloom, their pathetic eagerness for affection and mirth."

And as Booth found refuge from his sadness in work and in friendship, so he sought it in other forms of spiritual exaltation. With his fine sensibility to all sorts of influences, he must have been peculiarly susceptible to beauty in every shape. Yet I do not find much reference to the general enjoyment of art, perhaps because his professional occupations were themselves of such an essentially artistic nature. He loved music, and in his youth was a not inexpert performer. He appreciated nature, as appears in an occasional vivid touch: "I'm passionately fond of trees, especially when near the water." Above all, the lofty splendor of Shakespearean poetry had become interwoven with the whole texture of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spirit, though perhaps this involved as much suggestion of sorrow as of joy. And it is curious to see how the tainted, darkened view creeps into even the possible fruition of what is beautiful: "It is nearly always my fate to miss the beauties of travel, and to be prevented from enjoying the places I visit through some mischance."

With intellectual resources Booth was more or less conversant outside of his thorough study for his own work. He had little education as a boy and deplores it: "'How often, oh! how often' have I imagined the delights of a collegiate education! What a world of never-ending interest lies open to the master of languages!" But his reading, though erratic, was fairly wide and he could reflect deeply when a subject interested him. The studies that he wrote of his father and of Edmund Kean show remarkable originality and insight, as compared, for instance, with much of the critical writing about Booth himself. At the same time, I have not felt him generally to be a profound thinker and it is noticeable that his peculiar melancholy does not connect itself in the least degree with the great romantic figures which were popular in his day. So far as his recognition of them is concerned, Rousseau, René, Byron, Shelley, George Sand, Obermann, might never have existed.

That is to say, the sadness from which Booth suffered was not rooted in any intellectual scepticism, or theoretical disbelief in the moral and providential government of the world. Even the agony of loss could wring from him only a momentary questioning: "a terrible nightmare, *doubt*, will thrust itself between me and heaven, and my mind is on the rack." At times his faith went so far as actual spiritualism and a decided interest in direct communication with the spirits of the dead. But in the main it was a large, simple belief in the pervading and reassuring goodness of God. "Believe in one great truth, Ad.—God is. And as surely as you and I are flesh and bones and blood, so are we also spirits eternal." Evil might be haunting, encroaching, involving. Life might perplex, torment, above all might weary unspeakably. But some day we should read the riddle of it: "Let it pass; life is a great big spelling-book, and on every page we turn, the words grow harder to understand the meaning of. But there *is* a meaning, and when the last leaf flops over, we'll know the whole lesson by heart."

Yet in spite of the value of even this highest refuge of all, the weight of sadness was there, and constant, and permanent. No doubt in Booth's case the tragic accumulation of external circumstances immensely enhanced it. His father, to whom he lived in peculiar nearness, was snatched from him at an early age. His young wife was torn away after a few months of what seemed almost perfect felicity. Just as he was beginning to recover from this, his brother's terrible crime threatened to blight his whole career and did blight his heart. His greatest professional effort ended in financial ruin. The death of his second wife involved extreme distress. And during his last years illness developed his prevailing depression to a poignant intensity.

The patience and self-control with which Booth met all these afflictions are not the least attractive features of his character. They certainly justified his choice of the words of Hamlet for his epitaph:

> "Thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
> A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

Nay more, he believed that the evil must turn to good and that somewhere, somehow the discipline of sorrow would inure to benefit: "I have looked upon the world for (nearly double) four times seven years, and since I could distinguish good from bad, I have regarded what men term misfortune as the best tonic an apathetic spirit can receive." And he had further that strange inoculation for suffering which is the doubtful privilege of those who perpetually conjure up imaginary woes: "All my life has been passed on 'picket duty,' as it were. I have been on guard, on the lookout for disasters—for which, when they come, I am prepared. Therefore, I have seemed, to those who do not really know me, callous to the many blows that have been dealt me." Yet with all this it will be admitted that he had had trials enough to shake the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

firm poise of any man. The mountain pressure of them might well account for any sorrow and no doubt did greatly augment the sadness of Booth's later years.

At the same time we must conclude that they did not cause it, that there was something fundamental, temperamental that blighted his soul early and late. It is true, he himself said: "I was always of a boyish spirit, and if my physical health were good I should still be very boyish: but there was always an air of melancholy about me, that made me seem much more serious than I ever really was." Nevertheless, Winter's sentence on his boyhood must be accepted as summing up substantial evidence: "As a boy he was grave, thoughtful, appreciative of his surroundings, and especially reticent." In the letters of even his early years we get glimpses of the prevailing disposition: "Surely I ought to be happy—yet I cannot say I am so. Only look at my case. Here have I been travelling since childhood almost without a home. I have been longing for these summer months, that I might pass them in quiet with my family—but lo! in a few weeks I must trudge again." And to this we must add his own terrible phrase, that he "never knew a really happy day." Some strange, vague inheritance, some mysterious affliction, infection, haunted his footsteps always, as those of so many others, and tinged even felicity with the brooding shadow of despair. Let the psychoanalysts probe the secret. We can only register it as established beyond all possibility of question.

For external proof, which swarms on every hand, we need no more than the brief sentence of Mr. Copeland: "I thought then that I had never seen so sad a face, and I have never yet beheld a sadder one." As to Booth's own testimony, the abundance of it makes selection difficult. "For God's reward for what I have done, I can hardly appreciate it; 'tis more like punishment for misdeeds (of which I've done many) than grace for good ones (if I've done any)." Life he calls "this hell of misery to which we have been doomed." And he "cannot grieve at death. It seems to me the greatest boon the Almighty has granted us." Again, "Why do not you look at this miserable little life, with all its ups and downs, as I do? At the very worst, 'tis but a scratch, a temporary ill, to be soon cured, by that dear old doctor, Death—who gives us a life more healthful and enduring than all the physicians, temporal or spiritual, can give."

I have sometimes wondered how far this spirit of melancholy brooding in Booth was fostered by living from childhood in the lives of others, by too wide a spiritual roving in the mysterious world of other men's souls. This is not always the effect, and it is in some artists widely different. But given Booth's temperament, the intimate association with imaginary figures, especially those racked by overwhelming sorrows, must necessarily have deepened the detachment and heightened the gloom. Above all must this have been the case in such a long and close identification with Hamlet, the prime embodiment of the reflective sorrow of the world. Yet even here we cannot help feeling that, much as Booth may have been influenced by Hamlet's character, his supreme success in the part sprang from his own instinctive and inborn sympathy with it. His unfortunate brother Wilkes seized the truth admirably when he said: "No! No, no! There's but one Hamlet to my mind, that's my brother Edwin. You see, between ourselves, he *is* Hamlet, melancholy and all."

There is one other Shakespearean figure who seems to express much of Booth's temperament, and that is the Jaques of "As You Like It." I cannot discover that Booth ever acted Jaques, but I should like immensely to have seen him do it. Would he not have found something of his own soul in this dreamer who has discovered "a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness"? Would not he who had fed his spirit for fifty years on the music of the great poets have echoed with passion Jaques's whimsical complaint, "I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs"?

But if Jaques had Hamlet's melancholy, he had not his charm. Booth had,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and it drew all men and women to him, and draws us even to-day who read of him in old and dusty books. A strangely subtle, winning grace lingers about his memory, and we can well understand the love and grief that breathe through Aldrich's description of the final parting at Mount Auburn: "There in the tender afterglow two or three hundred men and women stood silent, with bowed heads. A single bird, in a nest hidden somewhere near by, twittered from time to time. The soft June air, blowing across the uplands, brought with it the scent of syringa blossoms from the slope below. Overhead and among the trees the twilight was gathering. 'Good night, sweet Prince!' I said, under my breath. . . . Then I thought of the years and years that had been made rich with his presence, and of the years that were to come, . . . and if there had not been a crowd of people, I would have buried my face in the greensward and wept, as men may not do, and women may. And thus we left him."

Perdita

BY MARIAN STORM

Lie on my heart and rest. Brown ferns are waving
Over this elfin woodland of the moss.
Come from the path where the long sleepy sunbeams
Cross and recross.

Ah, I have saved so many things to show you—
A little bath behind the waterfall,
A deer that comes to call on me at twilight,
Clearing the wall.

There's an old log with puffballs almost ripened,
A grapevine that I'll give you for a swing,
A hollow tree all furnished for the winter,
A mirror spring.

Over the corn the fireflies went dancing:
I said, "She would laugh at them—my dear."
If the whole swamp shuddered at the screech-owl:
"She would not fear."

Wait, there is more—I have a story for you—
I have a dress of red leaves—Only stay!
My arm is curved. It is a cruel hour
To slip away.

And you will lose yourself in echoing caverns
That open off that lustrous way of space;
The monster hurrying winds will strike ungently
Your wild-rose face.

Put down your head. Why, nothing bends and beckons.
They may have come, but this is all they said,
Leaving you here, O promise of a flower,
"She is not ours. She is not even dead."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Suicide of Russia

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Author of "The Character of Races"

AFTER twenty long years I can still hear the fervor with which she spoke. She was a Russian baroness, the wife of a high official in Russia's Asiatic province of Transcaspia. We were a party of American scientists who were excavating the ruins of old Merv. "Impossible," she said; "I am willing to do anything and everything for the peasants. I am ready to work my fingers to the bone in taking care of them when they are sick. I am glad to feed them and clothe them when they are in trouble. I would cheerfully spend my nights as well as my days advising them and helping them. But they shall never have the same laws as we. They are of different clay."

In the course of our conversation after dinner the fact had been incidentally mentioned that the laws governing Russian peasants, in those days before the war, were different from those governing the upper classes, the intelligentsia. Being young then, and not yet disillusioned as to the all-healing might of democracy, I had protested against the injustice of such discrimination. She had replied with an earnestness which for the first time made me really understand the old doctrine of "the divine right of kings." She was absolutely convinced that certain rights, and likewise certain duties, are the inherent, God-given, and inalienable endowment of kings and aristocrats. They are a biological inheritance, and no human system of laws or social customs can change them. To me, an enthusiastic young believer in America's great mission to spread democracy, her conviction seemed pitiful and archaic. Yet to-day I confess to a different feeling. Was she half right? At least, she was not wholly wrong.

In the days before the war the educated Russians, the intelligentsia, especially those who had behind them a background of culture, were among the most delightful people in the world. I have travelled in many countries, but nowhere have I found people more cordial, more friendly, more "sympathetic" as they love to say, than those Russians of the upper classes in the days when they ruled Russia and were governed by laws different from those of the peasants. Their fate in these later years has been as sad as that of any people on the whole round earth. They are largely gone, at least from Russia, and with them they have perhaps carried away much of the hope of that country for the future.

During the war I was in the Military Intelligence Division of the American Army, and was stationed at Washington. My work was to gather information as to conditions in foreign countries, especially Siberia and Russia. During the summer of 1918 and after the armistice until the following July, when I left the army, there came to my office a stream of Russians. Some had been sent out of the country on official missions before the Soviet came into power. Others had fled for their lives. All were seeking some means of breaking the power of the Soviet and restoring to Russia, not the old régime, but a régime resembling that of England or France, such as was planned by Kerensky. As I look back to those days, however, it is not that phase of the problem which springs to my mind. It is rather the pathetic appeals of one after another for something to do. Here is a captain in the Russian Navy, a man of wide intelligence and most assiduous industry, who worked in the army offices overtime for weeks trying to give us exact information. He was hunting for work as an engineer, and nearly starved for a year or more till he found it. Here is another, a professor in a Russian university, a truly brilliant man with a phenomenal capacity for looking up facts and amassing informa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. For years he struggled to find the proper niche in America, and at last went back to Poland, but dared not go to Russia. Practically all the Russians who came to us were well educated and of genuine ability, but a great many did not know how to turn their hands to the practical affairs of life.

America is by no means the only country where Russians of this kind abound. I was walking in the streets of Kobe, in Japan, one day, and wanted to inquire the way. I looked for some one who might perhaps speak English. Soon I saw a fair-haired, pretty girl of about sixteen with two small children, evidently English or American. I spoke to her in English, and she answered in that language, speaking very correctly except for an accent. She was a Russian who had lost her parents and was acting as nurse in an English family until she could save money to come to America. I know nothing more about her, but a brief talk while she walked with me two or three blocks was enough to show that she had the kind of ability which makes valuable citizens. In Constantinople my brother and sister tell of a Russian general who for some time served as a gardener, a countess who was a dressmaker, and others of high positions at home who were doing all sorts of menial tasks until they could find something better. I have received from Constantinople letters typed by Russian ladies who were acting as volunteer stenographers until they could perfect their English.

The straits to which the Russian emigrants have been put have led some of them into lives of crime. In Paris the Russian criminals are said to be giving the police no end of trouble. Various estimates are made of the number of Russians domiciled in Paris since the war. A police inspector is reported as putting the number at 100,000, but according to others, who ought to know, that is a decidedly short count. "Only the upper classes of Russians are resourceful in crime. The average lowbrow Russian is an exceedingly dumb individual, and his wrongdoing chiefly is snatching some article of food from a stand and running with it." But the upper classes of Russians in Paris and other foreign cities are relatively numerous, compared with the lower classes. It is mainly the intelligentsia who have been crowded out of Russia and forced to make a living by their wits. I might go on to give many other instances, such as the charming Russian lady who teaches French in the school attended by my small boy. All over the world they are in evidence—these Russians who thought that by some divine right they should be subject to laws different from those of the peasants.

Not all the Russians of the upper classes have migrated. Many have died. Here are some interesting statistics from the London *Times* of September 1, 1922. A despatch from Riga states that, according to official Bolshevist figures, the tribunal known as the Cheka executed 1,766,118 persons before being renamed the Supreme Political Administration, in February, 1922. All those people were done to death in a period of less than five years. Many more have been executed since. The total, as printed in *The Times*, includes 6,675 professors and teachers, 8,800 doctors, 355,250 other intellectuals. Besides this, there were 1,243 priests, 54,650 officers, and 12,950 landowners. This makes something like 440,000 persons, all of whom belonged to the upper classes. A large part of these, by right of birth or ability, had made themselves influential leaders. The rest of those executed comprised 59,000 policemen, 192,350 workmen, 260,000 soldiers, and 815,100 peasants. The policemen, workmen, soldiers, and peasants were not the most stupid and ignorant of their respective classes. On the contrary, it is safe to say that they were among the most intelligent, for they had the strength of mind and character to resist the Soviet rule. Thus, since the revolution, Russia has lost nearly 2,000,000 of her most competent people through execution.

The 2,000,000 who were executed by no means measure Russia's full loss. Those who have fled from Russia are probably at least as numerous as those who were executed. Part have found refuge in Siberia, but hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, are in foreign countries. Many have been through terrible experiences whose marks will never be effaced. Here are two stories told by a woman who herself fled from Russia. During the dead of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

winter, after hair-breadth adventures, she escaped into Finland. While she was resting in a peasant's house safely beyond the border, some other fugitives were brought in. One was a woman, evidently of refinement and culture. Food was set before her, a dish of porridge, for she had long been hungry. She took from the table three dishes and served porridge in each. "There," she said, "is your dish, Ivan, and there is yours, Katrinka." There were no children there. They had perished, but her mind was gone and she did not know it.

Near the Rumanian border at that same time a young wife and her husband were separated. She was finally smuggled across the border, but kept seeking her husband. He was found and brought to her, but a year later her poor distraught mind was still seeking him, although they had been together all the time. Such tales as these mean not only that great numbers of the better classes of Russians have migrated but that many, especially the children, have perished. Moreover, because of the hardships and wanderings of the adults, the birth-rate among the upper classes of Russia, both at home and abroad, has inevitably been greatly reduced. Thus to-day, among the children who are growing up in Russia, the proportion who inherit the qualities which give leadership, and who belong in homes where they receive training in leadership, is extremely small.

This seems to me to be by far the most discouraging aspect of Russia's present situation. In one brief decade that country has done to itself what Spain did in many generations. In Spain, during the Middle Ages and well on toward modern times, vast numbers of the most thoughtful, competent, and strong-willed people were killed, imprisoned, or driven into exile by religious persecution. Many others of the same kind were reduced to such straits of poverty that they and their children languished and perished. Another great group of the most virile, energetic, adventurous, and alert Spaniards went forth across the seas to the new lands of America. Most of them married commonplace Indian women, so that their children had no great share of either the biological or social inheritance of Spain. Probably no other country of Europe ever saw any such wholesale exodus or destruction of its ablest people until the Russian collapse in our own day. That seems to be one great reason for the sad contrast between the Spain of to-day and that of four or five centuries ago.

Biology is gradually teaching us that races are plastic and that wholesale selection of special types for destruction, or for preservation, cannot take place without altering the racial characteristics. Here is a well-authenticated example among animals. In a book called "The King of the Thundering Herd," the author describes the wholesale slaughter by which the millions, or tens of millions, of bison in the Western plains of America were practically exterminated in the space of about a dozen years, when railroads first penetrated the plains and crossed to the Pacific coast. Never in all biological history, so far as we have exact knowledge, has there been a more rapid weeding out and extermination of any species. But before the bison were exterminated old hunters noted a strange fact. According to them, two new species had come into existence. Down in the southern plains of Texas they found a rangy beast with uncommonly long legs, a variety, or a species as the hunters said, which was so fleet that it could find safety in flight instead of merely waiting for the enemy and trying to ward him off by sheer strength, in the old stupid, blundering way of most buffaloes. In the mountains of Wyoming quite a different kind of bison had evolved. This was a relatively short-legged beast, which was very agile on the hillsides and could quickly scramble out of the way and thus escape the hunter. The two types were so different from each other, and from the standard type, that if they had not been exterminated, they might actually have given rise to new species. The extermination of the animals had been so ruthless that only two particular types of variants had been able to survive. So long as such variants remained in the original herd, they interbred with the ordinary animals, and their peculiarities quickly disappeared. Being isolated, however, like bred with like, and the new types began to become fixed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This same thing happens with human beings. It has been happening in Russia, and it has happened many times elsewhere. In China, for example, certain especially poverty-stricken villages have for centuries been subject to a constant, though slow, loss of their more able people through migration. So incompetent are these villagers, and so scanty their land, that even in good seasons they cannot raise food enough to support themselves through the year. For a few months each winter they wander among the neighboring villages, begging, stealing, raiding, and occasionally working. They cannot work often, because there are no jobs for them. In fact, there are a score of men for every bit of work. The process of weeding out the more able people has gone so far that during the famine of 1922 the American relief workers came to the conclusion that, as a whole, the villagers were almost subnormal mentally. Apparently they do not have brains enough to better their condition, and therefore they live on and on for generations in growing misery. Yet strange to say, from that same general region, though not from those particular villages, there has been selected a group of Chinese who are actually European in their energy and ability. They have migrated by successive stages to the far north of Manchuria, and are said to be one of the most able groups of Chinese anywhere in the world.

Another case of this same kind is the Parsees. Long ago, at the end of the sixth century of the Christian era, the Zoroastrians of Persia had been through a period of great distress and commotion. In 651 A. D., on the fall and death of the King of Yazdagird, a number of these people, as the ancient chronicle puts it, "abandoned their houses and gardens and palaces for the sake of their religion and lived in Kohistan for one hundred years." There, too, they suffered, for in those days the Mohammedan Arabs came into the land. So the Zoroastrians, to quote the chronicle again, "became anxious for their religion" and went to the city of Hormuz, on the shore of the Indian Ocean, in A. D. 751. There they lived for fifteen years, but, being harassed by the Arabs, they set sail for India. Perhaps there was only a single boatload of them. At any rate, the number of migrants was small. They landed at Div, on the shores of Kathiawar, just east of the mouth of the Indus. Apparently they were not welcome there, for, after staying nineteen years, they sailed eastward to Gujarat, and reached Sanjan in 785. There they were allowed to form a permanent colony, with liberty to follow their own religion, provided they adopted the language and customs of the country. Later they migrated to Bombay, where most of them now live.

There are two extraordinary facts about the Parsees. The first is that originally they were a very highly selected group of people. They were selected partly by their strong religious convictions, partly by their tenacity of purpose, which made them prefer hardship and migration rather than apostasy to their religion. They were chosen also because of their courage and physical vigor, for without these qualities they would not have been able to face the difficulties and privations of migration after migration in the face of hostile neighbors. Moreover, they were not selected from among the peasants or common people, but from among the upper classes—from among those having houses, gardens, and palaces, and from those who either practised various handicrafts or were leaders in the life of the community.

The second remarkable thing about the Parsees is that to-day, in proportion to their numbers, they are the most competent people in all India aside from the British. The Parsees of our day number only about a hundred thousand. They are largely merchants, but they are keenly interested in preserving and purifying their old religion. Theirs, indeed, is almost the only religion in India, aside from Christianity, which actually inculcates and insists upon a high moral code as well as upon charity and altruism. In spite of their small number, the Parsees have many leaders in business, philanthropy, and politics. Two of them are the only natives of India ever elected to the British House of Commons. Their women are freer and more respected than those of any other set of people in India except the British; and both boys and girls are better educated than the average

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boy or girl in any other native caste or race of India.

Why do the Parsees thus excel? Largely because they were not only a highly selected group at first, but they have kept themselves unmixed, although completely surrounded by Hindus. The caste system of India has helped in this, and the strict rules of the Parsees have done likewise. Although their women are freer than any other women in India in one sense, yet they are very carefully protected, and marriage by either Parsee men or women with other castes is prohibited. Not even if other people wish to become Parsees is it allowed. When a Parsee married a French lady who was ready to adopt the religion of her husband, the Parsee officials, after long argument, decided that although the creed of Zoroaster theoretically admits proselytes, their admission is not consistent with the practice of the present day in India.

The point of all this is that, in spite of all the arguments to the contrary, different stocks or races are unmistakably different in innate ability. They are becoming differentiated before our very eyes, just as were the types of bison a generation or so ago. The facts here set forth are perhaps chiefly significant because of their relation to the future of Russia. Russia to-day has lost a large part of its leaders. The peasants are a dull, inert set of people. The vast majority are like kindly, faithful Mikhail who served me on a long journey in Persia. "What do you think about as you ride along on horseback day after day?" I said to him once. "Oh," he answered, "sometimes I think of the people at home and wonder whether the hay is harvested and whether the cows are well, but mostly I think of nothing." Such people may till the ground, but they can never build up a great nation unless they have leaders. Russia has lost most of her leaders, and the chances are that relatively few real leaders are now growing up. How shall their places be supplied? Some will come from Siberia, for a good many intelligent Russians have taken refuge there. A smaller number may in due time return from foreign countries, but the prospects in this respect grow less and less as time goes on. The most competent of the emigrants have become established in foreign lands, and are losing their desire to return. Thus relatively few of the exiled Russian leaders will return, and the proportion of their children who go back to Russia will presumably be far less.

But something else will happen. A land as rich as Russia and Siberia holds out a beckoning hand to all the nations of the earth. Again and again our papers are full of the importance of Russian trade. Who will go in and capture that trade? The answer is: "A few English, a few French, a few Americans, a few others, and a great many Germans." Germany, to be sure, suffered in the World War like all the combatants. But in Germany there was no such tremendous weeding out of leaders as in Russia. In fact, the German upper classes on the whole perhaps suffered less than the lower classes. And Germany is still overpopulated. Her people are still energetic and capable. They still have the power of leadership in business, in science, and in politics. With all this they are nearer to Russia than is any other great and powerful nation. What is more natural than that they, with their power of achievement, should gradually spread into Russia? In the past this has happened to such an extent that many of the old Russian families bore German names. This was especially true in the Baltic provinces, but far away in Central Asia I have more than once been entertained by leading citizens who called themselves Russians, but who bore German names. If this could happen in the days when the Russian intelligentsia were still numerous and able, and when Russia had a good supply of leaders of her own, how much more likely is it to happen on a vast scale in the future?

Thus, from the biological point of view, the Soviet régime seems to have skimmed from Russia a large percentage of her leaders and to have doomed Russia to generations of stagnation and backwardness, unless leaders pour in from Germany or elsewhere. Perhaps in the end this elimination of Russian leaders will make for the peace of Europe. At least it gives Germany an almost unprecedented opportunity for expansion. Germany will presumably rule Russia because Germany still has leaders, while Russia has selected her leaders for elimination.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

College and the Artist

BY HENRY ROOD

SEVERAL months ago a professor of English in one of our larger universities was talking with an acquaintance concerning some of the younger American authors whose verses and short stories flood popular magazines, whose longer stories, in volume form, are sold from coast to coast—most of them to be discarded in six months; forgotten a few months later. The talk veered around to related matters not without a measure of interest; in certain aspects, important.

Whence came the writing impulse of these young people? What is the literary tradition or ancestry evidenced by this one or that, though for the most part feebly? What training in letters have they had? In what environment did they live during plastic, formative years while trying to express themselves through the printed word?

Finally the professor's acquaintance ventured to ask: "Do you think a young author ought to go to college?"

The professor might have felt justified in deeming this question preposterous; but he merely dismissed it with a deprecatory smile, as if it were not intended to be taken seriously. From another standpoint, however, the inquiry and the suggestion implied therein cannot thus be dismissed. They concern not the future journalist, nor the future writer on economic or other "practical" topics; but young men and young women who might compass real achievement as creative writers were they wisely guided instead of being choked off, shunted to some sidetrack by force of circumstance, laughed out of their divinely appointed destiny, or driven to depart therefrom by a species of terrorism founded on the belief that, as regards pecuniary reward, the artist's career is highly precarious, therefore highly undesirable.

Go where you will, into almost any locality of the United States, and there you may find youth or maiden dreaming of days to come when one or another will be recognized as poet, novelist, playwright, painter, sculptor, musician, singer, actor, composer. Hundreds of such young people live in our largest cities; scores in cities of lesser magnitude; they are present in every town and village and countryside of this great continent. . . . And Tragedy lies in the fact that because we, of this Twentieth Century, dwell in a state of civilization so distorted as to be unreal as well as absurdly impracticable, most Americans born to be creative artists quite early have their precious sensibilities weakened, then benumbed, then all but atrophied. A spark may remain: it often does—but usually a spark of appreciation for the work of some other, some exceptional man or woman in whom the instinct for creative art has persisted in spite of all obstacles, all interference with Nature's plan for such individual.

The United States has a population twice as large as that of England, or France, or Italy—even after deducting from our total some ten or eleven million negroes, and millions of immigrants come hither from foreign peoples who, for the most part, still are in an arrested state of development. Few other lands, if any, have secondary schools, high schools, colleges, universities, public libraries so widely scattered as here, so easily accessible to all classes and conditions of citizens, including residents of small or remote communities. In no other country, at no other period of history, have so many private benefactors given such large sums of money to preparatory schools and institutions of the higher learning. It is probable that we have produced, and still are producing, our full share of able military and naval commanders, great engineers and business executives, eminent surgeons, physicians, chemists, physicists; men of high rank in finance, commerce, agriculture, transportation, and manufac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turing. To-day we also seem to have with us a larger number of third- and fourth-rate authors than any other nation on earth. For some reason, however, we find few literary artists of second rank, and almost none of the first rank, among our younger writers—those now under forty years of age. Yet, barring rare exceptions, the author who is really a creative artist should have won recognition from judicious minds ere reaching forty; at that age he should be sweeping ahead in the full tide of power toward rich maturity.

Why are we apparently lacking in this respect?

It is not because printed trash finds a wider market than does literary art, for this has been true ever since the multitude were accustomed to read freely. It is not because the United States is too young to have developed cultural atmosphere; for despite the ludicrous assertion of one self-sufficient "critic" that "American literature began in the year 1900," long before the present century arrived writers of both first and second rank had sprung from American soil. It is only necessary to recall a few of them—Irving, Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Poe, Melville, Lowell, Stoddard, Stedman, Clemens, Bret Harte, Howells, Aldrich, Stockton, Henry James, Miss Alcott, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, Miss Murfree, Bunner, Janvier, Mary Mapes Dodge, Sarah Orne Jewett, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Crawford, Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Harding Davis, Josephine Preston Peabody. Not a few others readily might be cited, including some of our older writers still living and occasionally publishing.

Perhaps we may obtain a clearer view of the matter by asking whence came the literary impulse of authors such as those just mentioned; what was *their* tradition, *their* training in letters; particularly, in what environment did these older men and women live during the plastic years of *their* youth.

It is interesting to remember that while Bryant spent only one year at Williams College, and Poe but little more than a year at the University of Virginia, yet Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, James were graduated from Harvard, and Hawthorne and Longfellow from Bowdoin. In their day and generation, however, student life in the United States was very different from that which later it was to become. While Emerson was an undergraduate, for example, Harvard was not a university; not even a college, judged by modern standards. Brander Matthews describes it as "little more than a high school where boys recited their lessons," and reminds us that when Emerson was graduated, at the age of eighteen, he felt that "the regular course of studies had done little for him." Emerson's years at Harvard were of value, it seems, principally because he "strayed out of the beaten path to browse for himself among books in the library."

While some of the older New England group were attending college, and for many years afterward, scholastic pursuits and (to borrow a modern term) extra-academic activities did not preclude a leisurely existence which undergraduates of to-day scarcely could imagine, and they certainly did not prevent positive interest in matters literary, or weaken ambition for high literary attainment. The writing of books on which were lavished observation, abundant reflection, time, and care, was not looked down upon as a "superfluous occupation," of little value because of doubtful financial reward. Elective courses of study were not general, as at present; yet conditions as a whole served to increase rather than stifle the spirit of individual initiative. American life in college, as elsewhere, had not become standardized under the all but resistless pressure of mass-movement. Fashion—most implacable of slave-drivers—had not swooped down upon undergraduates, clubbing them into submission, forcing them to wear hats and caps of the same style, suits and overcoats of the same cut, collars, ties, hosiery, shoes of the same pattern; insisting that the undergraduate body do this, do that, refrain from doing the other thing—to think alike and to act alike.

Creative minds still were permitted to function, each in its own way, instead of being poured, by circumstance and surroundings, into a vast jelly-mould and there confined. Originality of expression, mental as well as physical, still was tolerated. Longfellow, Lowell, and young

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

literary aspirants of later decades could discuss books; frankly could plan their future careers as men-of-letters without running the risk of being dubbed "weirs." When so disposed, they could withdraw to field or woods, or back of oaken door, to read and muse; thereby refreshing body, mind, and spirit through that abstraction—imperative for every creative artist—which is termed "loafing" by practical, hard-headed men. These sometimes forget that cities have been builded or destroyed, that nations have risen or perished, because in the subconscious being of Youth, dreaming in solitude, ideas germinated which later were to have profound and lasting effect on the destiny of mankind.

Bryant and Poe, as has been recalled, each spent about a year in college, and six others of the group were college graduates; at a period, however, when undergraduate life was so little trammeled by convention, so little burdened with "extra-academic" activities, as to have offered full play for spontaneous individuality. But how about some of the others? Irving did not go to college, nor did Whittier, Stoddard, Bret Harte, Howells, Stockton, Clemens, Aldrich, Cable, or Janvier. It is true that Stedman was graduated from Yale in 1853; but in this respect he seems to have been almost alone among those who later were his literary contemporaries and intimates. Crawford's student days at Harvard ceased nearly half a century ago. Thomas Nelson Page received his LL.B degree from the University of Virginia back in 1874. Undergraduate experience at Lehigh, and subsequent residence at Johns Hopkins, did not prevent Davis from writing such fiction as no other young American of his day provided for appreciative readers, beginning in the early Nineties, by which time college was well behind him—that is to say, more than thirty years ago.

American colleges for women are of comparatively recent development. Lack of college training, however, did not prevent literary achievement on the part of Mrs. Phelps-Ward, Miss Alcott, Charles Egbert Craddock, Mary Mapes Dodge, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Sarah Orne Jewett, Margaret Deland, Edith Wharton, Alice Brown. It is possible, of course, that one or another might have been benefited by four years in college. It is equally possible that their development as creative artists might have been arrested, weakened, obscured, by attending college—even when leisure, simplicity, freedom of spirit were general in undergraduate life, forty, fifty, sixty years ago. Of our younger women authors who have made their mark as creative artists, Josephine Preston Peabody was a student at Radcliffe for about two years—in 1894–1896: Dorothy Canfield (whose short stories and descriptive papers reveal exquisite literary art) was graduated from Ohio State University in 1899, and five years later concluded studies at Columbia. These two instances also should be noted, as being, apparently, like that of Davis, exceptions to the rule.

Well, you say, what has all this to do with College and The Artist? Possibly a good deal, I venture to reply; inasmuch as we are wondering why so few American authors under the age of forty to-day are producing that which rightfully comes within the domain of creative literary art.

Even as recently as twenty years ago it was the exceptional boy, the exceptional girl, who went to college; and still more recently colleges of high standing did all they could, without loss of dignity, to attract more students—not a few, in fact, with the assistance of loyal alumni, conducting what in modern commercial parlance would be called aggressive selling-campaigns. Since then, however, mighty changes have ensued in American life, some of which cannot be regarded without misgiving. A great wave of material prosperity swept over the United States, with but temporary recessions and the severe, though brief, deflation period in 1920–21. Thousands became wealthy, tens of thousands well-to-do, while hundreds of thousands found themselves with a comfortable margin of income over expenses. Almost overnight sprang up insistent demand for young men and young women trained in the first principles of commerce, transportation, engineering, manufacturing, salesmanship, advertising, forestry, accounting, etc. University after university added special courses, often excellent in themselves, to meet this demand; col-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leges added schools of business administration and the like. Allured by prospect of employment at high-grade salaries immediately after graduation, young men and young women poured into such institutions until the problem of accommodating them became one of the most difficult and pressing which faced college administrators.

As a result of this overwhelming by sheer force of numbers, what has happened to one college after another where undergraduates formerly passed four years in leisurely study of literature, languages, history, together with more or less pure science and mathematics, in order that they might acquire a "liberal education"? Perhaps the training now offered is just as "liberal" as it used to be, and possibly much more practical for the majority of students. But that is not the point. We are concerned with present undergraduate life as it affects the young man or the young woman who is dreaming of a career in creative art. There may be small colleges, here or there, where still exist, undiminished, the cultural atmosphere and the unhurried years necessary for development of young poets and young novelists. There may be universities with so many thousands of students as to afford breathing space and browsing space for this small group or that whose members coalesce through the natural attraction of common interest; studio chatter being as needful for young poets as for young painters. We are not concerned with such unusual instances, however, satisfactory as it is to know they may exist. What we are endeavoring to perceive is the effect the *average* American college is likely to have on the youth of either sex who, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, goes there filled with longing to "do something worth while" in one or another field of art—to write fine novels, fine poems, dramas which will delight discriminating audiences; to paint portraits or landscapes worthy to be hung in recognized collections; to attain high distinction as sculptor, actor, musician, singer, composer.

If such a young man can sing agreeably, or intelligently read his lines in comedy or farce, or play some musical instrument; if he have facility in making pen-and-ink sketches, for writing "snappy" paragraphs, a welcome practically is assured unless his personality is quite displeasing. Doors will be opened for him; he reasonably may expect to be pledged for a good fraternity, to serve on the staff of an undergraduate publication, to be invited to join college glee club, or band, or orchestra.

Then what happens? Usually he finds that work on a college publication consumes far more time than he anticipated; that membership in glee club, band, orchestra, or dramatic organization means frequent rehearsals, concerts, week-end trips here and there—perhaps a long tour covering hundreds of miles in sleeping-cars. An extensive undertaking of this nature promises plenty of excitement, plenty of fun, for light-hearted undergraduates; yet as a rule it is accompanied by the mental and physical fatigue incident to a long journey, irregular meals, lack of fresh air and accustomed exercise, constant practice, a round of dinner parties, the rendering of programmes often difficult for amateurs, and at conclusion of the evening performance a late dance, followed by breathless rush from ballroom to railway station.

Such extra-academic activities may not be harmful to a majority of husky young college students; in fact, the reverse may be true. The value of team work, the striving for a common purpose, cannot be unduly minimized, especially in this age of mass-movement, mass-action. Furthermore, it is a good thing for most young Americans to visit various parts of their own country, to meet new types of people, observe unfamiliar scenes and customs, attend delightful dinners and dances, and otherwise extend their social horizon. Once more, however, we remind ourselves that we are not considering the effect of college on the great majority of undergraduates, who inevitably will spend their future lives in commerce, finance, transportation, manufacturing, or in one of the more active professions such as engineering, architecture, medicine, the law. We still are looking at the influence which the average American college may be exerting upon the exceptional man whose whole being is alight with ambition to become a creative artist. Under competent professors and instructors he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be able to acquire elementary knowledge concerning one branch of literature or another, to familiarize himself more or less with one or two languages other than his own, to explore in part, certain fields of history, certain divisions of science, and to master the less intricate problems of mathematics. How many facts he will be able to digest and assimilate with profit depends upon the individual and the number of studies he endeavors to pursue. In addition to such framework upon which to build later a cultural superstructure, he may have the good fortune to number among professors and instructors some man possessing inspirational genius sufficient to enliven every fibre of his being—but not often. Such genius is rare.

Granted the excellence of the average American college as a teaching institution, to what extent is it valuable to the young creative artist? That is the question we are trying to resolve. Might he not be far better off if he never went to college?

It is a serious question. None would deny that a considerable proportion of lads who go from home to college have their ambition first really awakened during the freshman year; that practically all increase in health, mental alertness, muscular strength—many to marked extent. Nor do we overlook other important benefits college has for the average undergraduate; one of them being a broadening of intellectual view-point which results in part from acquaintance with other students coming from various parts of the country. Finally, it should not be forgotten that some of the most cherished friendships of a man's lifetime often begin through such acquaintance. Let us freely admit these advantages, and many in addition, for the average undergraduate; then pass on, briefly to consider some of the disadvantages college may have for the young man or the young woman who is potentially a creative artist.

During the past twenty years or so one of the outstanding developments in American undergraduate life has been, of course, a constant increase in varied activities; until to-day college students appear to be under pressure of both work and play, which unquestionably is far from beneficial. They have too much to do, too many different things to think about, by day and by night. This frequently is remarked, and almost invariably with sincere regret, by the alumnus who spends a few days visiting his undergraduate son and who recalls his own life in the same college town with its blessed vistas of Time and Space—unhurried, seemingly endless. Practically incessant activity with little opportunity for reflection is of at least debatable value for the average student. It cannot but be positively harmful for the potential creative artist, who, of all men, imperatively needs leisure for mind and body, abundant opportunity to dream, to submerge himself unafraid and undisturbed in those mysterious depths where Imagination holds sway.

Such a man requires not merely freedom from incessant activities, but the largest possible freedom from all routine whatsoever. Regular attendance at lectures, regular hours for study, for arising in the morning, for breakfasting; the requirement that he read specified books, or parts thereof, and write themes on this topic and that—whether or not he has personal interest in them—may be of value to the average student whose afterlife largely will be a matter of disciplined routine; but not for the young artist—his very nature rebels at the idea; cries aloud for complete liberty; demands as birthright that he be permitted to read whatever he desires to read, to write when so inclined and concerning whatever pleases him; to lounge indoors or out as his soul commands; sometimes, when aflame with compelling insistence, to write at his desk all night, and to sleep next day until his soul orders him to awaken and arise; to let a week, a month, go by without turning page in book, without setting pen to paper, or brush to canvas; remaining quiescent, or going hither or thither in accordance with the behest of the Voice somewhere within his being.

It is intelligent obedience to this Voice, and not obedience to college rules or regulations—or to any other rules and regulations—which enables the creative artist to develop his powers, to do his work in the world. Try to imagine, for example, Frank Stockton attending an American college or university to-day: his ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quisitely delicate humor in contact with such conditions as now generally prevail. Or, if imagination will bear the strain, try to picture Mark Twain surrounded by faculty rules and regulations, by undergraduate customs. . . . Stockton's gentle spirit serenely would waft him to other scenes ere the first semester ended; Mark Twain's volcanic temperament, his complete independence, his utter disregard for restraint by any rules or regulations whatsoever, quickly would bring about his expulsion or cause an explosion shattering the undergraduate community.

Such men, such creative artists, felt no desire for college; no need of it. Four years of undergraduate life as we see it today would have been fatal for them—as for Aldrich or Bret Harte. The man who, by some strange baptism of sun and stars, is set apart from his fellows as an artist—be it in literature, music, painting, or other field—can achieve broadening of mind without going to college; and he is in little danger of wasting his time unless handicapped either by wealth or by poverty so real that he succumbs to temptation and spends precious years, precious vitality, in some essentially money-making occupation. The urge to write, to sing, to model, paint, act; to compose music, or to play musical instruments, is too strong to be resisted by those imbued with the divine fire. While the young writer, like the young painter, must "loaf" a good deal, yet sooner or later he understands the necessity of working, and working hard, whether during regular hours every day, or through long and irregular periods of night and day; this depending largely upon the individual temperament.

Occasionally one who is really a creative artist endeavors through a long lifetime to cultivate two distinctly different fields. Stedman was such. Though striving ceaselessly in Wall Street, and often burdened with anxiety, he did not become a great banker; yet his effort to carry two loads at the same time prevented him from soaring to that high place as a poet for which Nature intended him. This is said without underestimating all that Stedman did achieve in literature, held down as he was by his financial undertakings.

Art remains a jealous mistress: more jealous in this twentieth century than in any preceding, for she has a far greater number of alluring rivals in the multitudinous activities to which man now is subjected. In the average American college, at present, undergraduate life seems to be humming, if, indeed, not roaring, with diversions in which she can have no part, no commerce; for which she can have little sympathy, little tolerance. One thousand, two thousand, five thousand young men are intent on highly organized work and highly organized play; the conditions being approximately true in respect of women's colleges and coeducational institutions. To distractions already manifold have been added, in recent years, motor-cars, motion-pictures, wireless telephones. Dances, winter carnivals, spring carnivals, house-parties, and other purely social features of undergraduate life now assume prominent place, compel time and attention, involve expense, as never before. The whole college community is vibrant with a thousand notes and discords, echoing from a thousand directions.

Is it reasonable to expect Creative Genius to germinate, tak root, unfold its buds—to develop steadily, surely—in such soil, such atmosphere?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wayfarers—All

BY MARY R. GORDON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JES WILLIAM SCHLAIKJER

AN undulating sea of stubby, coarse grass stretched away in every direction. Through this the white scar of a dry river twisted back and forth upon itself, futilely taking a four-mile course to make a mile. The blistering earth fiercely gave back the sun's hot glare, while the only relief lay in massive white clouds veiled with gray; these cast spots of shadow in which moved herds of cattle lazily eating grass.

Spirals of dust whirled down the road to meet us, and masses of tumble-weed gyrated in the air like large black birds at play, falling, at last, exhausted from the heat, to the baked ground. In the distance towers, bastions, and crenelated walls stood out stark against a pale blue sky washed almost colorless by a blazing sun. Huge white domes of rock majestically held their own even in this illimitable space; while pyramids as perfect as those in Egypt, although surpassing them in grandeur, brooded calmly, asking no questions of time or nature.

Our car, a speck in this vastness, asking only for the two indispensables, water and gas at intervals, scurried past prairie dogs sitting up and watching us with a grave curiosity, their little paws meekly folded in an attitude of prayer. We plunged into a narrow ravine through which trickled a thread of water; here cattle stood hoof-deep seeking to slake their thirst and to crowd under the shadow of the protecting bank. On the treeless plain above stood a rancher's shack and, far off in the beyond, hazy masses cut the skyline.

All that day the mountains beckoned us on.

The next day the country grew verdant under our eyes; hour after hour we watched it brighten and change. The yellow, stubby grass turned green and of a soft pliancy and on all sides the country rolled away from us for miles and miles, one green hill sweeping after the other until on the western side they broke sharply against the Rockies. The high, clear notes of meadow-larks pierced the air and behind a sparse fringe of cottonwoods there was a silver glistening.

We slackened around a curve. A dense cloud, for a moment shutting out the sun, rose in the air. Hundreds of crows with a frightful din hovered about us, while to one side of the road with a blue-bordered handkerchief blindfolding her eyes sprawled a beautiful chestnut mare. Blood lay in a bright crimson pool near her nostrils, and her satiny flanks in the vibrations of the heat waves seemed to be still quivering. Bob's foot unconsciously pressed down on the accelerator and when a moment later, startled by a whirring noise, I looked back, I saw that the cloud had descended and the spot where the mare had lain was covered by a black pall.

Far down the road a dark object lengthened out into a man as we approached it: a tall, lanky individual whose long legs were covered with sheepskin chaps, from which protruded spurred leather boots. A brown khaki shirt with a red and green bandana handkerchief carelessly knotted at the open throat, and a broad-brimmed hat with a large "black-eyed Susan" stuck jauntily in the band, completed his outfit. He carried a quirt with which he was furiously slashing the heads off the daisies, and, although he was limping slightly, he was covering the ground as if pursued by the Furies.

Bob stopped the car beside him. "That your horse down the road?" Then without waiting for an answer, "Can we give you a lift?"

For a moment the man looked through us with the bluest eyes I have ever seen; they were misty and full of pain. "Do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

let us give you a ride," I echoed Bob. "You must have hurt your ankle."

The man hesitated, "Any room for a saddle? I just hid mine." He pointed to a clump of bushes white with dust. "I couldn't lug her any farther."

Slowly he looked down at his foot and then back along the hot road.

"Hawse broke her leg in a varmint's hole, had to shoot her," he said laconically. Then he added softly as he climbed into the car: "She was rather a pal of mine."

A mile or two passed in silence while I pondered on how to show my sympathy. "Must one always shoot horses with broken legs—can't they be set?"

He shrugged from his shoulders a heavy weight and instantaneously twenty merry devils danced in his eyes. His whole face changed and lightened up, the stiffness of his mouth broke, while lines of humor rayed from the corners of his eyes. "Went over to see a friend of mine the other day," he vouchsafed, "and as I opened the door I heard some one hollering. I made a break for the room where the noise came from, and I tell you I just got there in time. There was my friend with his gun pointed at his wife, and she on her knees with tears rolling down her face, begging him not to shoot. They had been married six months and I darn well thought this rather sudden. I knocked up the gun, and Tom explained with a snuffle in his voice that the lady had broke her leg and he was just mercifully putting her out of her misery. It was mighty hard explaining to Tom at first; you see," turning pointedly to me, "he had never dealt in anything but hawses and cattle. We finally got her leg bandaged up and put her to bed. She was a little shy about being left with Tom after that, but he soon made her understand how he felt about it. They was both mighty appreciative about it afterward—especially the lady."

The man told this monstrous tale without a smile. There followed a pause in which I vainly tried to find words to express my mixed emotions. Giving it up I meekly suggested: "After all, a woman is a woman."

With the gravest courtesy, he agreed: "And a hawse is a hawse."

This gave me food for thought until Bob changed the subject by asking about ranches. "I have a tidy one, hereabouts, somewhat over four thousand acres and range rights for double that number. I raise round about a thousand head of cattle; then the State puts in a highway for you tourists and I am taxed one dollar an acre. *I* get no benefit from it, and my cattle don't seem to enjoy it to that amount."

We slowed up around a hill; as we came clear a wave of dust washed over us and Bob clamped on the brake. A herd of cattle blocked our way; barbed wire fences stretched on both sides, and this shambling mass of flesh packed the road. Two cow-punchers brought up the rear. They moved unconcernedly aside as Bob, wildly blowing his horn, butted his way against the animals. One might as well have charged a walled city with a popgun for all the impression it made.

"'Bout two hundred and fifty underfed, stringy stuff!" the rancher commented to no one in particular. "Hey! you fellers there," he leaned from the car and called to the cow-punchers, "can't you get your damn lean beef out of the road and let the lady pass?"

"Can't you?" one of the men retorted, making no effort to assist.

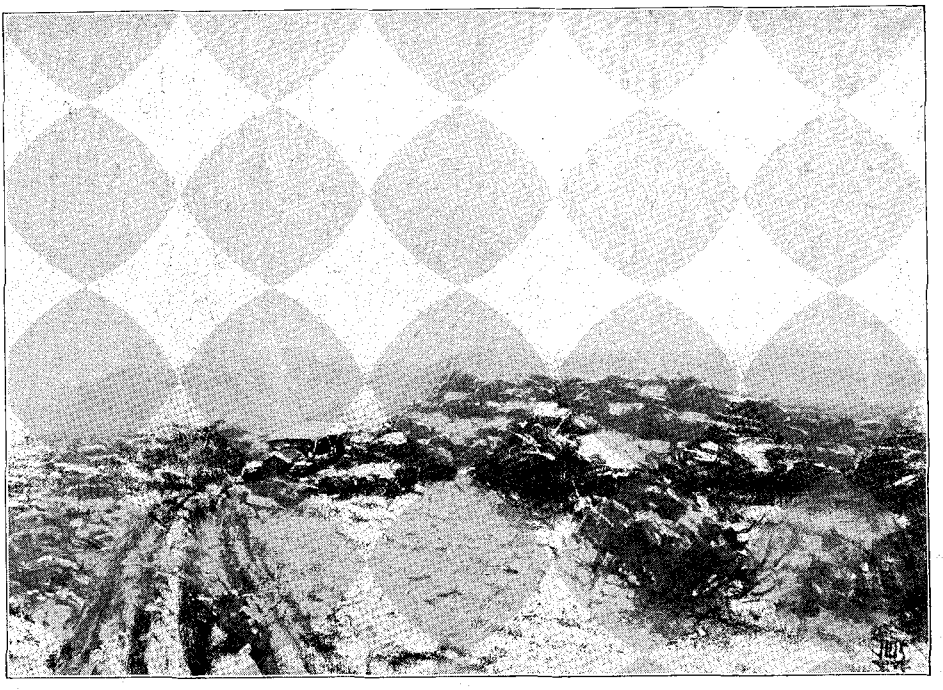
"Whose outfit are you, anyhow?"

"You're at liberty to read our brand and to travel the road, same as we is, stranger. We ain't holdin' you back."

For an instant I thought we were in for a fight. I had never seen eyes that could get so cold and a mouth that could change into such a hard straight line.

Bob had stopped the car, or rather the cattle had done it for him, during this interchange of courtesies; and the cow-punchers walked their horses past, ignoring us utterly. One man drew from his pocket a bag of Bull Durham and, extracting enough to fill his paper, rolled the cigarette with one hand, holding the bag between his teeth; then, substituting the cigarette for the bag, which he slipped into his pocket, he struck a match, lit his cigarette, and tossed the burned end on our running-board; all in one superbly contemptuous gesture. Before it went out, however, it lit a raging flame in the eyes of the rancher, who leaped from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Spirals of dust whirled down the road to meet us, and masses of tumble weed gyrated in the air like large black birds at play, falling, at last, exhausted from the heat, to the baked ground.—Page 167.

car regardless of his lame foot and demanded of Bob:

"Got an unbrella?"

"Yes," answered Bob with suspicious alacrity and rooting under the luggage he produced a blue silk one of mine, neatly rolled. There was no doubt about it, Bob was enjoying himself.

The rancher, who appeared to have recovered his spirits in a most remarkable degree, took my umbrella and, holding the handle of his large jack-knife along the point and leaving the blade to project like a spearhead, tied it securely in place with some twine which he had unceremoniously cut from a parcel. This accomplished he seated himself on the running-board and, whistling a former popular air, "Johnny, get your gun," he reversed his spurs, putting them on the toe of each boot with the strap underneath and fastened them deftly with more twine.

Thus armed he climbed onto the hood of the car, over which he had thrown a heavy rug to protect himself from the heat. He straddled the motor-meter and held to it with his left hand, while in his right he gripped my umbrella with the formidable knife point. As he leaned forward he looked like a mediæval knight on a black charger, his lance couched and ready for combat.

"Now charge that kittle cattle," he said contemptuously, "but do it slow, and blow your horn like the devil to scare them into fits."

And charge them we did. When the cowpunchers saw our human battering ram in action, the younger of the two dropped his cigarette and his hand went toward his hip. There was some wireless message he got from the flash of the rancher's eyes and the square set of his shoulders, for he dropped back with a muttered remark to the other cowboy and a shrill hail to the cowpunchers in front. Bob slowly pressed the car against the now uneasy cattle. With his two spurred feet alternately kicking the animals and the sharp point of his knife pricking them while the menacing blasts of the horn thundered around them, the rancher drove the herd into a frenzy. They used their horns as competently as he used his feet and they gored and bellowed to such good effect that we had a path through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the middle, while on both sides of us galloped maddened cattle. The last backward view we had was of a band of cowpunchers with their quirts striving to reduce a seething mass to order.

Bob said: "That was worth the entire trip West."

The rancher said: "I hope the lady was not alarmed by the rude manners of the cowpunchers; although lacking in polish, their attitude toward women is usually chivalrous." Then, as an afterthought: "Something must have annoyed them."

We dropped him at the fourth gate to his ranch, through which he said we could make a short cut to the main road. We declined his invitation to pass the night and it was only when we pulled the rope on a last gate, with "I X L" over it; saw it fall to, behind us; saw the open road beyond—it was only then that I breathed quite normally again.

That night we passed at the Hotel New York. The town consisted of a general store and four houses. The proprietor's daughter waited on us; she was rosy-cheeked and friendly. "If you folks want anything more, just holler," she invited us. Then, after putting on a victrola record, she vanished into the kitchen.

The next morning as we filled up with gas at the general store the owner warned us that we could not get over the mountains in one day and that we would be lucky to make Wind River Inn. We thanked him and laughed together. It was only one hundred and fifty miles and we knew we could do it easily. When we stopped for our lunch, a sandwich wrapped in newspapers a week old, we had made only fifty miles. We had had two punctures and the roads were heart-breaking—spring-breaking, Bob bitterly corrected.

All afternoon we had pulled up a craggy mountain slope, its bald top blistering in the sun; now shadows were creeping over it. One side of our car was on a slant which tipped it above a precipice that dropped away a thousand feet. Just ahead of us was a curve and Bob mechanically sounded the horn. It scattered over the mountain, echoing back across the valley. One echo was startlingly close and Bob jammed on the brakes. After a moment we nosed cautiously around the curve and stopped dead. Directly in front of us stood a truck. It had been rigged up with three seats and covered with brown canvas; the sides were rolled up and from every opening peered heads. A man and a woman with a baby in her arms occupied the front seat, while a parrot in a cage hung from a wooden support beside her. A boy, about fourteen, sat between two smaller children, a big yellow and white dog almost obliterating him, while on the seat behind three tow-heads craned out from the side, their blue eyes wide with curiosity yet quite devoid of fear. One child smothered a cat straining to escape from her baby arms. The entire back of the truck was piled up with household furniture, which looked as if it would topple over on the children and blot them out.

Their car was on the outside of the road and too heavily laden even to attempt to climb the wall on the inside to let us do the passing. There was no place to back to. We were travelling west and they were travelling east—and night was not far away.

The mother, a sad, gentle-looking woman with a yellow shawl which covered her head and tied under her chin, nursed her baby as she looked patiently from her man to us and then hopelessly at the narrow road.

"Shall I help unload the children for you?" I suggested.

"What for?" she countered.

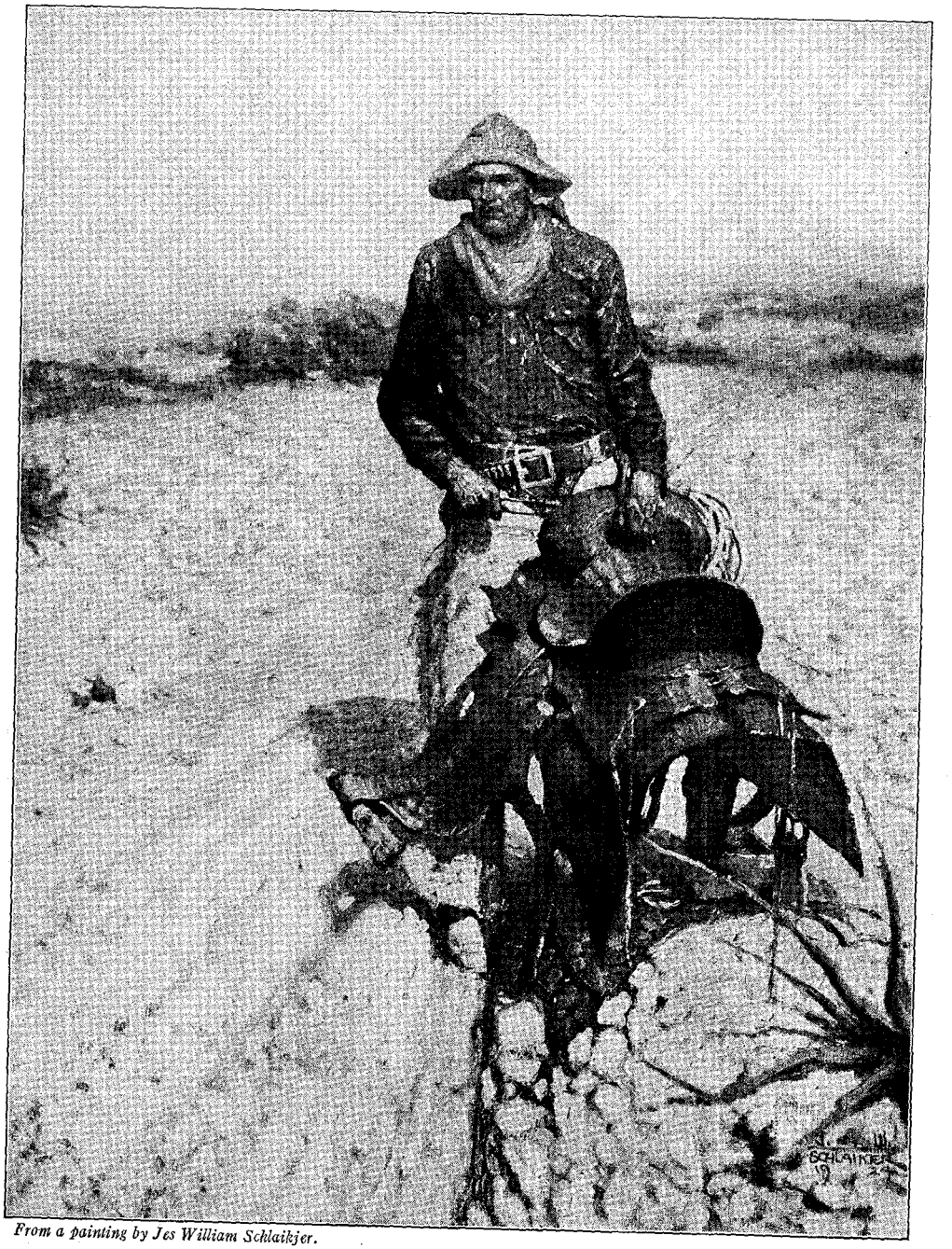
I looked at the wall of rock falling sheer away to the valley below. She caught my glance.

"'Taint no use; we can't unload all of this." She vaguely indicated the children, the animals, and the heaped-up household goods. "There aint nobody to take care of 'em but us; if we go, they better go too."

"But, of course, you must get out with the baby."

She hunched her shoulders slightly, in a way to mean either resignation or dull indifference to the outcome. I could not decide. Then in the same flat tone she went on: "What's the use? I'm delicate since the baby come. I can't work if anything happens to him," pointing at the man. That thought decided her: "We've all got to stick together."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a painting by Jes William Schlaikjer.

"Hawse broke her leg in a varmint's hole, had to shoot her."—Page 168.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beside the road overhanging the drop grew a glorious Douglas fir. We backed a few feet; they edged to the fir, their car leaning against it, while we crawled past them on an angle that even Saint Joseph, the patron saint of travel, would never have attempted.

The last we saw of them was a bewildering number of little hands waving good-by while a raucous voice trailed after us down the road: "Polly wants a cracker; Polly wants . . ."

Night climbed higher out of the valley. We turned on our lights, hugging the rocky sides of the mountains and feeling our way around curves. We reached the top of the divide and began to descend. Somewhere down in the valley we knew there was a tiny inn. The roads grew worse, if that were possible, the lights distorting and magnifying everything in the blackness. Many times they flung out over space—we had reached another hairpin curve and the car shivered on the brink of inky nothingness. As we crept around one of these switch-backs the circle of light held tall firs and hemlocks, a tangle of ferns, and a group of startled deer. For a trice they stood with their heads thrown back, their antlers sharply outlined, with a raised forefoot ready to flee and with eyes that gleamed like emeralds in the glare of light. For a flash this held—then magically dissolved; and we heard the clatter of small stones falling—falling—falling.

Another curve and a white star shot into our view and was gone. For five miles as we snaked down the mountain we caught glimmers of this star; yet it was only when we rumbled over a rickety bridge at the foot of the mountain that our star became a light from the inn.

We drew up before a long, rambling structure built of logs. Its porch, covering the entire length of the low one-storied building, was supported by the trunks of pine trees roughly hewn and with their short branches remaining uncut. It was as if the forest had closed in and formed a shelter for man. Above us the brilliant stars hung so low, one could almost reach up and gather them, while everywhere around us the music of running water filled the thin air.

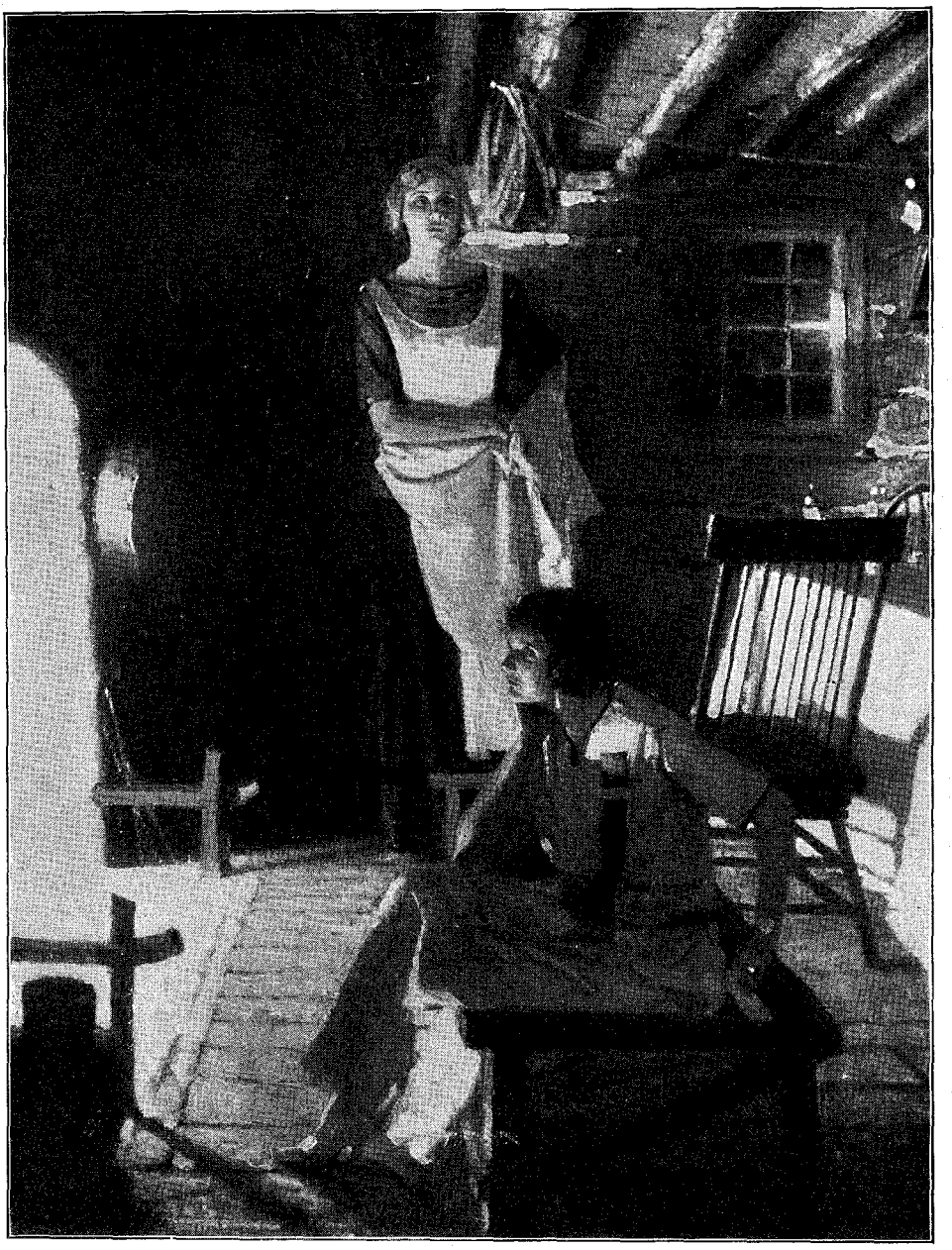
As I drew a deep breath the door opened and the firelight flooding out silhouetted the short, square figure of our host. He drew us into the warm pine-scented room, and I saw he was covered with a white apron that fell from his shoulders to his knees. On his head was an immaculate white cap, while from his person there emanated a quiet dignity and air of hospitality which clothed him far better than any fine raiment could have done.

A cuckoo clock struck eight-thirty. "Could we have something to eat? Anything would do." Not at all; there were some people still eating, in fifteen minutes a hot supper would be ready. We were shown to our little whitewashed room, where an apple-cheeked girl brought us, for washing, a big pitcher of icy spring water.

My small bag had been left in the car, and, going out to get it, I found a young man staring at our blue and white numbers. "You're from my State," he greeted me rather wistfully. "What city do you hail from?" On being told, his face brightened and he asked: "Do you know Chestnut Street?" "That's where I used to live." This sealed our friendship, and under the magic of our license plate, he burst forth:

"I went home to get my mother and bring her out here to live with my wife and me. We've only been married six months. We bought a small touring car and planned to motor out, camping at night and cooking our meals ourselves." His words were hurried and jumbled as if he must rid himself of a burden by confession. "My wife's something of an artist, and when we got to Colorado, she met a man who was painting the canyons and who taught at the Art School in Chicago. I guess she got kind of homesick, for she decided that life in the West was too hard for her and she would go home and study art. Later, if I could arrange it, I could join her, and get a position in the city." There was a long pause — an owl hooted from the cover of the forest. "I had a job out here and it was the first good time mother had ever had since father died. I couldn't force Kitty to come with me, if she didn't want to, could I? In the end mother and I came on alone and Kitty went back to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"What is this road that we, and all these people, travel?"—Page 174.

Chicago—I wonder if I did right! What would you have done?"

I knew, but I didn't tell him; instead, I fled into the house for supper.

Our host had been a cook before he became a cook proprietor, and we dined royally. A respectable female with large horn-rimmed glasses sat beside me; she vaguely mentioned her health. The only other person at the table besides ourselves was a man. On his middle finger was a large diamond ring, and a heavy gold watch chain with a Masonic emblem hung over his well-filled paunch. His hair was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oiled and parted in the middle, and his food dribbled from the corners of his mouth. He was finishing his dessert—lemon pie, I noticed; after that I kept my eyes on my plate. A few moments later he rose and, with a gorged sigh, he addressed the table in general: "They sure feed you good here. I've just come up from California, where I've been taking pictures of the sequoias and redwoods." He reached for a toothpick and inserted it in a carefully selected tooth. "Tell you what, those big trees get you." He spoke with a naïve wonder. "They made me feel mean and sort of common-like and I just had to take my hat off; I couldn't face them with it on."

I turned to my bespectacled neighbor; I couldn't help saying it: "'The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady'!"

She stared at me rather hostilely, as if I were a new and curious specimen of insect; then stiffly but politely she confessed: "I don't know either of them."

Desiring to make some sort of an amend, I called to the man unspeakable: "Good night, I hope you rest well."

"Sure thing," he declared, spitting in the fireplace as he passed out of the dining-room.

The woman next me left her seat and the proprietor's wife sank down at the table. "I'm so tired and I haven't had anything to eat yet." It was half-past nine. "Do you mind my sitting here with you?" She had just commenced her supper when the lamps on the table flared and we heard the front door creak. The woman gave a quickly suppressed sigh and rose. Steps crossed the hall hurriedly and stopped just within the dining-room.

"Mrs. Patrick, will you take care of Dotty to-night? A fire has started south of Bolton's, and I can't leave her on the mountains alone. She isn't used to them and it's kind of lonely." The man smiled at the girl, adoringly, as he made this explanation. Tall, lithe, and cleanly cut, he looked like his own mountain trees; with his deep chest, tan skin, and clear eyes he belonged to the mountains—a typical forest ranger. The girl was a doll with blue eyes and golden hair, cheap and pretty; but distinctly exotic.

"She shall sleep with Laura," Mrs. Patrick said warmly.

The ranger drew the girl after him to the living-room. Through the partially open door I could see him hold out his arms and the girl creep in. "Keep her safe for me until I come back, Mrs. Patrick." The outer door slammed.

There was a complete silence in the other room for a few moments; then the girl came laggingly into the dining-room, a strained, overwrought look on her face. Ignoring me completely, she addressed herself to Mrs. Patrick:

"I think I made a mistake when I married Harry, Mrs. Patrick."

Mrs. Patrick looked at the girl anxiously and, crossing the room to where she stood, laid a motherly arm over her shoulder. "Why, Dotty, you don't mean that; I know that you love Harry."

The girl stood silent as if feeling for her words, and when they came they came slowly with groping pauses between. "I have always lived in a city with lights, dancing, and the movies. I don't seem to fit in this place; it's too big and still. I think I fear the mountains—more than I love Harry." She trembled and tears oozed up in her eyes.

"Come to bed, dear; you are tired out." Mrs. Patrick pushed the girl gently before her. She went obediently, but when she got to the door she stopped and flung out the words: "I tell you, I hate these mountains!"

It was ten o'clock, and every one had gone to bed except ourselves. Bob had gone to put the car under a shed, and I could hear Mr. Patrick moving around in the kitchen straightening things out for the night. I sat by the fire dreaming and hardly heard Mrs. Patrick when she came in. She stood in a brooding silence looking into the fire.

It was then I asked a question which had haunted me ever since I had started out on my journey. It was like thinking aloud, and I did not expect an answer.

"What is this road that we, and all these people, travel?"

For a moment Mrs. Patrick's face, weary and infinitely patient, was lighted up from within by a tiny flame; she looked at me oddly as if about to say something. Then as suddenly as it came, the flame kindled by my question was snuffed out,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and she was the attentive hostess of a roadside inn.

"This is the old State Road, it was given up a year ago as too steep and too dangerous; the new road winds around the mountain about twenty miles from us. Here in our little valley we are forgotten." The sparks flew up the chimney and I heard her add: "Can I get you hot water now, or in the morning?"

I knew I had just missed something, the moment had passed. I thanked her for the water, accepting the hint, and rose to go to my room. But again I was stayed; the front door was thrown violently open and a woman with three children entered.

"Any room?" she asked without a word of greeting.

"And supper," the woman fired. "We're half starved."

Mrs. Patrick assented and left the room to tell her husband. The woman turned to a small child with: "Go tell your pa it's all right." She appeared to notice me for the first time. "What hogs some men are!" Then she explained:

"About twenty-five miles back we saw one of those smelly flivvers on the road. It couldn't make the grade, so we all got out and pushed it up. The driver asked my husband if he knew any place to stop for the night. John said we was going to try and get in at the Pine Tree Inn; and what do you suppose that beast did? He hopped in his Ford, didn't take time to thank us, and while we walked back to our car he got away. When we came to the inn the proprietor said: 'Sorry I can't take you in, I just let my last room to a man in a flivver. He must 'a' got in just five minutes ahead of you.' And there we was, me and the children, left out in the night. John was that mad he wanted to go in and smash the man; but I wouldn't let him. Much good it would of done us." A small child tugged at her hand and whispered. "Yes, yes," she replied, "they're cooking it now."

Mrs. Patrick announced supper and I got away to my room. Outside, the night wind stirred the air, drawing faint music from the long needles of the pines, while the brook droned soothingly, lapping me into a sleepy peace. This murmuring silence was broken by the throbbing of an engine and the gritting of a brake. Steps sounded on the porch and I heard Mr. Patrick say in his cordial voice: "Your car broke down and you're lost! Come right in. Yes, we can put you up somewhere. Not much of a room, but we couldn't turn a sick dog away on the mountains this time of night, much less a sick man."

I heard a hacking cough and a hoarse voice spoke: "We haven't had a bite to eat since noon—could you give us something?"

The cuckoo warbled eleven times. I caught a note of weariness in Mr. Patrick's voice, nevertheless his "You bet!" sounded convincing even to my listening ears.

The men passed my window to the washing-trough; the lamp hanging beside it lit them up faintly. A short, thick man with a round bullet head said in an undertone—so close, it was almost as if speaking in my ear: "Gosh! but that was a slick talk you put up about your travelling for your health. You sure are." I heard him chuckle appreciatively.

A taller man, whose drooping shoulders, hawklike nose, and pointed chin were sharply defined in the lamplight, snarled: "Cut that out." Then, in a quieter tone. "Let's get our grub; 'twasn't any lie about my appetite."

I tossed restlessly on my narrow bed. I couldn't sleep with the thought of all these human beings who had come out of a dim twilight, had touched our lives, kindled a friendly spark, and then vanished away into the night. Whence? Why? Whither?

The mountains shut us in on every side. The road we had come snaked down the steep slope from the east, and the road by which we would go to-morrow zigzagged up the heights to the west, where one great, bluish star burned with a steady radiance. I watched the star drop over the rim of the mountain and an unreal, hazy feeling submerged me—a feeling that some to-morrow, somewhere, we, too, would drop over the rim and find that star—or was it the Road?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Sale: Med Show

BY KYLE S. CRICHTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD HOPPER

"LET the band play; this man takes one bottle of Kooper's Ka-wy-da."

Professor Cooper himself at his summer diversion.

The band: "Ta-ta-ta-ra-ta. . . ."

Three or four short bars of "Ta-ta-ta-ra-ta," ending in a drawn-out fanfare: "Blah-h-h!" Much like the conclusion of a bagpipe air.

Professor Cooper again: "Ka-wy-da, the Elixir of Life. . . . Distilled in the mystery of voodooism under the late Chief Gawosi. . . . Strong enough to cure chilblains. . . . Tender enough to soothe a baby. . . . A cure for constipation, growing pains, earache, broken heart, falling hair. . . . A bottle to this gentleman. . . . Ah!"

His voice rose and fell in a curious, intense, seductive monotone, the while he leaned far over the tail of the wagon dispensing the bottles and collecting the dollars.

"Band!" said a hopeful voice, holding up a dollar.

"The gentleman desires entertainment," said the professor genially. He turned and waved lightly to his hired men. "Let the band play."

The four pieces suddenly crammed the night air with sound, causing the oil torches to leap and sough.

"Ta-ta-ta-ra-ta. . . . Blah-h-h!"

The professor droned insistently on.

"Another gentleman. . . . Ah, thank you. . . . Come forward. . . . Make room there, please. . . . Two? . . . Thank you, madam. . . . The Elixir of Life. . . . Who else now? . . ."

The professor was tall and very thin. On his head rested perpetually a Stetson hat of extraordinary breadth of rim, from under which crowded a mass of jet hair resting in waves on his shoulders. Above all else he resembled a catalpa, that growth of open umbrella structure.

There was little active hortation in his method and no ranting. His quiet, steady voice streamed on with no apparent attempt at the coercion of reluctant minds. But the bag which hung from his middle became heavy as midnight neared, and he held it as a poor day that did not see it overflowing with the dollars of the populace.

His was a "clean" show, which began at seven and finished as soon after ten as the crowd indicated. With the first decided signs of thinning there was a final speech by the professor, a final "Blah-h-h!" by his artists, and the torches were extinguished and the tail gate of the wagon banged up. The performers made preparations for rest in the big wagon and the professor went off to his hotel.

At one time he had employed a "lady performer," who made faint wiggles of her torso on behalf of the great art of Terpsichore, but the professor had found this to frighten his more lucrative trade and attract only the ribaldrous youths, whose ailments and dollars were equally sparsely distributed. The lady had been parted with and the genius of dance was now represented by a black-faced clog artist who doubled in brass along with his three bedmates.

At his hotel the professor dumped his day's take on the bed and sorted the silver from the bills and jotted the total meticulously in a small black note-book. He returned then with his treasure to the hotel office below, where the clerk re-counted the money, gave the professor a receipt, and deposited the load in the hotel safe. As solemnly as before the professor remounted the stairs to his room.

He locked the door carefully, removed his frock coat and threw it carelessly over the chair and tossed his enormous Stetson on the dresser. He loosened his tie and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

took off his collar, the while he stretched his legs both front and back as if they were cramped. He sat down on the edge of the one rocking-chair and rid himself of his shoes. And, last of all, he reached up and smoothed his mass of hair as it fell about his face. He smoothed it down and then took it firmly by the top and lifted it free from his head. He rose and placed his glowing black locks in the top right-hand dresser drawer and patted his natural gray hair into place.

Thus relieved of the accoutrements of his profession, he sighed with relief and rummaged in his hand-bag by the front of the bed. From it he extracted a paper-backed book and a letter. From the head of the bed, he secured the two pillows and placed them against the foot-rail nearer the light. Carefully he placed his back in contact with their softness, extended his legs along the length of the bed, and settled back in contentment.

The book, as you might have seen, was a French edition of "Montaigne's Essays." He put it aside and took up the letter, which had evidently been read before. As he drew the contents from the already opened envelope, he smiled as if in thought of the pleasure awaiting him.

He read slowly and with relish and once slapped his leg in an outburst of satisfaction. As he folded the letter and returned it to its container, his face was still suffused with pleasure and obvious good feeling. He turned to his Montaigne, but read only a page or two. Then he yawned and stretched and got up from the bed to complete his disrobing. He was soon under the covers and asleep.

Professor Cooper slept as if his childhood were a live issue with him and arose at ten in a state of buoyancy. Too late for the hotel meal, he breakfasted at a neighboring lunch-room and returned later to the modest hotel lobby to write letters. He finished two, placed them in proper envelopes, and addressed them. He then enclosed the two small envelopes in a larger one and addressed it to a point in Montana.

He seemed pleased with himself and walked about humming. A bit later he went over to the lot occupied by his wagon to see that things were intact. From his bandmaster, who was also his foreman, he took note of the need of more Ka-wy-da. At one time the panacea had been manufactured in the wagon, but a disastrous explosion and fire, with the ensuing notoriety, had resulted in a business arrangement with the agents of Chief Gawosi.

The professor spoke kindly to his entertainers, who were sitting in the shade of the wagon playing cards. The game was mild, for the professor on principle held back two weeks' pay in the interest of loyalty to his organization.

In spring the professor inserted a modest advertisement in *Billboard*:

> FOR MED SHOW—Old time med performers who can change acts for a week. Blackface, Dutch and Irish. Banjo player who sings and can make up. Kooper Med Show, next week, Aurora, Ill.

and accepted from the many answers the gentlemen best fitting his description. Occasionally one left in the middle of the season despite the loss of pay, and the fanfare would be a trace fainter till a wire to *Billboard* brought a performer who could sing and dance, "patter," manipulate cards, operate as a "heavy," and double in brass.

The professor was not a hard man to work for. Unless public demand warranted it, he had but one show a day. Between times he insisted on nothing but conduct that would allow him to keep out of the public prints. His employees were not held accountable for the vagaries of nature. Three straight weeks of Kansas cloudbursts one summer had left him unresentful. Nor did he expect the histrionism of a Barrymore or the cleverness of a Jolson from his faithful mummers. Given a lusty brass ensemble, he was lenient with the age of the jokes and the tepidity of the dancing. Altogether an ideal employer, the old professor.

With a town beginning to waver in admiration, the professor would make preparations for a move. The morning would be spent in preparing the wagon and clearing up the débris on the lot where profitable weeks had been spent. Two broad-backed horses dragged the heavy wagon as it got under weigh. On the wagon were the four men of the band.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the backs of the horses were tiny tinkling bells which jounced wildly as the trotting cavalcade made its way by quiet farming villages on the road to the next town. The bells were enough to set the young countryside aflame and not raucous enough to violate the decorum of the Sabbath. Boys and girls in their Sunday finery would come rushing from the doors of farmhouses, stare, and then wave excitedly and joyfully as they recognized the professor's wagon. It was not the first time that selfsame wagon had brought romance and the pleasure of the world to the good citizenry of Illinois.

Behind the wagon at a respectable distance would come the professor himself in state, driven in a glistening carriage, with two lively mares under the control of the driver's hand. There were instances in his pilgrimage of health when the march of progress forced on him the smooth seductiveness of a motor-car, but when a town afforded the distinction of a team of testy bays and a neat trap, his trips were made in that manner. His preference ran to the barouche with two men on the seat in front and himself behind in stiff dignity—dignity so warranted and fitting that those who came to scoff remained to cheer in admiration. It was a source of joy to the professor to come upon a village so at one with the serene age that had passed as to still retain a barouche in some out of the way harbor of antiquity.

In the instance we speak of, the professor was making himself content with a fairly neat buggy and a pair of peppy bays, driven by a man who had once been disappointed in his desire to be a rival of "Pop" Geers. Employed now in a laundry, it was with all the recollected pride of youth that he forgot the onrush of civilization and Henry Ford and drove as if the President were beside him on the way down Pennsylvania Avenue.

The professor was quite at peace with the world. The countryside was fresh from a recent shower, ahead of him he could hear the faint and regular tinkle of the bells on his own horses, and soon he came upon the delighted natives still standing agape and gazing in amazement down the road after the wagon.

To the women standing on the porches, the professor lifted his enormous Stetson in a knightly way fit to make race the heart of any woman still affected by the memory of "Lorna Doone." With the men he passed a dignified salute, and he beamed amiably about him, casting cheerful glances upon the countryside, and adding prospective customers at every click of the horses' hoofs.

In this proud, happy way, with the laundry man handling his horses in an imperious manner, the professor entered the next town and, by following the excitement of small boys, came to the vacant lot where the wagon had already been parked under the shade of a clump of trees. The horses had been taken from the shafts and were on their way to a spell of loafing at a local stable. Everything was being taken care of by the foreman, and there was nothing left to be done but to pay off the laundry horseman, and start him on his return journey.

This was done with the professor's accustomed graciousness. There passed such words as are befitting between lovers of good horse-flesh, the laundry man whirled his team about with a flourish, gave a last wave of farewell and departed up the village street with a rush. The professor watched him out of sight and then went in search of his friend, the hotel proprietor, who would probably be expecting him.

The efficacy of his remedy for human ills was surely not a matter of doubt, for he often in this manner made a town many years in succession with only the most gratifying results. He found old friends in the audiences with their dollars ready.

"Ah, madam," he would say, removing his hat with the grace of a chevalier, "I am charmed to serve you again. It is the greatest joy of my life that I am enabled to bring relief to distraught mortals."

In his smooth, quiet, modulated voice these embroidered words had conviction and sincerity. And in his heart he felt no pang for the methods of his procedure, knowing the harmlessness of Chief Gawosi's Elixir. If he had cared to argue, he could perhaps have made out a case for the theory that what could not harm his patrons must of necessity help them. But it is doubtful if he ever bothered to justify his profession.

This, then, was the professor from May

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

till September, bringing cheer to towns of Indiana and Illinois, with occasional excursions farther afield when necessity prompted. It was a prosperous rather than an exciting existence, and from the time he left Aurora till he returned to it promptly on the 28th of each August, little happened that does not occur in the daily life of any successful business man.

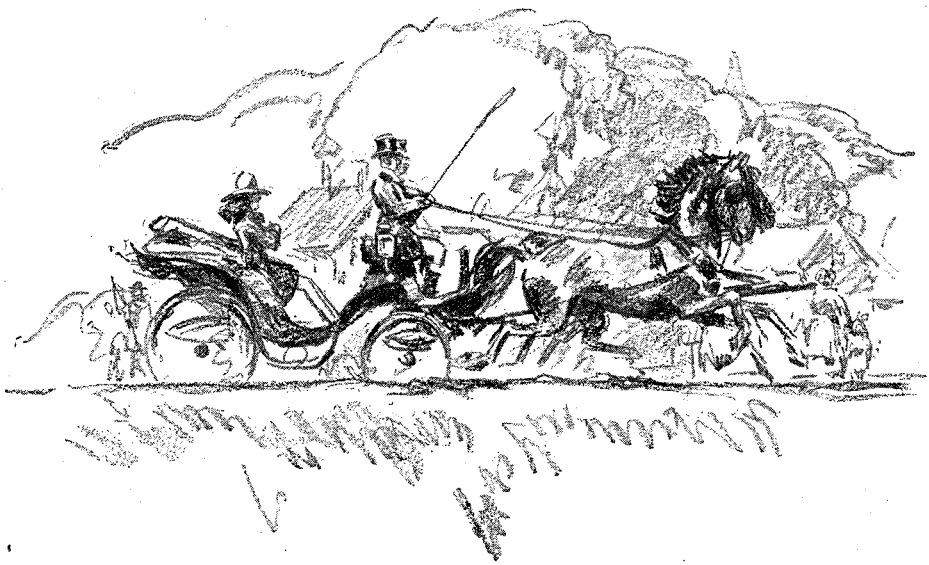
As any other merchant, he measured success by his bank balance. By persistent endeavor he had attained a respectable clientele, and his further efforts were aimed at its satisfaction and retention. The hard years were over.

He was increasingly conscious of the relish to be had from that thought as he totted up his profits and saw to it that his

The professor spoke kindly to his entertainers, who were sitting in the shade of the wagon playing cards. —Page 177.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wagon and horses were made comfortable for the winter. His performers had the satisfaction of eventually overtaking the two weeks' pay that had gone tantalizingly before them all the summer. To them in exceptional summers came grateful bonuses and the good wishes of their employer for a prosperous winter. The last bills were met, Chief Gawosi's representatives were notified of a cessation of



Behind the wagon at a respectable distance would come the professor himself in state, driven in a glistening carriage with two lively mares under the control of the driver's hand.—Page 178.

activities, and suddenly Aurora knew the good professor no longer. He dropped from the earth till the first buds began popping in May.

A tall, sprightly old gentleman with distinguished gray hair and well-groomed appearance was met at the station in Boston by his son. They greeted one another with the half humorous, half boisterous air of school chums, and went immediately by motor to their home in Cambridge.

The son as he drove regarded his father laughingly.

"You look more like a deacon than a Montana stone-breaker," he said.

And the father laughed in return.

"An easy, prosperous year," he answered. "We didn't have to knock down a whole mountain to get what we wanted. The specimens are quite wonderful. A few years more and we'll be able to reconstruct a life that will make the jazz age shrink in comparison. I'll take you out and show you next year."

He regarded his son narrowly out of the corner of his eye.

"Nothing doing," said the young man, genuinely emphatic. "What do I want to hammer around a bunch of old rocks to find out what some dudes did a million years ago? Pardon me. I'll stay East and explore this part of the country for you."

They laughed, and the distinguished-looking old gentleman did not appear overcome with disappointment.

They drove through a gate and up a tree-encased driveway to a white Colonial house almost hidden by vines.

"I wired Sandy from Narragansett," said the young man; "I guess we're all set for the winter. Sadie said dinner would be ready as soon as you got in."

So Professor Cooper returned to his fireplace for the winter, the envy of brother geologists who were not blessed with a private fortune and the privilege of summer excursions in search of archæ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ological treasure. Until time for his annual departure in spring the professor would live the life of a cultured gentleman, receiving his friends, conferring with scientific associates, and letting his feet rest on the grate for contemplative and satisfying meditation. His life was full and his regrets few.

The first night of his return was spent with his son Harper, who had in the spring previous graduated from Harvard College.

"Everything's ready for law school, I suppose?" the professor said casually.

"Oh, I guess," said Harper.

The professor went over to fill his pipe from the reading-table humidor.

"Guess?" he said, quietly alert. "I though it was all arranged."

"Oh, I can get in all right," said Harper. "It isn't that."

His father didn't ask him what it was. He sat and smoked and seemed to think no more of it.

"Adrienne seems happy," he ventured finally, with no special intent obvious.

"Yes," said Harper. "She ought to be. I can hardly keep track of her. The Riviera and Switzerland and London and a shooting place in Scotland."

The professor laughed.

"You could have that," he said; "if that's all you want."

"No," said Harper. "Haven't time."

"Ho!" said his father derisively. "I'll bet you've been rushed to death. Swimming and dancing with the pretty ladies."

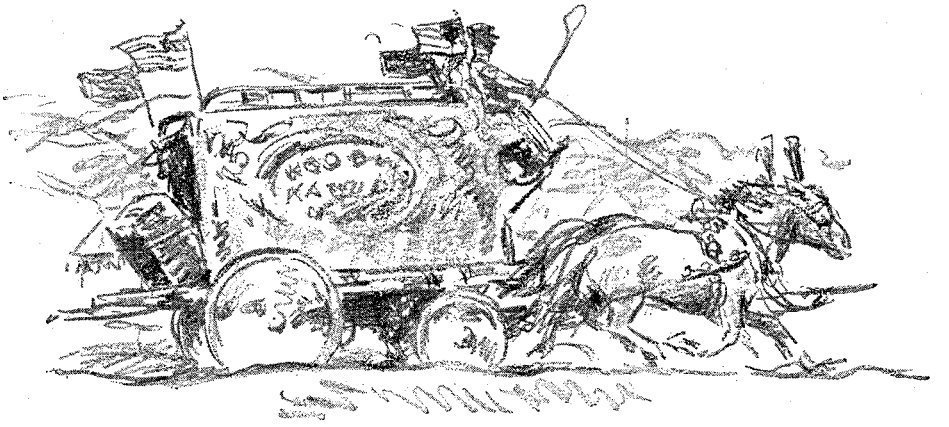
Harper laughed uneasily and then became suddenly serious.

"See here," he said half belligerently. "I might as well tell you . . . I've been working all summer."

He looked so serious his father laughed.

"Well, that isn't so bad."

"Yes, but you don't understand. I wasn't at Narragansett at all; I was at Brighton Beach."



"Well, again, and what of it?" said his father, smiling. "No doubt, Narragansett has rivals."

"Yes, but you were half right. I *was* dancing with the ladies. . . ."

"Yes?" mildly.

"In a show!"

The professor's smile faded, and he puffed at his pipe overstrenuously.

"So!" he said reflectively. "So that's it." He looked up at his agitated son.

"An actor, eh?"

"Well, a comedian," said Harper.

There was silence, broken by Harper.

"This fellow Jones at Baker's class got Burton and me to go down to Brighton Beach. He gave me a few lines and let me dance and I stopped the show. Stuff I'd been doing for years around here. Then Martin saw me and made me an offer for burlesque."

The professor's brows lifted.

"Burlesque?" he said.

"Certainly," said Harper. "It isn't what you think it is: all women and that. Most of the good ones started there. Jolson and Bobby Clark and Don Barclay

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and lots like that. . . . Why some of the best ones started with carnivals and wagon shows with those patent-medicine crooks."

"Indeed?" said the professor mildly. "So this—er—burlesque start is really rather promising. Far up the scale, as it were?"

"That's it," said Harper eagerly.

The professor seemed to need time to digest this. He smoked steadily, the while gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"Now about Adrienne," he finally said gently. "Don't you think . . . Isn't it possible? . . ."

"Why should it bother her?" said Harper. "I'm not going to show up at her door in a clown's suit. She needn't even know if it would bother her. I could change my name, for that matter."

"Not at all," said the professor. "Not at all. I was merely thinking of the strangeness of your being affected with this acting bug. Now, I couldn't image Ady . . ."

"Ho!" said Harper explosively. "That's all you know about it. You should have seen her before she was married. She may be Lady Stewart now, but she used to have all the instincts of a prima donna. You don't know the plays we used to put on when you were away in the summer."

Harper was excited.

"Why, say, what do you think all that suffrage stuff from the tail end of a wagon was about?" he demanded. "Why, that was simply little Ady getting in some acting licks. I know Ady better than you do. If there was a campaign on to repeal suffrage and the crowds were big enough to make it worth while, she'd be just as liable to get up again and argue the other way. Ady reacts to *drama*; you can believe me."

The professor laughed uneasily, and there was awkward silence.

"Of course," he said finally, "you know I had other and more ambitious plans for you. . . . This comes rather suddenly."

He looked again at the ceiling and puffed his pipe. There was nothing to say to this and Harper said nothing.

"Despite her proneness to dramatics, which is indeed a surprise to me," continued the professor, "Adrienne has done very well and seems very happy. Sir Andrew is a fine man, as you know, and I had hopes that you were to prove a distinguished member of the bar."

"Really, dad," said Harper, "I don't want to disappoint you, but I'd far rather be another Fred Stone than any lawyer that ever lived."

The professor sat and thought of this.

"Well," said he, as if he were hearing a comment on the weather; "there seems no doubt of your sincerity and I'm surely not going to remonstrate with you. If you think the law is not for you and the stage is, there is nothing to be said about it. You are old enough to know your own mind. Thinking as you do, you would probably make a very poor lawyer. . . ." He broke off abruptly. "We can talk about it further, can't we, before you decide definitely? When must you let your man know?"

"This week," said Harper. "I don't mind waiting if you want, but I don't think it will do any good."

"Perhaps not," said his father; "but there's no use rushing into it. Let's put it over for a few days."

They parted agreeably, and the professor went off to his bed.

In the morning he travelled leisurely in to State Street in quest of his banker, who was one of the two men alive with knowledge of his complete life. He was soon closeted with his confidant.

"Henry," said the professor, after the necessary preliminaries, "how much could I lay my hands on if I needed it this minute?"

"Not going into oil stocks?" said the banker with mock fright.

"No-o," said the professor agreeably. "But I may break a leg or be taken with the gout and I'd just like to know my distance from the county home."

The banker went to a small safe in the corner of the office and returned with a ledger.

"We can soon make sure," he said, and leafed over to the place he wanted.

"Well, here," he said. "You have—let me see—hundred and fourteen thousand in Liberty Bonds. . . . Eighty thousand in United States Steel bonds and—wait a minute now—a few smatter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah, madam, I am charmed to serve you again. It is the greatest joy of my life that I am enabled to bring relief to distraught mortals."—Page 178.

ing thousands in French and Great Britain and—as sure as I live—a few in Mexican Oil. . . . Not bad, I'd say, and you have in addition the cash from this present season. . . ."

"A fair year," said the professor amiably. "A fair year, Henry, and I'm obliged to you."

"Well, what's on your mind, then?" said Henry. "Not going back to teaching, surely?"

"No-o," said the professor. "Twenty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years is too long away. I just thought perhaps I might retire. Adrienne is gone and I'm afraid I'm not going to have Harper with me except in the summer."

"Harper?" said the banker. "Why I thought Harper was to stay here and take up law?"

"Well, now, Henry," said the professor ruefully, "I hope you'll not laugh and say something about the sins of the fathers. . . . The fact is Harper wants to become an actor."

The banker was more flabbergasted than amused.

"An actor!" he said in a half whisper, as if he had just been told of the capture of Wall Street by the Russians. "Well, I can't see . . . Were you . . .? I mean I don't see any point in the fathers' sins business. . . . It was a business proposition with you. . . . You were never stage-struck. . . ."

"Sometimes I'd like to think not," said the professor. "But as I look back I honestly believe that was half of it. What other professor do you know would have been attracted by a medicine-show. I wasn't as broke as all that when I met Old Vreeland. I could have done something else as well. . . . No, Henry, I almost believe the boy comes by it naturally."

"But your theory doesn't hold good," said the banker. "Your foolishness at least hasn't affected your sensible daughter, the Right Honorable Lady Stewart."

"Ho!" said the professor. "That's all *you* know about it." He leaned far forward and pointed with his forefinger for emphasis. "Henry," he said, "what do you think that boy said to me? . . . about Adrienne. . . . He said: 'What do you think all that suffrage stuff from the tail end of a wagon was about?' . . . He proved to me that Ady is an instinctive actor. . . . 'Suffrage stuff from the tail end of a wagon.' Henry, that almost floored me. I'm going to quit. 'The tail end of a wagon.' Was there ever more unconscious irony than that! Believe me, Henry, your sins will find you out in your children."

Henry laughed almost immoderately at this.

"Still," he said, wiping his eyes, "I see no reason why you should give up your wagon end unless you want to."

"I'm not so sure," said the professor seriously. "I have a presentiment, Henry. I know burlesque comedians and I know that as sure as I sit here I would one day insert an advertisement for an entertainer and find my own son as applicant. I'm a true devotee of drama, Henry, but not of melodrama. I shouldn't care for a scene of that sort."

He smiled ruefully.

"Well," said the banker, "I'll not argue with you. It seems too good a business to give up, but I can testify you have enough saved to keep you comfortably."

"Pretty good for a poor professor who stumbled on a Montana gold mine—in Illinois, eh?" said the professor. "Well, we'll say no more about it. It will soon be only a memory."

"A pleasant one," said the banker. There was a pause, broken by the professor.

"Henry," he said, "could you give me a pen and ink and a sheet of paper?"

The banker pulled paper from a drawer and nodded to the pen on the desk. The professor drew his chair to the desk and began to write. At the end of a few minutes he handed the finished sheet to the banker.

"See if that covers it, Henry," he said.

It read:

> FOR SALE—Kooper's Med Show. Two horses, wagon and equipment. You know it. 20 yrs. of big profits. Quick sale desired. First real offer gets it. Grifters keep away. Aurora, Ill.

"They'll forward any mail to Montana," said the professor. "I'll notify Vreeland to negotiate for me. It'll be quite a pleasure for the old man to sell the business the second time."

The banker handed the paper back.

"Some of the words are a bit unfamiliar," he said; "but I guess that about covers it."

The professor made preparations to depart.

"I'm going back to make an arrangement with Harper," he said. "I'm going to promise to give up my trips to Montana if he will promise to spend his summers with me. . . . I shouldn't want him . . . I shouldn't want him out of work and dependent for his summer livelihood on those wagon shows with the—er—patent-medicine crooks."

The professor seemed really very serious, and did not smile.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Immigrant at the Crossroads

BY STANISLAW GUTOWSKI
Formerly Captain in the United States Army

IT was seventeen years from last December since I first set foot on American soil. At that time I was about nineteen years old.

Contrary to the general rule of those seeking adoption here, I was not a totally ignorant and frightened peasant immigrant.

I happened to be brought up in a city in the fair land of Poland. I was used to travelling on the railroad. I could not only read and write, but I had already read Darwin's theory of evolution, of which, after I got through reading it, I knew a great deal less than before.

My academic education was subjected to many interruptions, and finally, putting all fragments together, was equivalent only, more or less, to two years of American high school. My general knowledge was, however, much broader. That is to say, it was broad enough for me to know something of everything, but not such as to enable me to know anything definitely or thoroughly.

Two years prior to my coming to America (that is, in 1905) the intellectual youth of the part of Poland which was misgoverned by the iron rule of Russian czardom was in the throes of revolution. The most patriotic and active young Poles were either hanged on the Russian scaffold, thrown into prison, or sent to Siberia.

The revolution was brutally put down, but the everlasting spirit of Polish youth was not annihilated. To the contrary, it was very much alive and blazing with revenge and fervent preparation for the next battle against the hated Russian yoke. Under these circumstances my mind and heart had prematurely reached the state of manhood. I could not comprehend life without suffering. Love and hatred, the two extreme and divergent emotions, developed to the highest pitch in one poor heart, had affected my mind so that it could not come down to the practical side of life. And so it soared high into the skies of dreams and unrealities.

I was taught to hate the government and the law, and consequently I had no respect for either. It is no wonder, therefore, that I was politically disqualified as a candidate for the Russian military academy.

Had it not been for my dear mother, who was already in America, I would never have left Poland. I felt it my sacred duty to stay right there and help my country to regain her old and glorious place among the free nations of the world.

My mother feared constantly that some day I might be arrested and sent to Siberia or even hanged. But she knew I would not run away from Poland just because there was danger of being jailed. So she had asked me to come to America if only for a few months, just to see the country, and then return to Poland.

I arrived in New York some time in December of 1907, together with my younger sister. Not being a steerage passenger, I did not experience any tragic inconveniences during my ocean voyage.

It was aboard the ship that I met my first American, who happened to be a fellow passenger and tried to be very friendly to me. From him I obtained such information about the famed and fascinating city of New York as no geography or history had given me. He told me, for instance, that the world's most beautiful women were all living in New York; that one might commit any crime there, including murder, and get away with it. I was most appreciative of this astonishing information about the great metropolis, but for some reason or other have made no use of it as yet.

My American friend seemed to have wonderful connections and urged me to accept a position with the Russian con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sul-general in New York. All this was very fascinating to me, especially since I did not know a word of English and our amicable conversation was carried on through a Serbian interpreter, who was also a friend of my American friend.

My landing in New York was not at all dramatic, for as a second-class passenger I did not pass through Ellis Island. Everything pertaining to my journey and entrance into the country went off with disappointing smoothness.

Three hours after landing I was in Newark, N. J., in the sweet embrace of my dear mother.

In the home of my parents, however, I found things very different from what I expected. The house in which they lived was located next to a gas-plant, in the dirtiest and most unhealthy down-town section of Newark, colloquially known as the Neck.

The four rooms occupied by my parents, though clean and neat, were small, dark, and poorly furnished. My mother was pale and very sad despite her earnest effort to seem happy. Her tears of joy were intermingled with tears of suffering and desperation. I perceived that my parents lived here in undisguised poverty.

My father explained to me that the year 1907 had been a year of financial panic in the United States and that industry and trade were in a state of complete stagnation. He himself had not worked for a long time and had besides lost all of his money. My sixteen-year-old sister, who came to America with my mother, was working in a factory and earning six dollars a week. This money was the only source of income for the family, outside of a few odd dollars a month from letting out the front room to two Polish immigrants.

My first night in America was a sleepless, horrible night! As the long and dreary hours dragged on endlessly it seemed my every dream, hope, and ideal relative to my future in Poland one after another crashed into dust. Dark and hard reality descended upon me, and together with the rays of the rising sun found me fully awake and ready to stay in America as long as necessary to take care of my parents and sisters.

Next morning, despite my sleepless night, I felt myself a new man, conscious of new duties and new responsibilities. I had no idea, however, that this new road of my life would be as rough and full of danger as it really was.

The second day after my arrival I was fated to stumble onto one of the most depressing incidents of my life. It was at about ten o'clock of that day that my American friend of the ship paid me and my sister a promised visit.

With him came the Serbian interpreter. They told me that the position at the Russian Consulate was ready and waiting for me, and that I must go with them to New York, so that they might put me in touch with the consul-general.

After I had learned all about the real condition of my family and had made my decision to stay here and work, this offer coming through my American friend was like manna from heaven. Of course, I went to New York immediately. That was really the first time I saw New York.

It goes without saying that this fabulous city, with its huge skyscrapers and magic subways, impressed me tremendously.

The information given me by my mysterious American friend aboard the ship in regard to beautiful women in New York seemed to me indisputably correct. My confidence in my American friend increased considerably and I made up my mind to follow his directions strictly.

He took me to one of the highest down-town buildings—none less than the Equitable Building, as I later learned. We went up to the thirty-sixth floor, I believe, and I was shown into beautifully furnished offices. My American friend asked me to wait here for a few minutes as he was going in to speak to the consul. I waited for more than an hour, but my friend did not show up. The men in the offices asked me questions, but I failed to make myself understood. Then I showed them the name of my friend, and they only shrugged their shoulders in reply.

After more than two hours of the most watchful waiting, I walked out into the street. It took me seven hours to get home. I think I tried every possible means of communication and succeeded in getting to every city neighboring New York except Newark.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But finally I got there. At home I was told that my American friend, after taking me to New York, came back and told my mother that I was overjoyed because of my new position. He told her, furthermore, that I had asked him to go to the home of my parents and ask my mother to let him take my sister to New York, so that she might see the city. The matter looked suspicious to my mother, and so she refused to comply with my "friend's" request. She felt instinctively that there was something wrong with the whole affair, and asked my father to go to New York and find out what had happened to me.

Later on it was discovered by the police that my American "friend" was in fact a Hungarian and an agent of that infamous international institution of white slavery.

Whether he "got away with it" as easily as he had boasted on the occasion of our shipboard conversation I never ascertained, as, for obvious reasons, I had lost all interest in my American-Hungarian benefactor and never inquired into his future whereabouts and doings.

However, this humiliating incident, which unfortunately occurred on the very threshold of my life in America, had made upon me a deeply prejudicial impression about the United States and it took more than five years to eliminate it from my mind.

Yet I have to admit that from that first experience in America I drew some very beneficial conclusions. First, I made up my mind not to trust people blindly and, second, I determined to do all I possibly could to warn and prevent the immigrants, especially those who were hopelessly ignorant, from falling into traps so ingeniously devised and set for that purpose by ruthless wolves in human flesh. This consciousness of the necessity of common self-defense immediately brought me nearer to my fellow immigrants. I became more truly one of them and have remained loyal to them to the present time.

By the time my star in America had risen and fallen in the course of one short day I had already met a number of Polish immigrants. They came to see me, anxious for news from Poland. All of them were peasants and had lived in America for some time. Upon learning that I was being offered a position with the Russian Consulate some of them were sceptical of such a wonderful opportunity, while others were sorry to have thus missed their chance of giving advice and assistance to a "greenhorn." So, after my "fame" had passed rapidly from a positive to a negative state, it seemed to me that all of these good fellow immigrants were more or less delighted over the fact. But their delight was not by any means malicious. They were simply glad to see me realize that the life of an immigrant in America was not so easy. Besides, I suspected, they feared that if I had secured this soft consulate job I might never become one of their group.

In the evening of that fateful day my good fellow immigrants came to see me and offered their sympathy and assistance. All this was very nice and humiliating. One named Joe was the most remarkable in the group. He could neither read nor write, but he possessed a considerable amount of what we term good horse sense. I liked him best for his clear and logical thinking.

Joe had been in America for about five years and had been employed in a button-factory during all that time. At present he was working two days a week, which fact gave him considerable prominence among his friends, most of whom had been unable to find any work for a long time past.

I liked Joe, and it so happened that Joe also took a fancy to me. He told me, as politely as he could, not to worry about my sad experience, as this was not the last time I was going to make an ass of myself in America. His frank remark was not one bit flattering, but I must admit that later on I had more than once to appreciate Joe's wisdom and perceptibility.

Joe had readily taken upon himself the pleasure of introducing me into American social life. My first social function was to go with him to a saloon. Now a "salon" in Poland is a drawing-room. I was therefore greatly distressed to see that Joe was going to so formal a place in his working-clothes. But Joe assured me that he was well known there and that after all clothes don't make the man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This last reasoning coincided with my views on modern democracy. So we went.

Immediately upon entering the saloon I noticed that Joe was most properly dressed and that my own attire was quite out of place. I was very much embarrassed because of my conspicuousness, as I had attracted the attention of every one present and had overheard ironical remarks inspired by my appearance. But Joe, being a well-mannered man and used to the "social life" of the American saloon, instantly mastered the situation by introducing me first to the host and then to the guests of the saloon. The saloon-keeper happened to know my father and evidently for this reason tried to be very nice to me. So he told me that I was a plain fool for coming to America at a time when people were dying of starvation. I resented his remark, but Joe whispered into my ear that it would pay me to be on good terms with the saloon-keeper, who was not only very influential among the Polish immigrants but even with the police. He, Joe, had seen policemen shake hands with the saloon-keeper many a time. Besides, he was a rich man, known to have at least $3,000 in cash, and rich men in America could do anything they pleased. I could not agree with Joe's social philosophy, but for the time being I thought it the best policy not to offend him by questioning his wisdom. Of course I was invited to drink. After drinking two or three glasses of whiskey I declined to take more. Joe, however, advised me to keep on drinking, as otherwise those present might think I was a boob, which would considerably affect my future standing in the community. To please Joe and my other fellow immigrants I bravely stood the test.

On the way home Joe promised to call for me the next morning at six o'clock in order to take me around to the different factories where there might be a possibility of getting a job.

"It is true," he said, "that at present it is hard to get a job, but if you change your appearance so that you look like a man who means to work you may get something."

Joe then advised me to put on old and worn clothes, and, looking at my hands, he grinned and remarked that it would be well to soil those white and somewhat delicate members a bit; he also thought it might be helpful in trying to get a job if I were not too particular in washing my face.

When I was finally alone I dropped on my bed in a semi-conscious condition, feeling both physically and spiritually sick. I was under the illusion that I was still in that filthy saloon, full of smoke and revolting odors, and I saw the same unshaved, worn, and expressionless faces of the immigrants who were drinking, playing pool, and swearing at each other.

The next morning, cheerfully following Joe's suggestions, I changed my appearance so that it met fully with his approval. Joe was even good enough to commend me to my mother, saying that, although the education I had obtained in Poland would not amount to a straw in America, yet I had plenty of good-will and comparatively strong muscles with which to suit America's expectations.

With this encouragement I left for my first reconnoissance of the factories to find a real job which, according to Joe, would require nothing but good-will and strong muscles. I thought I had both at the time. Joe was a wise bird and had his own ideas of labor conditions in American factories, born of intimate contact with the stern realities.

He told me that it would be useless to look for a job at places where work was light, for there the native-born loafers were given preference. The only place where a Polish immigrant could get a job, he said, was in a foundry, so it would be best for me to stick around foundries and wait for my chance. Joe was right. I got my chance in a foundry—my first job in America—but nine months later. In the meantime I came to realize that my good will and strong muscles were of no more use to me in America than my education.

To describe my life during the first nine months in America it would be best to call it the life of a tramp. A type of native-born tramp is fairly familiar to the American public. Logically, it would seem that the life of a foreign-born tramp could not offer anything more of interest. For what difference does it make whether a tramp is native or foreign-born? A tramp is a tramp. Yet there is a great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinction between these two human products of our social system. In the first place, a native-born tramp naturally feels at home here. In the second place, he considers his tramping life rather a vocation than a necessity. His mode of life, his principles, and his views on human relations are all well embraced in a definite philosophical system, known as his "code of honor." The native-born tramp has also other advantages over his brother tramp of foreign origin. He speaks the language and knows the psychology of his community. It is easy, therefore, for him to get along with a community of respectable and law-abiding citizens. What he gets from the community is not, in his conviction, a favor, but rather the fulfilment of its duty toward him. He, a king of fresh air, enjoys his life and is happy to be a tramp regardless of whether the times are hard or prosperous.

The situation, however, is entirely different when we come to analyze the life and psychology of a foreign-born tramp. Generally a foreign-born tramp in America is a tramp not by choice, but of necessity. For, if there is the slightest sign of prosperity, that is, if there is any chance of getting work, the foreign-born tramp ceases to exist as a hobo, unless, of course, he is "morally insane." He accepts any kind of a job, faithfully sticks to it, and tries to be respectable. In case of economic crisis, however, when there is no chance to get work, a foreigner becomes a tramp to avoid starvation. In other words, he becomes a tramp of necessity. Because he does not speak English and does not know the psychology of the American people, he is naturally shy and frightened and gives the impression of a suspicious and dangerous character. This usually lands him in jail. I know of two Russian immigrants who, during the general unemployment, were forced to be tramps. Once they came to a small hamlet looking for something to eat. They espied a young girl sitting on the porch of an isolated house. One of them, evidently more daring than the other, approached the young lady and speaking in dumb show with his hands asked her for some bread. The scared girl was under the impression that the brute had in his mind some immoral tendencies. Being a clever and law-abiding citizeness, she asked him into the house, and while he was waiting in one room she went to another to notify the police. The other tramp, on seeing that his brother was so kindly received by the young lady, confidently approached the house and rapped on the door. The young lady let him in also, and asked both to wait. In a quarter of an hour the police came and arrested the intruders. There was a trial, of course, with the result that both these victims of unfortunate circumstances were convicted for disorderly conduct and sentenced to nine months in the State prison. This, one of many similar instances, plainly illustrates the usual fate of a foreign-born tramp.

In 1907 and 1908 there were thousands of the foreign-born tramps in this country. Against my own will, hard circumstances forced me to become one of them. Whether it was through sheer luck or by reason of my intelligence, I fortunately did not land in jail.

My tramping-life began about five weeks after my arrival in the country. The older of my two sisters married very unfortunately three weeks after my arrival, and two weeks later I lost my father, who is, however, still living somewhere in the United States. At that time our family was reduced to my dear mother, my fifteen-year-old sister, and myself. Neither my sister nor I could find work. We had to move to a cheaper place, which consisted of two small rooms, a kitchen, and thousands of insects.

Every day I was making my usual rounds to as many factories as I could reach in time. At each place I joined hundreds of immigrants waiting for an employment manager to come out and make the stereotyped announcement: "No help wanted to-day." He had to do this every day, for, in spite of a vividly displayed sign of "No help wanted," we would wait to hear the very same thing directly from the employment manager. Satisfied only then, we dispersed gradually.

From time to time there was great emotional excitement among the loitering group in front of the factory. It came when the employment manager had a place or two to offer. Then there was also

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great commotion. Every one tried to get as near to the manager as possible, in order to engage his attention. Lucky were those who had the build of a gorilla. They were usually hired. Those, on the other hand, who were of small build, undernourished, and pale were totally disregarded. Many a time had I been really sorry that I was not born a husky, gorilla-like peasant, for I would then have had much more chance of getting a job.

I never forced my way through the waiting group in order to get near the manager, as from a distance I could much better enjoy watching this human market of self-offered slavery. Every day I liked my pilgrimage to the factories more and more. I even began to worry that some day I might be given a job, thus losing all the excitement of a willing observer of this tragically comic strife for existence.

The days went by and no prospect of getting a job was in sight. In the meantime the living conditions at home grew steadily from bad to worse. My poor mother had exhausted all possible means of getting such help as had been coming occasionally from friends and neighbors. I tried to keep away from home as long as possible, so that mother would not have to worry about getting food for me. Returning, I always managed to convince her that I had had sumptuous meals here and there.

By meeting hundreds of immigrants every day in a common hunt for a job I had made quite a few friends. Word passed among them that I was a "highly" educated man, and that I could write nice letters. So gradually I began to receive orders for writing letters. My usual fee was fifteen cents for a letter from husband to wife and twenty-five cents for a letter from a young man to his sweetheart back in Poland. Gradually perfecting myself in writing love-letters, I received even as much as fifty cents a letter. But then it had to be a very fiery letter to command so high a fee!

This intellectual occupation of mine was conducted in various saloons, which were the only places of social recreation for the immigrants, so far as I knew. Getting in this way into the very midst of "social life," I was invited once to a ball, which was held in a hall next to one of the saloons. That was quite an affair to me, as it was at that ball that I made my social début. As the clothes I brought from Poland were, in Joe's opinion, too foreign-looking, I was obliged to appear at the ball in the same attire in which I was appearing every morning before the factories. Joe's maxim that "clothes do not make a man" quieted my rebellious sensitiveness in regard to so grave a sin against conventionality. I went with ten cents in my pocket and for a while I felt quite happy.

At the ball I witnessed something that stirred my highest patriotic feelings. A number of civil and military societies attended the ball *in gremio*. The members of the military societies were dressed up in the beautiful historic uniforms of the old Polish army. I saw real swords swinging at the sides of these good patriots imitating Polish soldiers. I saw them marching around the hall with the Polish colors and shouting at the top of their voices: "Poland is not yet lost!" Tears came to my eyes and I began to appreciate the freedom that America so generously offered to these Polish exiles.

After this ceremony the dancing was started with the mad Polish *Oberek*, which only Poles know how to dance. Over a hundred pairs whirled around, forgetting the hard times in America, the misery and starvation which some had fled in Europe to re-encounter here. Watching the inspiring vitality and enthusiasm of these spiritually sound and physically strong Polish peasants, I realized more than ever that "Poland was not yet lost."

Soon after the ball Lent started. Poles, as a rule, observe Lent strictly. My mother, being very religious, wished me to see the local priest and ask him to grant a dispensation to our family so that we might eat meat during the lenten season, as meat was much cheaper than sea food. I was glad to visit the priest, for it meant to me a first opportunity of meeting an educated Pole in America. Besides, I hoped also to get some spiritual consolation because of my hard experiences.

When, however, I explained my mission to the good father he abruptly refused my plea, saying that I must be an unbeliever, for if I were a good Catholic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I could get along on bread and coffee. So I asked the good father if that was the way he was going to observe Lent. In reply, he ordered me out of the house.

The good father's strict adherence to Christian principles aroused my deepest admiration, so much so that on coming home I told my mother that we were granted permission to eat anything we could get hold of.

Incidentally, while I was captain in the United States army, the same priest had me to dinner at his house and considered it a great honor to have me. I reminded the father of my first visit to him, and we both laughed, though I thought it was a joke on him.

During Lent my sister obtained work at a leather factory, which paid five dollars a week. It helped my mother to straighten out her budget somewhat. It shamed me, however, to see my little sister working hard while I was such a helpless and, it seemed, hopeless burden to my family.

Knowing Joe to be a very good and sincere friend of mine, I once frankly explained to him that I was at the end of my rope and that I had to choose between two things—either to steal or to commit suicide. Joe looked at me and calmly told me that any fool can commit suicide and that it takes a clever man to know how to steal. He concluded, therefore, that I would not be able to do either.

I wonder what an asset this simple illiterate peasant might be to the world if he had the proper education.

Joe advised me to put an ad in the Newark *Evening News*. So I did. On the next morning and in answer to the ad a gentleman came to offer me the job of dish-washer in a hotel outside of Newark. He was the second American to talk to me since the time I met my first "American" aboard the ship. He was very refined and well dressed. I packed my belongings and was ready to leave with him. The gentleman then asked me whether I had a white suit, which was needed for this kind of work. Of course I did not have one. So he told me that I could buy one on the way over, and that it would cost only five dollars. Through an interpreter I explained to him that I had hardly seen a five-dollar bill since I came to America.

"Well," he said, "I am sorry. If you want this job you must have a white suit."

I had to have a job. So my mother borrowed five dollars on the strength of my sister's wages, and then I left with the gentleman.

We came to a department store and my supposed future employer told me to go in and buy a white suit. But I explained to him, with the aid of my hands, that I would not be able to make myself understood, as I did not know English. So he reluctantly took the five-dollar bill from me and went in himself to buy the suit. Yes, he went—and never came back.

Oh, how I hated America that day!

Five years passed. During that time I was freely rolled by fate, like a snowball, against new—though similar in nature—experiences, always treacherous, bitter, and consequently poisoning my mind with alarming prejudices against America.

Nine months of unemployment in a strange country and among strange people, nine months of starvation, beggar life, and humiliation might have deprived any man of whatever human virtues he was possessed. And it is of no concern what the great teachers preach of moral virtues, for a human being starving for three or more days has his own moral philosophy.

Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that a helpless and destitute immigrant, such as I was under the circumstances, had reached the crossroads of good and evil and cared not which he would follow? Were it not for my dear mother, who reminded me always of the great truth that the straight way was the shortest and safest way to success, I might have followed the way of least resistance and landed God only knows where. With the help of my mother, however, I was able to resist all temptations which were flirting with me from beyond every corner of "easy-going life." And so I had declined to accept a membership in the Suicide Club. The members of the club were mostly "intellectuals" whose minds were diseased with the Hindu philosophy of nothingness. I had also successfully re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sisted the approaches of the eager apostles of "no-government belief." I was deaf to the wonderful offers coming from fake corporations to sell their stock. In a word, I had happily succeeded in retaining my identity as a man throughout the most turbulent days of my life in this country.

My first job, which was in a foundry, was in fact the first glimpse of a sunny day in America. In spite of the fact that next morning I could hardly replace my bones in their original settings, I was cheerful and happy. Three months later, however, I lost the job. Again unemployment followed. Then came work on the farm. It was hard, too hard for me. In some factory in New Britain, Conn., while employed in the chemical department, I had almost lost my sight. Next came the hard work in the coal-mines in West Virginia. The evergreen West Virginia mountains and the mules in the mines were my best associates. Then back again in Newark, N. J., on a four-dollar-a-week job in a suit-case factory. Out of this substantial wage I was to pay five dollars a week for board and lodging. After having wasted a year in the suit-case factory, I had secured a place in a machine-shop in which I worked for two years. And in this way five years passed since my coming to America. As I looked behind me I saw in the kaleidoscope of my life in America nothing but hardships, misery, and disillusions. And looking ahead I could see nothing through the thick and dark mist of my apathy and hopelessness.

I was unable to speak English and I did not care to study it. I knew very little about America and Americans, and I had not a single American friend. Those with whom I worked in factories held foreigners in contempt, so I kept away from Americans entirely.

For five long years I never heard of any Americanization institution and I never met any social worker. Nobody cared a straw whether I was a good prospective citizen or an anarchist. So I drifted aimlessly upon the sea of indifference in the lonely boat of prejudices and weariness.

One day I met a young man, an immigrant, but truly Americanized, who was a student of the American International College at Springfield, Mass. He was the first who explained to me in a very serious manner that America was a wonderful country and that the real Americans are very kind, generous, and human; that it was my great misfortune not to have met some of them during my five years' stay in America. He practically forced me to go with him to Springfield in order to enter the college. Thank heaven, I did! I found the American International College to be a great school for foreigners and its teachers the best expounders of America's greatness. This wonderful school had not only saved me from ultimate utter indifference to life, and particularly to America, but in a short time made out of me a genuine American, who in the last national emergency immediately answered the call of his adopted country, and while in the service succeeded in reaching the rank of captain in the United States Army.

The Latch

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

Long, long ago, when I was young,
  Who now am weary-old,
A white birch by our doorway grew,
  Whose every leaf was gold.

And I, from very far away,
  Oft close my eyes to see
The door that quivers on the latch
  Beside the golden tree.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Taggin' Ship"

BY STELLA BEEHLER RUDDOCK

SO many people have said to me, "How wonderful it must be to travel around the world on the battleships with your husband!" or "The government surely believes in furnishing the finest material for the officers' uniforms," or "What a heavenly care-free life you must live—all thrills and parties." On the other hand there are those who say: "Poor girl, you must have a sad life, never with your husband, no home life, no ties, it must be terrible!" Or they say: "How do you stand being left behind in some quiet little place, while he is far away being entertained and fussed over? I couldn't bear it, I'm too jealous."

Between these extremes lies the truth.

I was the daughter of a naval officer and the Wanderlust was in my blood. I was accustomed to being hastily uprooted from places just as they began to seem homelike, reconciled to the breaking off of budding friendships, only to renew them again years later in totally unexpected places. The glamour of the sea, the fanfare of the service, the appeal of constant change had cast their spell over me at an early age. Only after my marriage to an ensign in the navy did I begin to discover the poignancy of the life, its heartaches and disappointments. And, when, a few hours after the marriage service Tom and I stood in a room filled with a glittering array of wedding presents and planned for their indefinite storage, not all the glamour nor all the thrills could keep me from heaving a tiny sigh for the home that might have been, nor from wondering when and where we would ever see our things again.

Contrary to the highly romantic, wholly erroneous idea, wives never travel on the battleships with their husbands. Consequently when Tom sailed away for Guantanamo, Cuba, just one month after we were married, I went home to mother and tried to pass the next four months as best I could. At that, I was luckier than many wives. My parents lived in a very central part of the East coast, the fare within reach of our pocketbooks. But I knew several young wives whose homes were so far away they couldn't afford to make the trip. They had to settle in some place near the coast and wait for the months to pass. Heavens! What chunks of life I have wished away waiting for the ships to come home.

When the fleet returned from Cuba I had my first taste of meeting the ships. In those days the Mecca for both the army and navy group was the Hotel Chamberlin, with its wide halls and rambling verandas and its air of gracious hospitality. What scenes of joy and heartbreak have been enacted beneath its roof! The rapturous reunions, the all-too-short days crowded with high-tension living. Every hour of the day and night, made to yield its full of life and thrills and parties, was intensified and brought into sharp relief by the ever-present thought that those few days had to hold all the pleasure, excitement, and companionship that an ordinary person would spread over the course of six months.

People seeing us at times like those form the idea that a naval officer never works. "Why," you can hear them say, "they were ashore all the time, or if they did go back it was for a short hour or two. Their wives looked as if they didn't have a care in the world, thinking only of dressing, flirting, and living in expensive hotels. That's what we taxpayers pay for."

That is the only cross-section of our lives they see. They neither see nor care about the months and months the men are away, working, drilling, training for target practice, being up night after night, standing watches or navigating—far away from home—often way out of touch with the mails, sometimes not putting their feet on the solid ground for months.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They like it, they do not complain, but they certainly are entitled to their few days of concentrated fun. As for the wives, those trips represent months of savings. Salaries, the adequate for bread-and-butter, do not allow for many imported gowns; yet we would fain not be too far outshone by our gorgeously apparelled husbands—whose uniforms, contrary to belief, are not paid for by the government. So, to most of us, the months when the ships are gone mean not only sorrowful separations from our loved ones but drab periods of strict economy from which we emerge for short flights of comparative splendor and happiness.

That summer the fleet based at Newport, R. I. I was to join Tom in Newport and we would go hunting for rooms. Never shall I forget that day! The heat was intense. The streets of Newport wander up and down hills, and the prices for rooms all wander up. With a decided taste for the good things of life and an ensign's salary divided by two, we had hard work finding a place to stay. At last after an entire day of searching we found some rooms that we thought would do. Tom had to go back to the ship that night for a twenty-four-hour tour of duty —that "bête noir" of navy life that hangs over all our thoughts and ruthlessly spoils many a plan. Eight o'clock Saturday morning saw me dressed and eagerly planning for a glorious week-end together. Then, instead of Tom's eager form at the door, there was a sailor with a note from him saying he would not be ashore for three days as he was "under hack." Being placed "under hack" is the naval expression for being under arrest; an officer is denied certain parts of the ship, relieved from duty, and refused all shore liberty.

Visions of prison, visions of unalterable disaster rushed upon me. I was terrified at the thought of what Tom might have done. My inexperience had no precedent for this time of fright. In my years of married life I have enjoyed in full, many times, the wifely privilege of vain worryings about my husband. But, even now, the memory of that bitter experience stands out fresh and poignant in my mind, no less so for its really trivial dénouement.

It seemed to me that those three days of worry and loneliness would never end; but, at last, they were over and Tom was ashore again. His trouble had been so slight as to make us laugh about it. The captain had changed the orders for his "gig" (captain's private speed boat) at the last moment. Tom was the officer of the deck and was responsible for the carrying out of these orders. He forgot to send the boat at the new time, which made the captain stand cooling his heels on the dock for thirty minutes. And the cooler his heels grew, the hotter grew his anger, so when he arrived on board, poor Tom was placed under hack for three days. Few captains would have done more than give Tom a good lecture on forgetfulness; but, anyway, we were together again and he had had his medicine. So we laughed and forgot it.

The fleet was there all that summer, alternating between ten days of tactical manœuvres out at sea and ten days in port, which they used in repairing and cleaning ship, athletics for the sailors, and a chance at home for the officers.

Besides the big formal parties on board ship there are times innumerable when one or two of us go out for dinner with our husbands. At those times a woman gets as near to the real, every-day life of the ship as possible.

One night when Tom had the duty I went out to dine with him. I found, as was usual when the ship was in port, that some other guests were going to be present. A wife of one of the ship's officers; two young girls and their mother; guests of some of the bachelors. We five guests were distributed around the table among about forty officers, so that we hardly made any impression on the masculine atmosphere—though I have no doubt it was greatly tempered by our presence. Many people think that the officers' mess is a government-paid affair. As a matter of fact they are always co-operative, and any entertainments that are given on board ship are paid for by the mess that invites you.

As I took my place I looked around at the long table perfectly appointed, the silent efficient service of the mess-boys, the steel walls hung with many striking original paintings, the fine Steinway

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piano, the expensive victrola, the comfortable leather couches and seats, and then as though giving the lie to all this luxury and comfort on either side of the mess-room were the ends of two five-inch guns protruding their ugly faces into the midst of the party—fairly shouting: "Look at us, we are the *raison d'être* of all this. We are It." And I imagined this same room in some future time, with all these men coolly taking their battle stations, the ship rocked by each quivering salvo. Wounded men lying where we sat now, and, yet, no more confusion, no more outward show of fear. For these men had grown up with guns and danger, and learned to take it all in a day's work.

About ten o'clock the other guests went home. I started to go too, as Tom had the deck watch from eight to twelve. One of Tom's classmates, however, who was escorting a girl to Jamestown, said if I cared to wait he would relieve Tom half an hour early and he could take me home. It was a lovely night, warm and clear, so without thinking of appearances I said I would stay.

After the guests were gone, the deck lights were turned out and the whole ship seemed to be sleeping. The monotonous sound of footsteps slowly pacing back and forth and the slight ripple of the water against the side of the ship were the only sounds to break the stillness. I began to feel decidedly out of place and wish I had gone home. I thought uneasily of stray bits of gossip I had heard about a woman who had tried to stay on board ship all night, the faint air of horror and disgust that always went with the telling of the story. I shrank back in the folds of Tom's boat cape and made a mental resolution that if I "got away with it" that time, I'd never be so foolish again. About 11 P. M., just as I was thinking my time was almost over, the silence was broken by the shrill blast of the boatswain's whistle. Men came pouring on deck in varying stages of undress. Suddenly the whole deck was flooded by the glare of a huge search-light. Tom scarcely had time to tell me a man had escaped from the "brig" (ship's prison) when the captain and executive officer came on deck. I cowered on my bench hoping to pass unnoticed; but when some of the searchers actually looked behind me for the man, I was petrified with fright and embarrassment. After about half an hour's search they found the poor fellow hiding in one of the forward turrets. He was escorted back to the brig. The big search-lights were turned out. The captain and the executive officer went back to their cabins. They had never even glanced my way, and that was the hardest part of it all, as I was bursting with suppressed explanations of my presence. By this time, however, Tom's friend had returned and Tom was able to take me home—a chastened and a wiser woman.

Came fall; our ship was going to the New York yard for overhaul. Three months out of every fifteen are laid aside for repair period for the different ships. The hope of that time carries us through all the hardships of the other twelve months. At last we would get an apartment, unpack our wedding gifts, and have a home. The thought was excruciating joy.

The ship was to arrive in New York on a certain Saturday, early in October. I came down from Jamestown the night before and registered at the hotel we had decided upon. The next morning I dashed out shopping—new suit, new hat, new shoes, all ready to surprise Tom. Finally I decided to telephone the navy-yard and find out if our ship had arrived. The girl said: "Why, no, they do not expect the *W*—— till next Wednesday." Imagine my disappointment! I could have wept! Then I bethought me of a friend who would console me and help pass the time. I called him up and in half an hour we were driving out to luncheon and then for a long ride in the autumn afternoon.

Just as we were to have dinner, I decided to telephone my hotel on the chance of their having had word from my husband. What was my amazement to find that he was there, had been since one o'clock, and was walking the floor like a caged lion. The ship had stayed at Tompkinsville, S. I., and the girl at the navy-yard knew only when they were due up there. By such things do we navy wives learn not to trust in "dope" (advance information about the movements of ships).

We found a dream of an apartment, unpacked all our stuff as if we were going to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

live there the rest of our lives, and stayed there two and a half perfectly blissful months.

When the United States declared war on Germany, the whole fleet was rushed to a rendezvous at Hampton Roads. Once more the Chamberlin was crowded with mothers, wives, and sweethearts. But this time there was a sombre note through it all. Every one thought our ships would be sent across immediately. The army rather thought they wouldn't get into it very much and either congratulated themselves or bemoaned their fate, according to the caliber of the individual. How much we talked, and how little we knew! The army was rushed across and our fleet mysteriously disappeared, only to be discovered in a few days by the advance-guard of wives, safely tucked away up the York River.

There followed the battle of the York Flow, which for straining of nerve and morale, petty annoyances and inconveniences, together with that deadly foe to men's peace of mind, inaction, had the battle of Scapa Flow backed off the map.

There were seven of us who arose one morning before dawn of a day early in April and made our way through a fine, driving rain to the docks at Norfolk. The wind was blowing half a gale and the waters of the bay looked absolutely forbidding. The tiny boat which was to take us up the York River looked unseaworthy. But our husbands had found places for us to stay, it was war time, and the ships might sail any hour, so we calmed our fears and climbed on board. I had the baby with me, then a husky seven-months-old child, and I can truly say in all that horrible day, he was the only really happy comfortable person on the boat.

We landed about three o'clock in an absolutely wild spot of wet woods and marsh-like roads. The only sign of human habitation was a rickety old dock at the farther end of which stood a little group of men—our husbands and some native farmers; as they came to help us off the boat, they broke the news to us that we had a seven-mile drive through the woods before we could reach our destination. Alas! there were no comfortable limousines swiftly to carry us over those miles. Instead, our tired eyes rested on three mud-bespattered, antiquated buggies whose dejected outlines showed only too plainly their springless condition. It was still raining a fine cold rain and it was too late to back out then, so we climbed into the waiting vehicles and managed somehow to live through those seven interminable miles of bumps.

The farmhouse where we were to stay was absolutely devoid of architectural beauty. Its four uncompromising sides were unbroken by any porch or graceful doorway. But to the seven weary travellers it looked like a palace. We were ushered into a typical farmhouse parlor, with its air of disuse and peculiar musty odor. But the fire in the grate looked cheerful, the rooms were clean, and we dropped down wearily into the nearest chairs. Of course there were no bathrooms, absolutely no conveniences; but we were glad to have a place to lay our heads. Even the dinner that night, of kale and oysters warmed up with no idea of seasoning, tasted pretty good. It was only by degrees that the full horror broke upon us that this was all we would have to eat for days at a time. Our landlady would cook up huge batches of the stuff and warm it over for each meal until we had eaten all of it. Those so-called farmers didn't even have a cow or chickens. They were really oystermen, and the most shiftless set of people I have ever met.

Our new home was situated on a creek that flowed into the York River about a half mile below us, making it very easy for our husbands to come ashore in the evenings; though many night drills and the rigid watch list kept us all uncertain as to just when and for how long to expect them.

The historic village of Yorktown and all surrounding country was crowded with navy families. Every available farmhouse had its quota of boarders. From a sleepy, half-dead community, it grew overnight into a thriving, bustling place, with stands and concessions popping up like mushrooms in every field and on either side of the road, with bluejackets swarming like bees around them, literally forcing prosperity on the natives. When I had occasion to revisit that part of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country two years later, I looked in vain for the old buggies and run-down farms. Glittering new cars met my eye at every turn. Everywhere could be seen the effects of association with higher standards of living. But alas for us first arrivals, who had to take some pretty hard knocks, and who on numerous occasions felt we were pretty near to starvation.

Needless to say, there was a continual underflow of rumors about the movements of the ships. In vain did the admiral storm and demand secrecy. No one told anything but every one knew. The admiral blamed the wives and tried to have them ordered away from the base but found he had no real jurisdiction over them. And when all the wives of the admirals and captains decided to stay in spite of orders, the admiral gave it up. But he was always hoping to get the ships away and in another port without being discovered by the women.

One by one, the ships would slip away, either to the navy-yards for overhaul, or directly across to England or France. Every day we waited, half hoping, half fearing, that our ship would go next.

One morning, about ten weeks after we had arrived, our husbands came dashing into the house. We were told to have everything packed in half an hour as the ship was sailing for Norfolk and they could take our trunks with them. It was a wild scramble, but we finally had everything ready even to kiddie koops and baby-carriages. The next day we made the journey in rowboats across the creek and down the river to Gloucester Point; across the York River in an archaic, flat-bottom ferry-boat, two and a half miles, jitney ride to Lee Hall, and the rest of the way by train—thankful that those weeks were behind us.

My experiences during the months Tom was abroad were in no-wise unique. All over the country women were having to go through the same mill and the advantage was on my side. These separations were more or less of an old story to me, and though I felt Tom's absence keenly, my life roots had not been so violently disturbed. After all, my roots had had no chance to grow. Our lives are mushroom growths on the various communities.

Nevertheless, when I came home from a long day at Camp Meade and saw the head-lines in the paper, "U. S. Fleet to return Christmas Eve. Grand Review to be held in New York," I was as thrilled as any one. On the 23d the papers published the news that the fleet would not arrive till the 26th. They had been delayed by storms. It was a terrible disappointment not to have them in for Christmas, but such are the fortunes of the sea and we had to make the best of it. But out with the fleet they were not so resigned. They had been delayed by storms only a few hours and could easily have made North River by the afternoon of the 24th. But the "Powers that Be" were determined to have the parade and review the minute the ships arrived, and as the afternoon arrival would make it too late, they were told to anchor outside and wait till the 26th.

Imagine the feelings of those men! One whole division had been overseas thirteen months, and yet just to gratify a desire for a pompous display they were kept away from their friends and families on Christmas Day.

Well, the bitterest day will end, and December 26 dawned in a snow-storm; but they had their review. I stood in the lee of Grant's Tomb and watched our ships, like great ghosts stealing into view out of a background of gray river and whirling snow, safely home at last. As soon as the men could be hurried ashore the parade started. It had stopped snowing and the sun came out as the columns got under way for their long march from 150th Street to 23d Street landing. The officers and men in their blue uniforms and white leggings were as likely a body of men as ever paraded down that much paraded thoroughfare.

I stood on Broadway straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of Tom. He passed, leading a division; and at sight of his familiar figure the crowds melted away, the eight months seemed a dream, the long harrowing wait was over. "Tom," I shouted frantically, "oh, Tom!" So close he passed I could almost touch him, but he passed, without a flicker of an eyelash, without a sign. A ripple of laughter ran through the crowd; then one sympathetic voice was heard to explain: "He doesn't see her, poor girl."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The streets and windows were crowded, but by some strange freak of crowd psychology there was practically no cheering. The men marched block after block through silent staring crowds, where the sporadic cheers or clapping of the few served only to accentuate the silence of the rest. The reason for this cold reception will always be a mystery. Of course the battleships had been in no actual fights, but they helped the English to keep the Germans bottled up. Theirs had been the hard and thankless task of being always ready and never called.

Probably the crowd never thought it out. They were satiated with parades and cheering; the war was over and—Oh, well, whatever the reason, the fact remained, and to the men who marched, there could come but one thought: Was it for this that they were kept outside, away from family and friends all of Christmas Day?

Shortly after this, Tom received orders as aide to Admiral X—— in Panama. Two whole years of shore duty confronted us, and life seemed good indeed.

Travelling by transport can be distinctly amusing, if you don't get seasick and if you carry your sense of humor with you. The boats are usually filled to capacity, baths are few and hard to get to, and everything is graded strictly according to rank. Even the women go on the rank of their husbands whether present or absent. Of course with the berthing of the passengers it would have to be that way, but sensible women never think of it after that. There are quite a number of women, however, who use their husband's rank as a lever to get them all sorts of privileges, and they can't bear that any woman whose husband's rank is lower than theirs, should have a single thing in the way of comfort or privilege that they might not have.

The transport we sailed on had its quota of all kinds, and before the day was over the groups began to classify. First are the incessant card-players who play morning, noon, and night, oblivious of everything else. Then there are the ones who take the children seriously and sit around in groups talking of babies and clothes. Next there are the flirtatious ones, whose private haunts are wind-and-light-shielded corners. And last, the much-caricatured, much-to-be-pitied seasick ones.

For the first few days, until we were well past Cape Hatteras, the last group held, by far, the greatest number. It was early in March, cold and stormy, and the deck was decidedly unpopular. About the third day out, however, the weather cleared, and in an hour the decks were filled, and pleasures, as usual, were the order of the day.

When we arrived at Panama we left the transport and took the train across the Isthmus, as the trip through the locks was apt to be long and hot and we were anxious to get settled.

The real naval station is at Colon, but Tom's duties as aide kept us on the Pacific side, and we were assigned to quarters on the army post. So that really for our two years' shore duty, we were more army than navy.

The quarters at Fort Amador are all quite new and very comfortable. From the windows of our bedroom we could see the silhouette of houses in Old Panama City, lending a touch of the Old World to the modern activities that surround the Canal zone. Right in the rear of our house ran the parade-ground, the centre of all activities on an army post, from "guard mount" in the morning to "colors" at night. There's always something doing, and over all is the sound of the bugle-call, ringing out for work or play, running like a silver thread through my memory of those years of army life.

Any army post is an essentially social spot, and in a place like Panama where the servant question is unknown and living is a joy, there were always parties and good times being planned, and our two years together went by on wings.

In the winter the Atlantic and Pacific fleets had their joint manœuvres in the bay. Every available accommmodation was filled. The liberty parties from the ships completely overflowed the Isthmus. Prices soared, a condition inevitable to the advent of the fleet in any community. Class reunions, entertainments by the governor and army for the navy, and return parties on the ships made us live in a whirl.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the second reunion of the fleets, Tom's shore duty was up and he received orders to join one of the Pacific fleet ships then in the harbor.

Once more our things were packed away and shipped to California, though I had scant hope of really needing much of our stuff for the next three years. Tom had been gone about three weeks when the transport came through the Canal en route to San Francisco. Junior and I went on board and started "Taggin' Ship" again. This time we had a coast of one thousand five hundred miles to travel up and down—back and forth. Sometimes wearily, sometimes joyfully. But, no matter which, adventuring all the way.

And so it goes. A nomad's life, a solitary and individual group of people. Rather clannish, seldom identifying ourselves with any community, we go through life like the will-o'-the-wisp. Our goal, the next port for the ship.

The Glory of All England

BY EDWARD W. BOK

THERE are some who think of England with its ways of shell-pink may,
(And those who ne'er have seen them have ne'er seen Heaven's spring,
When God is whispering in a world of softly falling rains);
They think of foxgloved highways where the hedge-rose nestles close,
Of the high holly hedges and the woods of rhododendron,
Of crags and banks "where the wild thyme grows," and glens of hart's-tongue fern,
Of its moors of purple heather, where the winds are welcome friends.

There are those who think of England with its gardens drenched with dew,
Where the rose takes on a beauty and a glory unsurpassed,
Where the poppies shed their fool's-caps and close with evening's dusk,
And the primrose opens petals to greet the new white moon,
Where the wallflower and larkspur bloom beside the chaliced lily,
Closed in by the southern wall where peaches sun their cheeks,
And the berried fruits grow luscious for Devon's far-famed cream,
By the walk of myrrh and lavender that leads to a white farm-gate.

But the glory of the garden is not England's greatest glory;
The glory of all England, supreme and time-defied
Are the trees that spread their branches o'er Britain's hard-fought lands,
The trees that bring the nightingale to Oxted, and the lark to Windsor's park,
The tall dark pines that stand before the citadels of night,
The linden and the leafy lime: the song-trees of the roads,
The spired spruce, the hemlock, the larch of lacy green,
The feathery fir: the white-clad minister of wintry days,
The cool green yew within whose shade an Elegy was writ,
The oak whose majesty of strength defies all storm, and time and space;
Symbols of Britain's strength are these, from Roman days and Saxon rule.

Let others sing her roses rare, her heather and her may;
But to me
The glory of all England is in her trees sublime:
The lordly trees of Arthur's time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ragtime, Jazz, and High Art

BY W. J. HENDERSON
Author of "The Emancipation of Music," etc.

WHAT is ragtime? What is jazz? And whence and whither? Ragtime is no longer mentioned. "Jazz" has lost its original meaning. Paul Whiteman, artist in popular music, protests against calling the prevailing species of dance-songs jazz. But no matter what we choose to call our popular music, it is *sui generis*. We should not apologize for it. "A poor thing, but mine own," mumbled the shamefaced Touchstone. Yet, barring her inability to babble like her chosen lord and master, Audrey was probably quite as valuable a member of the human race as the fool in the forest. Perhaps her price was not above rubies, but she was at least worthy of the respect of a Touchstone.

Now, as for what is at present called jazz, we Americans have no need to whimper "a poor thing, but mine own." It is our own, but if it is a poor thing then we are poor things too, for it represents us with uncanny fidelity. What else musical have we created? The melancholy echoes of dissenters' chapels composed by Hopkins or the solemn platitudes of Lowell Mason? Was there a rural church in all Britain from which these might not have emerged? Or shall we pin our faith on the "Hora Novissima" of Horatio Parker, breathing the blessed spirit of the venerable festival of the Three Choirs, or the "Pagan Poem" of Charles Martin Loeffler, trumpeting classic memories of Lutetia in the language of all Gaul?

We refrain. We hesitate and are lost in the mists of speculation. For if we searchingly review the history of our musical rise and progress we arrive at the inescapable conclusion that we have assimilated the arts of all the nations of earth and made none of our own. History is tiresome even to people who do not share the sceptical views of Henry Ford as to its value; but we must refer to it in order to declare that it denudes us of all garments of musical glory. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century we produced nothing which still moves before us. When the little group of New Englanders, our first modern composers, began its activities, the ears of all musical students were turned toward Europe, and they are still strained to the sound-waves from the east. The nations of Europe were not only nations, but peoples. They had the racial and characteristic backgrounds essential to the creation of their own types of art. They had folk-music foundations and long and painfully developed schemes of artistic musical architecture. Our would-be Mozarts and Schuberts had nothing national to build upon. We were a nation, but not a people. The melting-pot was seething and boiling with ingredients from the icy mountains and the coral strands. When we made a play it was patterned after Farquhar or Sheridan. When we painted a portrait we fixed our reverent gaze on Sir Joshua. When we fashioned a public building we bowed before the shrines of Wren and Gibbs.

Our students of music were nevertheless profoundly ignorant of the existence of the musical treasures of most of the European nations. The Italian opera and the German symphony loomed as master creations before them. Since Italian operas were obviously desirable chiefly because they were imported and but vaguely understood, whereas the native articles suffered from the shameless exposure of the language, the goal of our musicians became the concert platform. The Titans of concert art were Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven; the treasuries in which their traditions were hoarded were the conservatories of Dresden and Leipsic, Berlin and Vienna. But Austria was practically *terra incognita*. Berlin was gloomily repellent. So the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DeLAND FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

youthful aspirants hastened overseas to learn all the secrets of the Saxons. And when they returned they gave us symphonic Mendelssohn and water or hard-boiled fugues without salt or pepper.

We possess among our musical treasures some of the most elegantly groomed symphonies and perfectly trimmed string quartets that have proceeded from the mind of man. We have large, spacious, well-ventilated oratorios, wholesome and refreshing as country afternoons. Our operas have been anxiously made upon the Italian last and have altered their outlines with every slow shift of fashion along the Piazza della Scala. And what noble and uplifting tone poems, marching bravely behind the grizzled standard of Richard Strauss, as their forerunners paraded with the flag of Liszt! Piano concertos and violin concertos we also own, reflecting every ray of glory from those of Mozart and Corelli to those of Saint-Saëns and Tschaikowsky.

We have not stood still. We have made progress faithfully in the footsteps of Europe. We are nothing if not up-to-date. And style? Well, one may do some boasting about that, for there is nothing in the shape of style which we have not tried at least once. We are eclectic, above all things, and true to our mission as a melting-pot. Meanwhile we have missed one great thing—music of the people, by the people, and for the people. We could not produce that while the German maennerchor in every town was clinging to the fatherland classics, the Swedish and Italian and even Irish societies resolutely turning their backs on everything except what chanted the rhythms of their own lands.

So when an American composer felt it incumbent upon him to write a symphony in B flat just because all the ancient immortals wrote symphonies, he was compelled to invent absolutely colorless themes and develop them in architectural musical forms designed by Beethoven and taught with authority in the great temples of culture in Dresden and Leipsic.

But onward-looking Europe declined to tarry beside the biers of Beethoven and Schubert. She sought and found new melodic and harmonic diction in the whole-tone scale dangled before her eyes like a string of pearls by the delicate fingers of Debussy. And later came the prophets of the north with harmonic scales, harmony in two planes, atonal and polytonal mazes, and the bewildering procession of new creations ranging from the ecstatic poems of the polite Scriabin to the elemental disclosures of the rude Stravinsky. And with her eyes still scanning the purple horizons over the eastern sea America read the new message and took up the weak man's burden of imitation.

The ignorant people chattered noisily over the new things. "Why do they bring us this music which is not music?" some cried. "Let them keep to their Mozart, Beethoven, and even Wagner. We have gone as far as we are going." But missionary work was to be done in order that those who had nothing to say in music might bury their emptiness under a dazzling parade of the new devices. And so began the rise of the leagues and the guilds.

How beautiful is the spirit of brethren who dwell together in unity! What an inspiring influence is the good American "get-together" meeting! In all music there has been nothing more persuading than a Sunday-night gathering of one of these guilds devoted to the dissemination of the new gospel. Yet in the end it was not the valiant apostles of the new creed who wore the crowns of glory, but the unbridled prophet of the steppes, Igor Stravinsky himself. "Renard" and the "Histoire d'un Soldat" laughed their way into the memories of unbelieving recorders of musical incidents, while the solemn absurdities of the profound Varese, Salzedo, and Ruggles evaporated in the cold sunlight of the morning after.

Neither the grave and reverend seniors who brought from Europe the rubber stamp "approved by Carl Reinecke" or the youthful aspirants who dreamed they had found the fountain of eternal youth in the dead sea of Milhaud, Poulenc, and the so-called "Group of Six" produced anything that caused a single responsive throb in the heart of America. From Skowhegan to Port Jervis the spirit of the nation beat time to the rhythms of the jazz tunes, and when the inner brotherhood in Forty-seventh Street implores the people to harken to Ruggles's "Vox

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clamans in deserto" or the "Octandre" of Edgar Varese, the graceless people rudely chant: "Why did you kiss that girl?"

There are signs of an awakening. The musicians have begun to discover that their ancient altars are in danger of being burned by the home fires. The *Etude*, a leading musical magazine, has enriched its columns with a symposium on jazz. Eminent musicians, such as Leopold Stokowski, John Alden Carpenter, Walter Spalding, of Harvard, and a score of others have said their say. Stokowski, the brilliant conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is of the opinion that jazz is here to stay. Well, that may or may not be. Its effects will surely last, though jazz as it is at the moment may pass into the dim chambers of memory or figure only in more or less accurate histories of the development of music in the United States.

But what lexicographer can catch and imprison within two lines of agate type the meaning of the word jazz? For the term has become involved in inextricable linguistic confusion. Ragtime was the syncopated music that rested on the basis of the old-time negro jig. The double-shuffle and the clarion call of the floor manager for everybody to "sift sand" suggested new conjuring tricks to composers. Hardly anything of all that remains. How much ragtime can be found in Irving Berlin's latest gems?

It need not greatly concern the student of music where ragtime originated. Fred Stone, the comedian, said in an interview in the New York *Times* that he first heard it played on a piano by a negro in New Orleans in 1895. Mr. Stone believes that it was derived from a dance called the "Pasmala," which he suspected to be a corruption of "pas à mêle"—a mixed step. This dance featured the shuffling, dragging foot, and the short tone preceding the long one as in the typical ragtime snap. From this dance Bert Jordan and others developed dances which depended for their interest on the rhythms sounded by the feet and these rhythms were generally of the "rag" type.

Jazz, strictly speaking, is instrumental effects, the principal one being the grotesque treatment of the portamento, especially in the wind-instruments. The professor of jazz, in the English of genius, calls these effects "smears." The writer first heard jazz performed by trombone-players in some of the marching bands in the days of our war preparation. Afterward the ingenious players of the popular music discovered how to produce these wailing, sliding tones on other instruments. Later came the incomparable Ross Gorman, who can evoke the laugh of a hyena from a clarinet and the bark of a dog from a heckelphone. But the caterwaul of the nocturnal tabby, the baying of the wandering "houn' dawg," and the unnecessary crowing of the 2-A.-M. rooster are not essential to jazz music. They have been made a part of it because such instrumental antics entertain the crowd.

The employment of curious devices for altering the tonal quality of certain wind-instruments shocks the conservative music-lover more by its appearance than its musical effect. When a trombone-player places the bell of his instrument close to the mouth of a megaphone and obtains new and genuinely beautiful tonal effects, he is doing a legitimate musical thing which would be more subtly persuasive in dignified composition if the mechanism were not so baldly exposed. When a clarinet-player thrusts the bell of his instrument into a derby hat, thereby causing the tones to sound muffled and distant, he is not performing a new feat in jazz, but merely reproducing an effect dating back to Hector Berlioz's "Lelio ou le Retour à la Vie," made known in 1832. The composer directs the clarinetist at a certain passage to wrap the instrument in a leather bag, and informs us that he devised this singular "sordino," or "mute," to "give the sound of the clarinet an accent as vague and remote as possible."

The composition of the jazz orchestra is more pregnant in its promise for the future than the jazz itself. A symphony orchestra will contain about seventy-five strings to fourteen wood-wind and eleven brass instruments. A jazz band shows a decided preponderance of wind and it leans naturally toward those of the greatest flexibility. The flute and the horn are not much used. In its Æolian Hall concert Paul Whiteman's organization had eight violins, two double-basses (both interchangeable with tuba), a banjo, a celesta, two trumpets (exchangeable with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flügelhorns), two trombones, two horns, and three players operating the whole family of saxophones, a family of oboes, and another of clarinets. The great range and variety of sonorities within the powers of such an orchestra must be apparent to any one possessing even a layman's knowledge of orchestral effects.

This jazz orchestra is American. It has impressed itself upon the artistic European mind just as the ragtime and jazz music has captured the popular fancy of Europe. Can any such thing be said of any other American musical creation? In the admirable compositions of the learned Athenians who walk in the groves of the Boston Common one finds all the urbanity and all the lofty contemplation that characterize the works of the fathers. But has Europe hearkened to them? Has a European musician stretched out the arms of his flagging inspiration toward them and clasped to his throbbing breast their needed support? Alas, no! But ragtime and jazz rule the feet of France and Britain. And only last winter there came into the presence of local music-lovers a composition by Igor Stravinsky called "Symphonies for Wind-Instruments," which betrayed that famous experimentalist as an attentive listener to the seductive breathings of the saxophones, clarinets, and stopped trumpets of the jazz band.

Our jazz music is unquestionably our own. It expresses our ebulliency, our care-free optimism, our nervous energy, and our extravagant humor—characteristics which our foreign critics tell us demark us from the rest of the world. Our composers have in recent years disclosed a desire to embody in music national thought, aspiration, and emotion. Goldmark's "Gettysburg" symphony, Hadley's "North, East, South, and West," Schelling's "Victory Ball," and the negro rhapsodizings of Henry F. Gilbert and John Powell are the fruit of earnest efforts to be truly American, while John Alden Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" and Deems Taylor's "Through a Looking-Glass" publish the finer qualities of American humor.

But almost no American composer of the highly cultivated class has put forth anything that translates into the language of art the musical ideals of the people. Those who have endeavored to follow the kindly advice of Doctor Dvořák and make the folk-music of the negro the basis of their compositions have failed to conquer the public because that public declined to embrace the slave music when dressed in the unbecoming robes of Teutonic tone poems. The arts do not descend upon the people, but rise from them. The opera was the true child of Italy as the symphony was of Germany. The opera was before La Scala and the symphony before the Dresden Conservatory. George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," for piano and orchestra, disclosed certain possibilities of jazz, but Liszt after all cannot father an American son.

Much of the music beloved of the people and called jazz is not jazz nor even closely related to it. The sentimental songs, which seem to awaken responsive chords in the souls of people apparently devoid of all sentiment and sunk in hopeless vulgarity and sordid views of life, are for the most part without traces of an origin similar to that of jazz. They are descendants not of the jig and the double-shuffle but of the negro's religious melodies, his "Roll, Jordan, Roll" and "Come Tremblin' Down." The semi-hysterical emotion of the "spiritual," given over into the hands of "poor white trash," has been transformed into maudlin sentiment which one would expect to find lauded not by serious commentators but by the industrious society of "sob sisters." These tearful ditties are prone to fall into slow waltz tempo, unknown to negro music, while the real jazz seems unable to break away from the tyranny of the fox-trot.

If jazz is to rise to the level of musical art, it must overthrow the government of the bass drum and the banjo. It must permit itself to make excursions into the regions of elastic rhythms. When Paul Whiteman gave his now historic concert in Æolian Hall, Victor Herbert was the one composer who pointed out definitely the way to freedom. If jazz must be wed to the dance, then let it seek new dance forms and rhythms. Mr. Herbert's suite of dances was a triumphant demonstration of the possibilities of the popular melody in this direction. It proved effectively that jazz need not be a poor thing, though assuredly our own.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memories of Some Parisians

BY H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

IN the days of my childhood the kaleidoscope was a popular toy; and during many an hour I marvelled at the figures of colored glass formed in a long black tube by the mere turning of a handle. In a way, memory is a kaleidoscope; only its reflections are not symmetrical like those of the optical instrument; nor are they changeable at will. Moreover, in looking through darkened years upon the faces of Parisians I knew in the days of long ago, I find that of some a bare outline of the face, or only the suggestion of a trait, remains, while of others there are full-length portraits in memory's halls, even though the name of the subject may have been obliterated by the ravages of time. In fact, while the recollection of many with whom I was once on terms of intimacy has become dimmed, that of others whom I merely looked upon with admiration or curiosity at the age when impressions are deepest, remains vivid to this day.

Thus, I remember the tawny face of Marshal Mac-Mahon, with its high cheekbones, grizzled mustache, and tuft of beard beneath the lower lip. Attired in baggy trousers and an epauletted tunic, I see him leaving the Elysée Palace in a stately carriage surrounded by troopers whose breast-plates glisten in the sun, while I, a boy of ten, stand on the sidewalk watching him go forth to grace some occasion, the purport of which I have forgotten.

Both Gambetta and Victor Hugo I saw, as well; but there is a confusion in regard to their bearded faces which renders them indistinct the one from the other. Thiers and Ferdinand de Lesseps, too, are Frenchmen I gazed upon in those days of boyhood; but I was of an age when men of action appealed to me far more than men of parts; so, while the recollection of these great men of France is hazy, that of a *beau sabreur* whom I watched with awe and admiration as he took his daily constitutional aboard an ocean liner, is as vivid as if I had seen him yesterday. General de Charette, who led the Papal Zouaves in vain, but valiantly, to battle on the Loire, is the soldier I have in mind, and I can see him planking the deck hour by hour, slim of limb as a greyhound, straight as an Iroquois brave.

General de Galliffet I remember, too, though I met him long after he had ridden to glory upon the field of Sedan; for, while the plain about him was strewn with the corpses of his azure-coated Chasseurs d'Afrique, he had struggled from it in a dying state, to be saved for a ripe old age by the skill of a surgeon, who placed a silver plate within him where the wall of his stomach had been. Like General de Charette, this hero of Sedan remains in memory as my ideal of the aristocrat to whom fighting for France is a dutiful tradition.

"Le brave Général Boulanger," made the hero of an hour by a march sung by Polus, a music hall idol of the eighties, was a soldier of another ilk, whom I once saw in the Champs Elysées acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd, but lacking in the courage to turn his popularity to political account. He had been in America to attend the centenary of the surrender of Yorktown, and had sat at a club in my native city drinking with a few young sparks until the early hours of morning; so, even upon a black charger, he appeared far from a hero in my eyes, an opinion justified by subsequent events.

Opéra bouffe soldiers, however, such as Boulanger, are not alone in their failure to display courage and tact at crucial moments; in fact, if those who are intrusted with the management of international relations were endowed more frequently with those faculties I would not have been tempted, as happened not long ago, to declare, during the course of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an argument concerning the European outlook, that our ambassadors ought to be chosen from among the criminal lawyers of the land. Yet no sooner had this cynicism passed my lips than I was both shamed and heartened by the recollection of two French diplomats I had known in years gone by.

One of these Frenchmen was Monsieur Jules Cambon, Ambassador of his country in our own land for a time and, during a fateful period, its representative in Berlin. Only a few weeks before he was handed his passports by a brutal enemy and, at the same time, denied the courtesy, customary in such circumstances, of a safe conduct to the French frontier, my wife and I happened to pass through the German capital on our way to take ship at Hamburg. Years had gone by since we had known Monsieur Cambon in Washington; yet the thought of annoying one in his arduous and exalted position by attempting to recall to mind Americans, whom he had quite likely forgotten altogether, did not occur to either of us. He happened, however, to hear a few days after our departure from Berlin of our visit, and even in those fatal days found time to write reproaching us for having passed through that city without making "an old friend," as he expressed it, aware of our presence. Small wonder that he appears to me as the embodiment of French courtesy.

The other diplomat I had in mind is Monsieur Jusserand, "Ambassador of the Republic of Letters," as he was aptly called when representing his land in Washington, and who, by the tact and understanding shown during trying years, endeared himself to American hearts. In the earlier weeks of the war, when it became apparent that the enemies of his land were conducting an unscrupulous propaganda in our midst, I had the temerity to write Monsieur Jusserand suggesting the name of an American correspondent who had recently been expelled from Berlin as that of a man well qualified, both by sentiment and experience, to direct an Allied Press Bureau. His reply was to the effect that neither the British Ambassador nor he had any funds at their disposal for such a purpose, and, furthermore, that he doubted the advisability of inaugurating a press campaign, it being his belief that the enemy would do more harm than good to himself by the underhand methods he was pursuing, since in a land of truth and justice such as ours the righteousness of the Allied cause would surely prevail in the end. If there were more diplomats possessing the prescience and tact of Monsieur Jusserand there would be less reason than appears, alas, to be the case at present for concurring in an opinion held by Grotius centuries ago that diplomacy is either useless or mischievous.

From distinguished diplomats to an American painter is a far cry, yet a vision of a lofty studio filled with the likenesses of noted men and women comes to mind without rhyme or reason. "A beautiful disorder," runs a French proverb, "is an effect of art"; and this describes the impression I retain of the studio of G. P. A. Healy, as well as of the man himself; for I recall him in ill-fitting clothes, wearing one of those flowing ties which the French term so aptly *une cravate flottante*. But I remember him too as one of the most courtly of men and also as a painter of more skill than he has been generally accredited with possessing. He was an artist, moreover, who painted not only his own generation in his own land but many of the crowned heads and great men of Europe as well; his chivalrous personality having made him a sort of courtly ambassador-at-large of the United States at a time when our land was looked upon abroad as a wilderness inhabited by boors and savages.

Puvis de Chavannes, Bonnat, and Carolus Duran I knew in the humble way in which a young man knows the exalted of a generation older than his own; but when I try to recall their personalities, only the shiny bald head of Bonnat and the suavity and ample beard of "Carolus," as he was familiarly called, stand forth with any distinctness. Of Puvis de Chavannes, the only one of this trio whose work I look upon to-day in the light of greatness, not a trait remains in memory. Raffaelli and Madrazo, too, were painters whom I knew with some degree of intimacy, yet the memory of them has been sadly diminished by the years. Of dan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dified Whistler, with a glass in his eye and spats on his ankles, the picture is more distinct. He came into a Parisian restaurant one morning and spoke to a friend with whom I was lunching. I believe I was introduced to him, and he deigned to extend a hand; but in those days of joyous youth I was more interested in driving a coach to Versailles or a tandem in the Bois than in meeting great artists.

In fact, I blush while thinking of a dinner at which I sat beside a dumpy man with a low forehead, a big nose, and an unkempt reddish beard that reached halfway to his waist. Because of the sententious remarks about questions of the day he occasionally let fall and the interest he seemed to take in his food and drink, I thought him either a lawyer or a *fonctionnaire* of the bourgeois class; and I am constrained to confess that when the hostess asked me at the moment of leave-taking if I had made the most of my opportunity of talking to Rodin, I was forced, while thanking her for a privilege I had failed to appreciate, to simulate a knowledge I did not possess.

Not long ago I visited the museum in the old Hôtel Biron which bears the name of the great sculptor who was my neighbor that evening, and there I saw examples of his skill that made me feel him to have been both the most modern and the most classical artist of our day. Faithful to the traditions of his craft, he had been frankly true to nature, as well; and as I viewed his handiwork it seemed to me that his genius united the present age to that of both Michael Angelo and Phidias. At the same time I felt that in sensuality he was an utter pagan, spirituality, or shall I say faith, being the one quality that was lacking to make him, perhaps, the greatest sculptor of all time.

But I am straying into a perilous byway; therefore let me cross without delay the threshold of a palace where Madame de Pompadour, Murat, and the Napoleons, both great and little, once dwelt and where the President of France now lives both in splendor and simplicity; for while there are helmeted sentries without and a host of liveried flunkies within, as well as gorgeous tapestries upon corniced walls and crystal chandeliers hanging from frescoed ceilings, there was in the manner of both Monsieur Millerand, who was President of the Republic at the time, and his beautiful wife a democracy genuine in its simplicity. The occasion was a reception given during the tercentenary celebration of the birth of Molière in honor of the *délégués étrangers*, as the foreign guests of the nation were styled. Monsieur and Madame Millerand received their guests cordially at the door of their drawing-room, then moved among them as unceremoniously as any host and hostess in private life. Meanwhile officers of their military household, wearing war medals on their breasts and wound or service stripes upon their arms, politely engaged us foreigners in conversation while helping us to refreshments with their white-gloved hands.

When Madame Millerand asked my wife, in English charmingly spoken, if she would take tea, and, after handing her a cup, stood talking with her while she drank its contents, I became convinced that the spirit of hospitality pervading the Elysée was due to the tact and good breeding of its hostess rather than to any democratic tradition of the land. In fact, never have I met in an official position a more gracious lady than the wife of the eleventh President of the third French Republic, a woman whose charm and simplicity upset entirely a prejudice I had long entertained against the wives of *les politiciens*.

That afternoon I was introduced to a number of Parisian intellectuals who were either members of the Academy or incumbents of posts such as the directorship of the Comédie Française or the presidency of *La Société des Gens de Lettres;* but it was in the perfunctory way of a courteous bow and the exchange of a polite word or two, as I had met, in years gone by, other Parisians of literary fame, such as Anatole France and Victorien Sardou.

For the recollection of a French man of letters of more import than the gratification of an idle curiosity, the pages of memory must be turned back fully thirty years, to a time when Monsieur Paul Bourget was in my own land. He asked me to translate an article he had written

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for an American magazine and in discussing my version with him line by line I learned that his knowledge of English was of no mean order. I learned, too, that, apart from literary mastery, he possessed the rare quality of generosity, which he displayed by reading, without any solicitation, a first novel the critics had scored unmercifully. Not only did he point out its faults with kindliness, but in its jejune pages he found virtues to praise such as even the pride of authorship had not led me to suspect them of possessing. "Pay no attention to the critics," he said, "but study unremittingly the writings of Thackeray, George Eliot, Stendhal, and Flaubert."

To find George Eliot in so small a galaxy surprised me, I confess, but having re-read several of her novels of late I begin to understand her appeal to this great analyst of the human heart. Too little attention, alas, was paid by me to his advice. I repeat it here in the hope that it may be heeded by some young writer of to-day who chances to read these lines. That he may be heartened in his darkest hour by so helpful and kindly a master as Monsieur Paul Bourget is my fervent wish.

But all French men of letters do not possess the generous qualities of this great novelist. In fact, I have in mind an Academician whose genius I had admired even to the extent of acclaiming it in print, and whose acquaintance I had been more anxious to make than that of any Parisian writer of the day. Yet when this desire was gratified not long ago, in the drawing-room of a mutual acquaintance, his greeting was so condescending and his manner so supercilious that he became antipathetic at once.

A few weeks later I chanced to attend a notable meeting at the Sorbonne. When the President of the Republic, preceded by black-clad mace-bearers and the Doctors of the University in their gorgeous robes and followed by the orators of the day, entered the huge amphitheatre, I found not only that the man I have in mind was to be one of the speakers but that his seat upon the platform was directly in front of my own. Instinctively I slipped into a chair that stood vacant a few steps away, and when this "Immortal," attired in his *habit vert*, trembled like the proverbial aspen leaf while reading in a faltering voice the manuscript of his address, I experienced a secret delight at seeing him ill at ease before so vast and distinguished an audience.

How different is my recollection of Jules Claretie, director of the Comédie Française for over a quarter of a century. Although his work as manager, dramatist, novelist, and publicist was manifold, this lovable Academician never failed to return a call, answer a letter, or write the line of encouragement or appreciation he felt to be due, even when the fulfilment of such a courtesy necessitated the laying aside of the task in hand. During Monsieur Claretie's directorship of the "House of Molière" I was his guest, not only at *répétitions générales*, but at preliminary rehearsals as well, when the actors were in street dress and the scenery for the play of the evening was leaning against bare walls.

How free those rehearsals were from rowdyism! No swearing on the part of the scene-shifters, no boorish shouting by a stage-manager with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and a hat on the back of his head; but a courtesy and an artistic earnestness such as I have never seen in any other playhouse. Yet what other theatre has the traditions of centuries to inspire its players? And what other theatre possesses a green-room adorned with portraits of the notable actors of its past, a foyer filled with statues of the dramatists whose plays have held its boards, or an entrance-hall hung with tapestries representing the crowning of its greatest genius? What other theatre, moreover, has a library containing every work of value concerned with its history, presided over by a librarian of the attainments of either that ardent Moliériste, the late Monsieur Georges Monval, or Monsieur Jules Couet, his scholarly successor? Only in good ventilation is the Comédie Française excelled by any other playhouse. In fact, after many an evening spent within its walls I have been led to suspect that the air in its auditorium had not been changed since the year 1799, at which time the *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires* of the national troupe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

took possession of the theatre known till then as the Variétés Amusantes, to remain until the present day.

Not long ago I sat in this classic playhouse at an hour when the seats were empty. A scene for use that evening had been set; in the wings a light burned dimly; and upon the deserted stage I seemed to see a grotesque figure seated in an armchair, while twirling a ribboned cane with one hand and with the other the end of an incipient mustache. Where the small-clothes of this apparition met his silken hose were canions of fantastic shape; and beneath a hat of many plumes, perched upon a huge peruke, I imagined I saw the round face with little pig-like eyes, at once so melancholy and so mirthful, of Constant Coquelin, the most companionable Frenchman I have ever known.

In the part of Mascarille, and upon that very stage, I first saw this inimitable actor; but it was in my own land as a reporter for a daily paper that I first conversed with him. He was touring at the time with Madame Jane Hading. A temperamental quarrel between this actress and himself had reached such a height that neither spoke to the other except in the words of the play they happened to be acting together, and to induce each of these warring stars to denounce the other in print was the malevolent object of my assignment. In regard to one another I found them studiously circumspect, yet I did succeed in making them express quite opposite views about their chosen calling.

"Unless an actress," said Madame Hading, "loses herself in her part to the extent of feeling that she is the actual person she is portraying, and that the passions she expresses are her own passions, she will fail to move her audience."

On the morning following this interview with the actress, Coquelin received me at his hotel before he had quite finished dressing. When I told him what Madame Hading had said, a look of contempt crossed his face. A hair-brush in each hand, with which he gesticulated from time to time, he began to pace back and forth excitedly, while expounding his own views.

"Acting," said he, "is neither a knack nor an emotion. On the contrary, it is a fine art, with a technic which must be learned as patiently and arduously as that of either painting or sculpture. Each movement of the face or body, each gesture, each intonation, must be studied in regard to its bearing both upon the character which is being portrayed and the play as a whole, quite as carefully as the elements of painting, whether of composition, drawing, or color. Indeed, if the actor forgets for an instant that he is an artist, or permits himself to be carried away by any momentary emotion, he becomes the mere plaything of his own feelings; since his art should be the same, whether his public be cold or appreciative."

Although he took this view, so opposite to that of Madame Hading, no finesse on my part could induce Monsieur Coquelin to express for publication his personal dislike for her. While several years later, when he was touring the United States with Madame Bernhardt, I saw him display an even greater degree of gentlemanly restraint at a time when an outburst of righteous indignation seemed fully justified. The occasion was a supper, given by him in honor of an American actor who was playing in English, at the moment, a rôle Coquelin had himself created. After failing to appear for so unpardonable a length of time that the host in despair decided to wait for him no longer, the guest of the evening stalked in toward the end of the first course. Instead of apologizing for his tardiness, he coolly declared that he had been supping at his own hotel in order that he might be certain of obtaining some favorite dishes, it being apparent to all that he had been indulging in his favorite brand of Scotch as well. In fact, no sooner had he taken a seat beside Madame Bernhardt than, with a malign glance at her, he proclaimed himself insultingly in her own language to be the only Thespian at the table who had had the good taste to remove make-up. Aghast at this affront, Coquelin, in an effort to make amends for the rudeness of his guest, began to tell stories of his own stage experiences, during the course of which he said that while it sometimes happened that he fell asleep in the wings,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when waiting for his cue, his servant could always be relied upon to awake him in time for his entrance.

"No, Coquelin," interrupted the guest of honor, "it's your audience, not you, that goes to sleep."

Blushing for their fellow countryman, the Americans at the table hung their heads in shame, while awaiting a just outburst on the part of the host; but he, instinctively the gentleman, merely gave his transatlantic confrère a glance of pitying contempt, while calmly finishing his story.

Never at a loss for a bright or a fitting word, and ever companionable, Coquelin, though in body and soul a man of the stage, was at the same time the epitome of French gaiety. Only a few months before his death I saw him for the last time at his own table in the Rue de Presbourg. Rostand had just been reading him an act of *Chantecler*, and never, he said, had a part appeared to him so congenial or so suited to his talent. Had he lived to play it, the satire and profound philosophy which are so artfully blended in the vainglorious personality of a barnyard cock would not have gone over the heads of the audience, as they did in less skilful hands, but would have reached their hearts instead. To his friends this great actor was known as "Coq." To me he is *le Coq Gaulois*, since in the memory I retain of him are embodied the gallantry, good humor, wit, intelligence, and tender sentiment which are the true spirit of France.

Two Songs

BY ANN HAMILTON

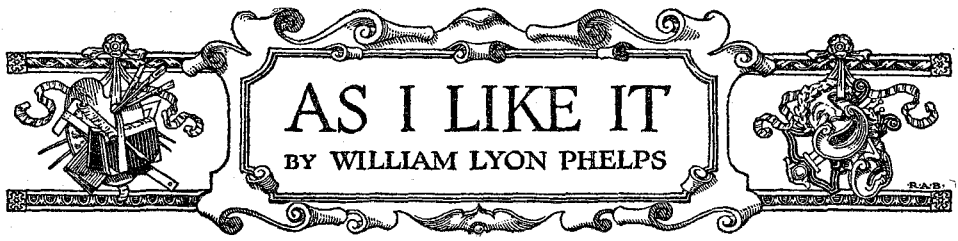
I

THROUGH the long dusk my spirit sings
To hear the wind break through the wood
Blowing against the blackbirds' wings,
And in the twilight it is good
To watch the dark come down the hill
And see the drifted oak-leaves blow
Into the stream beside the mill,
For love goes always where I go
And burns within the lost bird's cry—
Love in the naked orchard-trees
Like a late whisper comes; the sky
Flings out two lonely stars, and these
Over the new moon-crescent rise
Ghostly, beneath love's eyes.

II

Sunlight wakens me after dream
And through the day upholds the hours
Like laughter, and the twilights seem
Gentle as flowers
Remembered from a summer's wreath.
The spent moon lifting into gold
Comes kindly, knowing how beneath
Earth's dark indifference, I hold
Love flung across my heart, nor care
Whether a moon be young or old
Or day or night be there.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IN France a distinguished man of letters is not merely admired; he is idolized. He is a super-hero. The populace regard him with the kind of reverential awe accorded in England and in America by schoolboys to a great football player. Anatole France died at Tours on October 12. His body was brought to Paris, and the coffin placed on exhibition in his home near the Bois de Boulogne on Friday, October 17. At dusk I went thither to do homage. There was a dense crowd. We stood in line, entering the house and passing silently through the chamber of death. I asked a policeman if the procession of worshippers had been continuous all day, and he informed me that every moment it had been just as I saw it. Fifteen thousand people viewed the coffin that Friday, and we either left cards or signed our names in a big book. The next day, Saturday, there was a public funeral in front of the house on the quai where he was born; the coffin, fittingly enough, was placed in the shadow of the statue of Voltaire. There were funeral orations by men of letters and political radicals, and there were many thousands assembled to do him honor.

As a man of letters, Anatole France was an aristocrat; in politics, he was a Communist. Thus his appeal was universal, and it was interesting to see all classes of people represented among the mourners.

Of the honors paid him, and they were innumerable and extremely varied, one particularly impressed me. There was to have been a play at the Comédie Française on the afternoon of the funeral. Although the house had been sold out, the performance was cancelled, and the money returned to ticket-holders. For a state-theatre to give such recognition—involving a heavy financial loss—to a Communist, is a fact worth remembering. Men of genius are so few and so esteemed that even the usually unpardonable sin of political heresy is overlooked in the acclaim given to their literary ability.

It is rather curious that a man so sceptical as Anatole France should have swallowed the quackery of Communism; but I find that all men (except me, of course), no matter how unbelieving in most aspects, have sufficient credulity to accept dogmas that to the majority of people seem unreasonable.

French literature probably contains more first-rate prose writers than the literature of any other land; and it seems safe to say that Anatole France is among them. I cannot see that he contributed any constructive ideas to the world; he was not a thinker or a philosopher of high importance. But in literature it is not thought, but style, which is the best preservative. As a master of prose style, he belongs with Flaubert and the other immortals.

The day before his death he was quite conscious. He asked the physicians to tell him definitely his exact condition, and they replied cheeringly that he must continue to hope, because there was no organic difficulty. Then he remarked, characteristically enough: "Donnez-moi une petite maladie, par grâce, que j'en finisse!"

It is deeply affecting to recall the fact that the last word he uttered was a cry of appeal to his mother, to come and help him, for he was suffering; thus the dying octogenarian returned dreamingly to the earliest days of his babyhood. When this last word was reported in the press, M. Hubert Morant, in the *Journal des Débats*, called public attention to the fact that the first book of Anatole France,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

published in 1859, bore the following dedication:

A UN PERE ET UNE MERE BIEN AIMES

Chers parents,
Les premiers mots que prononce l'enfant sur la terre sont: "maman, papa!" S'il souffre, il crie: "maman!" s'il veut quelque chose, s'il a besoin d'aide, il dit: "maman."

The French people are eternally grateful to artists and men of letters, and take care that their memories shall be cherished. Sunday, October 19, was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the death of Chopin. Accordingly public exercises were held at his tomb, in Père Lachaise, with commemorative addresses.

This hero-worship must have a marked effect on the boys and girls in the schools. The homage paid to men and women who have distinguished themselves in some form of art, is a large factor in the education of French youth. Every one knows how much attention is given in French schools to literary composition and to every form of expression. And as the road to public success and distinction so often leads through the prize-competitions in various schools and institutions, all things work together toward one goal. The successful poet, dramatist, novelist, singer, actor, painter, architect, has a position universally envied.

Yesterday I received a postcard informing me that five enthusiastic American pilgrims had joined the Asolo Club. They are: Florence K. Barr of Paris, Nancy Reynolds, Mary Tubby, Ruth Tubby, Josiah Tubby, all of Westfield, New Jersey. To-day I pick up *Comœdia*, the Paris daily paper devoted to the theatre, and the leading article, covering half the first page, is dated and written from Asolo, and is called "La Profanation de la Tombe d'Eleonora Duse." This protest is by E. Schneider, a personal friend of the late actress, who has been engaged in the preparation of her biography. As his tribute to Asolo is so fine and will please Scribnerians who are interested in the town and in the now famous Club, I transcribe:

Avant de quitter l'attachante colline du Treviso où je viens d'achever le livre que je consacre à la mémoire d'Eleonora Duse, je veux dire ce qu'est devenu, sur ce coin de terre que la grande artiste avait élu pour sa paix définitive, le souvenir universellement vénéré.

De tout temps, la petite cité d'Asolo attira les cœurs épris de solitude et de recueillement parce que la lumière qui la couronne, l'immense espace où elle baigne de ses plaines et de son ciel, sont eux-mêmes solitude et recueillement. Robert Browning lui voua une longue fidelité, plus d'un peintre y accourut, souhaitant d'y capter à son tour les richesses imagées que Giorgione fixa pour jamais sur ses toiles. . . . Comment l'esprit tourmenté d'Eleonora Duse ne lui aurait-il pas demandé lui aussi cette pacification intérieure à quoi il aspirait d'une inlassable force?

I fear that this biographer would not approve of the Asolo Club, which, however, was founded in these pages before the death of the famous actress. He says her tomb is now profaned by hundreds of tourists, who group themselves about it for snap-shots; that the little village, once so quiet, is filled with the reek and noise of motor-cars, and that the final insult to her memory will take place when the new (central heating) *Grand Hôtel d'Eleonora Duse* is constructed. He does not mention Americans by name, but in the ironical language of my friend, Barton Currie, we must now put down Asolo as one more place in Europe that has been "spoiled by Americans." Well, if there are indeed many places in Europe that have been spoiled by Americans, there are surely many Americans who have been despoiled in Europe.

By the courtesy of the Director of the Comédie Française, I was admitted to the dress-rehearsal (répétition générale) of a new play, in which the leading part was taken by the most famous actor of the company, Féraudy, who played in New York last winter. For the convenience of American dramatic critics, and for the cause of dramatic criticism, I have long wished that in America we had the French custom of the public dress-rehearsal. In Paris, the first night of a new play is preceded, either the previous night or afternoon, by a performance complete in every respect, for which no tickets are sold, but to which critics, men of letters, journalists, and actors are invited. This gives the critics a good opportunity to make up their minds, and leisure to express them. It seems absurd that in America a play

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that may have taken two years in composition and preparation, must be judged by a tired man at midnight, who is allowed about twenty minutes to write his opinion. Opinions handed down by professional dramatic critics are often more important, and usually more interesting than those handed down by the judges in the courts of law—how would one of these learned gentleman of the bench feel if he had to submit his finally made and finally written opinion twenty minutes after the lawyers had finished their oratory?

A *répétition générale* in Paris, and particularly at the Comédie Française, is decidedly interesting. The house is jammed, and the actors, knowing that the audience is largely made up of professionals, do their utmost. Between the acts, every one walks about the foyer, discussing the play. Usually at any theatre in Paris, there are many Americans; but at this dress-rehearsal, I believe I was the only foreigner. Conspicuous among the spectators was the famous dramatist, Maurice Donnay, who, between the acts, was the centre of many animated groups.

The play itself was slight and sentimental—"Croquemitaine," which means "Old Bogey," or something like that; but the acting of Féraudy was so remarkable that the audience was aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

When there is no political excitement, no *affaire*, and no new literary scandal on the carpet, it is always possible to stir up a brisk and often acrimonious discussion in Paris on the proper way to produce the French dramatic classics. During the last few weeks, at the fashionable Théâtre Edouard VII, the famous actor Lucien Guitry has been appearing in the masterpieces of Molière, a fact I mentioned in last month's article. I saw him in "L'Ecole des Femmes." Every performance is preceded by a lecture by Antoine, the distinguished theatre-director, in which he ridicules the traditional method of producing Molière at the Comédie Française, which he says bores everybody, and then proceeds to tell the audience that Guitry's presentation is infinitely superior. The challenge was taken up by the Comédie Française, and they reproduced the same work on the very afternoon in which I heard Guitry. The difference really seems to amount to this: the State Theatre gives an ensemble performance, where every character in the play has a chance; M. Guitry makes it a one-man comedy, and instead of the hero being fat-headed, as he appears to be in reading the play, Guitry somehow or other contrives to interpret him as a man of force, dignity, and honor. But, in spite of Guitry's immense resources as an actor, I found the old classic intolerably dull. And I may as well confess that I have never yet seen a play of Molière's on the stage that thrilled me or transported me —they are all dull, though not so dull as the works of Corneille and Racine. I am quite aware that what I am saying is blasphemy, but it is an accurate record of my feelings. The vast majority of "standard" dramatic works are not interesting to modern audiences—that six or seven of Shakespeare's plays still hold the stage in many languages is simply one more proof of his unique excellence as a man of the theatre. Take Goethe's "Egmont," for example; it is a literary work of considerable magnitude and importance; but on the stage, what a bore it is!

The same week in which I sat through the five dreary acts of "L'Ecole des Femmes," in which a brilliant actor tried in vain to make long-winded speeches interesting, and to make the worse appear the better reason, I saw a new play, "Si je voulais." This has no pretensions to literary merit, it has no great personages, and there was no star actor; but it was, from the first word to the last, absolutely fascinating, so that I hated to see the curtain fall. It is to be translated and produced in New York.

It is only fair to add that these Molière performances by Guitry draw crowded houses; "L'Ecole des Femmes" ran several weeks, and it will be succeeded by "Le Misanthrope," a far greater play. Furthermore, the audiences were enthusiastic. But is this because of Guitry's towering reputation, or because he absolutely dominates the stage in the most imperial fashion, or because the play really interested them? I give it up. The French love their own plays with a jealous love; the Parisian stage is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

least eclectic in the world. Putting it sweepingly, most Continental cities would say: If there is any good play in any foreign language, we want to see it as soon as possible. The French would say: What is the use of translating foreign plays when we have so many good ones of our own? Such a generalization is, of course, unjust; but it roughly represents a point of view.

To me the most interesting daily paper in Paris is *Comœdia*. It is filled with articles of great value and suggestiveness, and its professional dramatic criticisms are penetrating. The other day one of its contributors certainly "started something." M. Pierre Brisson, in an essay called "Le Théâtre Juif," said that the Jews wrote the largest proportion of contemporary plays in Paris. In addition, said he, to two dramatists of commanding importance, Georges de Porto-Riche and Henry Bernstein, there are Tristan Bernard, Pierre Wolff, Francis de Croisset, Edmond Sée, Nozière, Alfred Savoir, André Picard, Romain Coolus, Henri Duvernois, Edmond Fleg, and among the younger men, Jacques Natanson, Jean-Jacques Bernard, André Lang, Adolphe Orna, Henry Marx. It appears that it is easy to name a long list, perhaps a clear majority of playwrights. But is there anything in his thesis? He believes that the Jews are all alike in a certain downrightness; that they have more force than intelligence; more brutality than subtlety; more sensuality than tenderness. Their works are "stronger" than the works of other Frenchmen, "mais que notre faiblesse m'est chère!"

Naturally this candid article stirred up many writers, both Jews and others; so that finally the editor of the paper had to call a halt on the discussion. Personally, I don't believe there is anything in it. It is true that many plays are written by Jews, but I cannot see that Jewish human nature is really any different from other human nature; any more than I believe that Americans are more materialistic or keener lovers of money than Europeans.

I read Joseph Hergesheimer's latest novel, "Balisand," with admiration for the distinction of its literary style, but without enthusiasm either for the story or for any of the characters. It is, like all of his work, beautifully written; and of course there is an æsthetic pleasure in savoring so many well-turned phrases. But it is a dead book, and smells of the tomb. It is impossible to read it with gusto, and it takes an effort to read it at all. It is a historical novel, dealing with the period after the Revolutionary War, and the political fight to a finish between the waning Federalists and the waxing Republicans is clearly portrayed. Bale of Balisand is an uncompromising Federalist, and the book is chiefly concerned with a revelation and an analysis of his various moods. But if Mr. Hergesheimer intended Bale to be a representative Southern gentleman, he has lamentably failed; for whatever Bale is, he is most emphatically not a gentleman. Sodden with alcohol, half-drunk most of the time, irritable, quarrelsome, brutal, insulting in conversation, he has hardly a redeeming quality except physical courage. Of that indeed he has a plenty. The tenacity of his political opinions, instead of being the sign of a noble, exalted intellect, that will not compromise to suit a more popular fashion, is, in his case, merely the stupid obstinacy of a mind hermetically sealed.

It is a pity that the attractive heroine fell down-stairs and broke her neck; because that particular dinner party, to which she was descending, would have been filled with excitement, she being engaged to one of the men and in love with another; furthermore, she is the most interesting person in the story, and I regret to see her disposed of in so summary a fashion.

If Mr. Hergesheimer possessed, together with his indubitable gift of style, more vitality, more humor, more sympathy, more humanity, what splendid works he might produce! There are few living writers who have a better command of the resources of the English language.

"The Old Ladies" is Hugh Walpole's masterpiece. He has surpassed his best previous efforts—that is, he has written a book that is better than "The Cathedral" and "The Green Mirror." As a novelist, his specialty has been the Old Lady. Many of his old ladies are more terrible than an army with banners, and as we were walking along Hillhouse Avenue in New Haven one afternoon, I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked him suddenly—"When you were a child did some old lady scare the life out of you?" He looked at me in the friendliest fashion, and just as I thought I was to receive some important information, he changed the subject. But the Duchess of Wrexe, and the formidable ogre in "The Green Mirror," and the woman who puts ice on your heart in "The Captives," together with other of Mr. Walpole's creations, are enough to form a basis for a theory.

His development as a novelist has been marked by a mellowing process—by a deep, steadily increasing sympathy for humanity. In "The Old Ladies" he shows the tragedy of loneliness, neglect, and poverty in the lives of gentlewomen. The sufferings of the abject poor, of the down-and-outers, have been depicted often enough by novelists; but possibly these wretched wrecks are not so *lonely* as refined old ladies who have lost their family and their money. It is impossible to read this book without making a vow; without a determination to treat helpless old people with more consideration. There is no solitude in the slums; if misery loves company, misery has it there in abundance. But the solitude and loneliness of the very old who live not in slums, but in remote rooms, up stairs that no one climbs, behind doors where no one knocks —this is the essence of tragedy. In the first part of the novel, I thought all three of the old ladies were to be sweet and lovely in their enforced isolation; but I soon found that one of them was to be as sinister and dangerous a character as the author has ever drawn. It is a picture of horror so chilling that on the last page the reader actually seems to run down-stairs with the fortunate mother and son who escape. "The Old Ladies" shows such power and beauty in characterization that it seems as if it differed from the author's previous work, not merely in degree but in kind; as though he had passed through some phase of development that had changed him from the clever, shrewd, dextrous man that he was into a master, into an interpreter of the deepest things in the human heart.

Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe's biography of Barrett Wendell, called "Barrett Wendell and His Letters," apart from its general interest, will appeal particularly to the successive generations of Harvard men who studied English Composition under this original and effective teacher. Harvard University is the only institution of learning in America where Mr. Wendell could have lived happily, or where he would have been permitted to live at all. And I, a Yale graduate who admires Harvard for many things—I admire her especially for this: her intellectual hospitality toward men of the widest possible divergence in national, political, social, and religious outlook, and her toleration of men on the Faculty who relieve their minds in the classroom in so bizarre a fashion, that if these *obiter dicta* were exhaled at the average college, the resulting newspaper notoriety would cause the dismissal of the offending professor.

Mr. Wendell delighted in shocking his student audiences by amazing paradoxes; it is to the everlasting credit of the undergraduates that these were not used in the newspapers. Taken from their context, they would have stirred up what is called "the public mind" to no small degree.

It is curious that the same man who made extraordinary remarks in an extraordinary manner in his lectures on literature, should have been so sensible and efficient in the teaching of English Composition. Yet such was the fact; I saw him in innumerable conferences with students, and his advice was as sound as his manner was strange. I had the best of opportunities for becoming intimately acquainted with him, and I made the most of them. When I was twenty-five years old, I was appointed his assistant at Harvard in his famous course in daily themes. This meant that I visited him in his college office—Grays 18—every day, and saw him in a vast variety of moods. Incidentally, I never saw him when he was not smoking—on one famous occasion, he and the late Winfred R. Martin smoked a box of fifty cigars in one day!

I remember a conversation between him and Professor Briggs that was delightfully characteristic of both men. Briggs asked: "How are you getting on with the book?" and Wendell replied: "I shall finish it Sunday." Briggs then expressed surprise that Wendell worked on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sunday, adding: "I think it best not to work on Sunday, if only for reasons of physical health. I am putting it on the lowest possible ground." Wendell laughed and said: "My dear Briggs, that is the highest possible ground."

One day Wendell was talking with me about his children, and in such an offhand manner that I asked: "Mr. Wendell, do you love your children?" He hesitated, as if the matter required serious reflection. Then he said slowly: "Ye-es; but not when the first one came. It was so exceedingly rudimentary, don't you know."

Mr. Howe quotes a remark of Wendell's which exhibited good self-criticism. "I believe that a great part of whatever success I have had as a teacher is the result of my indiscretion."

But if there were any who chose to think of Wendell as an elegant and shallow dealer in trifles, they were forced to change their minds on closer acquaintance. The letters printed by Mr. Howe exhibit unusual power of thought on many subjects. Though he never professed to be a musical critic, his remarks on "Parsifal" and on "Die Meistersinger," after hearing both at Bayreuth, may truly be called profound.

Richard Hooker, in "The Story of an Independent Newspaper," has written a good book, and one that was needed. The Springfield *Republican*, owing to a combination of brains and courage, has always exerted an influence far transcending the circle of its city's population. Like Oxford, it has been the home of lost causes, and like Oxford, it has supported them with fine distinction. The average American, no matter in what part of the country he dwells, when he sees the heading "The Springfield *Republican* says . . ." knows that what it says will be worth reading.

Homer Croy's novel, "R. F. D. No. 3," I heartily recommend. It is a truthful, unexaggerated, and interesting tale of the farmer's life in the Middle West. I had a long talk with Mr. Croy in Paris, and he told me that he was born on a farm, was "raised" on a farm, and worked on a farm till he was twenty. The book is worth reading, if only for the one chapter dealing with threshing. The whole story interested me, partly because I know by personal experience the life it describes, for I myself in the summer-time am an R. F. D. . . . No one who studies current American novels can fail to see that there is a steady increase in candor, honesty, and fidelity to fact.

Let me add that the city of Paris, where I am now writing, has some advantages not to be found in the rural districts of Michigan; yet I am by no means free from nostalgia. By the rivers of Babylon I sit down and weep, when I remember Zion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

IT happened one day in Paris, long ago, that M. Guillaume-Sulpice Chevalier, then a young artist at the outset of his career, sold a design to the publisher Susse. The latter noticed that it was unsigned and remarked that for the benefit of the public this omission should be corrected. The artist pondered for a moment and then, taking up the pen, made a decision which was to have far-reaching consequences. Perhaps he thought that his name was too long. Perhaps a flood of sentiment rushed through him as there just then rose to his memory the lovely valley of Gavarnie, where he had spent a happy period within the glamour of the Pyrenees. At all events upon this occasion he signed himself "Gavarni" and thus gave immortal syllables to the trumpet of Fame.

It is a name around which cluster some of the most beguiling and suggestive associations in the history of French art, one which has engaged the ardent activity of one pen after another. None was ever more eloquent than that of Sainte-Beuve, who as far back as 1863 consecrated three of his luminous "Lundis" to Gavarni, then within only three years of his death. Not too long after that event the Goncourts wrote their invaluable book, invaluable for the intimate lore which it contains and for the superb etching which Flameng made as frontispiece from Gavarni's celebrated portrait of himself, "L'Homme à la Cigarette." Beraldi gave a particularly skilful little memoir to Gavarni in his well-known catalogue published in the eighties. Only the other day there appeared in Paris under the imprint of Floury the first volume of a work in which M. Paul-André Lemoisne obviously proposes to go most exhaustively into the subject. It is study of his pages that has specifically set me to thinking about Gavarni, but the man and the period have always seemed to me to repay reflection.

THE period is one of those which, in their very contradictions, have a particular attraction for the analyst. "Victorian," for example, has become a byword, yet if it connotes much that was commonplace, dull, and even ugly, the apotheosis of mediocrity, it also designates a period marked by a positively Elizabethan expansion of the British genius. So it is in France, during that time of transition which stretches from the break-up of the Ancien Régime to the establishment of the Third Republic. Gavarni was born in 1804 and died in 1866. Between those dates French art is constantly in travail, having to reckon with untoward influences. One great classical type survives in Ingres to fertilize one so modern as that which we have in Degas, but in general there blows from the old years of David and the Napoleonic interval a chilling wind inimical in the last degree to the rise of the Romanticists and the naturalistic painters of Barbizon. It was in the sixties and for some time later that the Impressionists had to fight for whatever ground they won. The Second Empire remains a pinchbeck affair in the eyes of most commentators, and the artist could hardly be expected to come to its defense in view of the fact that its favorite portrait-painter was the sentimental, insipid Winterhalter. Yet even while that saccharine journeyman prevailed, there were great spirits on earth sojourning, and they were not without opportunity and stimulus. It is a droll paradox that it was Napoleon III himself who authorized the organization of the Salon des Refusés in the same building that housed the official Salon in 1863. Men like Manet and Whistler, after all, had their chance, and yet I balk a little at the word "chance." Genius has never yet been fortuitously kept down. It will affirm itself, no matter what its surroundings. Sometimes, too, it will ally itself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with those surroundings, extracting from them its natural sustenance. Nor is it subdued to the stuff in which it works. On the contrary, it forces the material at its hand to its own purposes. This was the way of Gavarni. You do not think of

Un Cabinet chez Pétron.
From the lithograph by Gavarni.

his era as one precisely favorable in France to the development of art, but it was favorable to him and he was a great artist.

It was favorable to him because he was born to illustrate its most picturesque traits, and then, too, circumstances were kind to him. He came into the world along with a great company of brilliant men. Think for a moment of the writers of those days, with most of whom he was destined to be thrown. It was the period of Dumas, of Balzac, of Victor Hugo, of Gautier. The artists of ability are past counting. It is enough to note here that if you would see him in a group you would recognize Daumier on his right and Constantin Guys on his left. There was "atmosphere" enough and to be spared for the evolution of his talent in the work and companionship of his contemporaries. He was born in Paris, and save for certain absences of his youth he breathed for most of his life the airs of the capital. There is nothing more evocative of the spirit of Gavarni than the introduction to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that *Journal des Gens du Monde* which he started in 1833 with the collaboration of a veritable squadron of celebrities. The essence of this *Journal Artiste-Fashionable* is untranslatable, and so I must give as they were printed the words proclaiming its début:

Voyez, Messieurs! Voyez, Mesdames! Voici Paris la Capitale! Paris la belle! Paris la ville aux gens d'esprit! Paris la ville aux bonnes manières! Paris la ville où l'on sait marcher, où l'on sait saluer, où l'on sait sourire, où l'on sait faillir, où l'on sait tout faire comme il faut! Voici Paris! Voyez! Voyez, gens de la province; voyez, gens d'outremer! Voyez, Allemands; voyez, Russiens; voyez, gens de tous lieux; gens qui voulez apprendre à vous coiffer, à vous parfumer, à vous presenter; gens qui voulez bien dire, qui voulez bien rire, qui voulez bien voir, qui voulez bien vivre: voici Paris!

Les voix de Paris!
Les yeux de Paris!
Les mots de Paris!
Les airs de Paris!
Les bals de Paris!

Balzac.
From the drawing by Gavarni.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Le Réveil du Lion.
From a lithograph by Gavarni.

Les chapeaux de Paris!
Les rubans de Paris!
Les odeurs de Paris!
Les adresses de Paris!
Les moqueries de Paris!

Tous les riens de Paris, Paris, Paris, voici Paris!

To qualify as the pictorial laureate, so to say, of this Paris he had instinct rather than training. In his youth he oscillated briefly between architecture and science, showing the while a strong mathematical bent. All his life long this last persisted in him, so that he would often work out a problem on the margin of a drawing. It is not unreasonable to infer that this taste of his had something to do with his development as a draftsman, partially accounting for his exactitude in matters of form and perspective and for the crisp purity of his line. He was precocious with the pencil and, in fact, was still in his twenties when he was making drawings for publication. I will not pretend to trace all the steps in his career as a pictorial satirist. Beraldi thinks that he made perhaps eight thousand drawings, watercolors, lithographs, and so on. His designs were published in periodicals and albums. A fairly full catalogue was made by Mahérault and Bocher in 1873, but doubtless M. Lemoisne will frame an even more conclusive list by the time he gets through. I am not concerned with its minutiæ here. It is rather of the broad

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cosmos it represents that I am thinking, Gavarni's cosmos of life and movement. It was his cosmos in a very deep spiritual sense. Sainte-Beuve says of him that "he was observation itself," but in another passage he expresses his belief that Gavarni did not need to have a subject actually under his eyes in order justly to entitle it "After Nature." Memory and imagination, and that gift which we call genius, reinforced physical observation. *Il a son monde en lui.* With that seeing eye of his there went a philosophical habit of mind, commenting, differentiating, enriching, and so making it possible for him to give instant form to the visions of revery. The inexhaustible spectacle which was Paris passed, as it were, like so much ore through his mind to be poured forth in the pure minted gold of his designs. It came forth pure gold because, for one thing—a point which might ordinarily seem irrelevant—Gavarni was very much of a gentleman. Sainte-Beuve, as I have just noted, says that *il est l'observation même.* Beraldi, adopting a similar locution, says that *il fut la distinction même,* adding that he gave distinction to

The Duchess d'Abrantés.
From the drawing by Gavarni.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

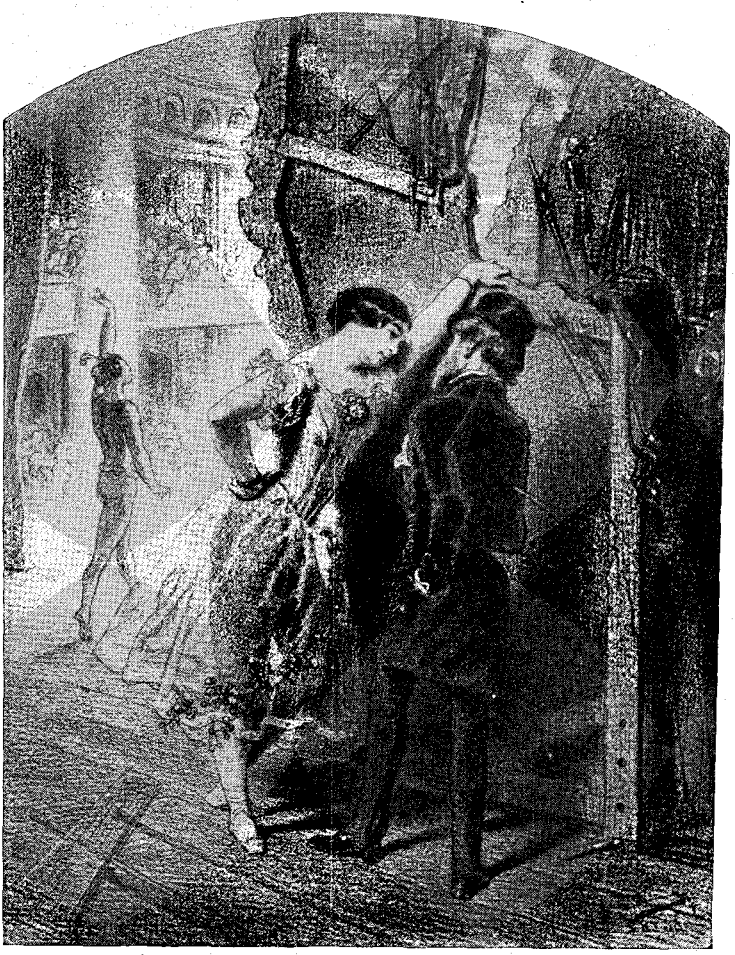
everything which passed under his crayon or his pen. All his commentators unite in the conclusion that, no matter from what slum or backwater he drew his subject, he did not know how to be common or vulgar. From his early manhood he was interested in clothes. He used to design theatrical costumes for Mlle. Georges, Carlotta Grisi, Déjazet, and other great ladies of the stage, he improved upon the fantasies of the carnival in his time, and he gave his attention to the dress of the man of the world, which he wore himself with an air at once *gaillard* and exquisitely conventional. Humann, the tailor whose name is preserved, like the proverbial fly in amber, in the serene prose of Sainte-Beuve, respectfully took off his hat to Gavarni as to a man with an incomparable flair for *un habit noir*.

Toujours Étonnant.
From the lithograph by Gavarni.

WE see him, then, contemplating Paris, the Gavarni cosmos, very much from within, living its life as an initiate, understanding the tone and sentiment of its dinners and its dances, swinging with a natural grace into its extraordinarily graceful movement—above all, participating in its movement. There has never been anything to beat the brilliant rhythm of Paris in Gavarni's time. Life swept on to a light, waltz-like measure. The very dress of the period was expressive of its hectic pace. Crinoline has gone down the wind as, among other things, cumbrous and thereby awkward, but for the artist there was an element as of quicksilver in its flowing lines. How Gavarni could draw the animated elegance, if I may so describe it, of a Parisienne's toilet! He caught the rustle of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frou-frou as hardly any other pictorial connoisseur has ever caught it. He has his rivals in this field, I know. Eugene Lami was an artist with a singularly delicate touch, and when he painted a courtly pageant, like that enveloping the marriage of the Duc d'Orléans, or delineated the notables in the *foyer de la danse* at the opera, he placed upon his picture exactly the right accent of mundane distinction. Guys was another mirror of the social world in which its forms and color flash and gleam with extraordinary charm. Yet Lami always strikes me as uninspired and Guys as a little thin and mannered beside the supreme vitality and beauty of Gavarni. Gavarni has an *élan* to which neither of the others can quite lay claim; he is infinitely more various and he has in far greater measure the attribute of style. His secret lies, I suppose, in the fact that he knew so magnificently how to draw.



Dans les Coulisses de l'Opéra.
From a lithograph by Gavarni.

Any final estimate of his genius must reckon, no doubt, with his substance as much as with his form. The legend beneath the drawing is of equal importance with the latter. Sainte-Beuve was pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foundly impressed by the cynical wit and wisdom of these legends. He loved to observe the evolution of a Gavarni who was a kind of Fragonard into a Gavarni who was a kind of La Bruyère. A great deal of the entertainment to be got out of the lithographs lies in the concisely eloquent words accompanying them. They are as concise as they are biting. In one of the numerous designs given to his ragged philosopher, Vireloque, Gavarni has him contemplating a fallen drunkard and the legend says simply: *Sa Majesté le Roi des Animaux*. Under the portrait of a pompous oracle is placed this edifying dialogue:

L'homme est le chef-d'œuvre de la création.
Et qui a dit ça?
L'homme.

He moralizes life as he goes along and if he does so with something of the cynic's mordant tone, with a lucidity that is sometimes a little bleak, he nevertheless preserves in the main that precious *élan* to which I have alluded. Even in his pathos there is grace, and here I come back to his line. I have glanced at his philosophical function, at the moralist, the satirist, because, as I say, this side of him cannot be ignored. It is easy to understand how the legends appealed to a mind like that of Sainte-Beuve. It could not have been otherwise. In a country like France, given to the play of ideas, Gavarni could not have been Gavarni without a deep fund of gnomic intelligence. But neither could he have been Gavarni without his linear power, and I must confess that to that, as an art critic, I turn with immeasurable gusto. I have often been struck, in thinking of this period, by the characteristic good fortune of France in her two princes of black and white. If you cannot think of the period without Gavarni neither can you think of it without Daumier. They offer you the two sides of the one medal. Each supplies what the other lacks. For Daumier the crushing philippic; for Gavarni the airy, lightly stinging *mot*. And as it was with their satirical texture so it was with their technical equipment. The puissant Daumier is a modern Michael-Angelo in his massive treatment of form. The delicately effective Gavarni has beside him a Raphaelesque polish and suavity. He is withal, like Daumier, one

Le Cambrioleur.
From the water-color by Gavarni.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the most original spirits in the history of art. No other draftsman in the host of clever illustrators and caricaturists adorning his time had anything like his richness of individuality. That fecundity at which I have glanced in citing Beraldi's figure of eight thousand designs is significant of the type of creative artist that Gavarni was. He operated like a force of nature, spontaneously, abundantly, and with a sort of sublime certainty. His touch has about it a wonderful ease and precision. Consider too how free he is from surplusage, with what perfect balance and economy he puts his compositions together. I would not press this matter of his felicity in design too far. He is in no wise Raphaelesque as a weaver of linear patterns. On the other hand, nothing could be more discreet or more pointedly right than his placing of a figure. There he has that virtue for which Matthew Arnold had such appreciation in his word "inevitability." He realizes a scene, a group, or an isolated figure, always in what seem to be both the terms of life and the terms of pictorial unity.

♣ ♣ ♣

HE led a long, successful, and, in the main, unadventurous life. One rather surprising episode arrests his biographers. Once, he went to London, to spend a few weeks and remained there for several years. He had introductions to smooth his way into the presence of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, but for some occult reason he scamped his courtly opportunities and devoted himself to observation of the ordinary walks of life. He had his misanthropic moods, and latterly the philosopher in him knew some sad moments. The death of a son bore heavily upon his spirit and he suffered a material vexation which sorely exasperated him. Gavarni was an impassioned lover of flowers and trees, and he was happy in cultivating his Auteuil garden. But the Haussmannization of Paris spoiled all that, a new railway cutting right into his domain. Still, there was the success of which I have spoken. It was piled up steadily. Gavarni soon became in Paris something like an institution. He did not struggle for his renown. There is a pretty story of a colloquy between him and M. Cavé, Director of Fine Arts, about the cross of the Legion of Honor. The official wondered if he cared to have it and on Gavarni's making an affirmative reply offered him pen and paper with which to make a request for the honor. If the cross depended on his asking for it, said Gavarni, he would never receive it. Later, in 1852, Comte de Nieuwerkerke saw to it that he got the decoration without pleading. He had lacked nothing of appreciation and recognition when he closed his eyes in 1866, and he could close them with the resignation of an artist who had enjoyed life and left behind him a body of work calculated, in the nature of things, to keep his name alive. The pictures of a painter are comparatively limited in number and remain more or less stationary. The prints of a lithographer are prodigiously multiplied and carry his art everywhere. The traits of Gavarni are like those of an author, susceptible of the widest circulation. His repute is, I should say, fairly universal now. Is it matched by as extensive an influence? Hardly. Pictorial satire since his day has rarely developed that vein of gayety which was peculiarly characteristic of him. The other day with this subject in my mind I looked through the "Feu Pierrot" of that jocund humorist, Willette, who should have recaptured something of Gavarni's verve if any modern Frenchman could have done so. But the book left a rather dubious taste in my mouth. After the high-bred art of Gavarni the fun of Montmartre seemed a little coarse, the levities of the Chat Noir a little vulgar. It was breeding, yes, that set Gavarni upon such an eminence; it was his distinction and his genius. Also it was something that the modern draftsman strangely neglects, perhaps because he thinks that it lies outside his bailiwick. It was the sense of beauty. It was his possession of that, I think, that made Gavarni what he was, not only a great satirist but a great artist.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED